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This Month

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Next Month



This is Archie—in New York

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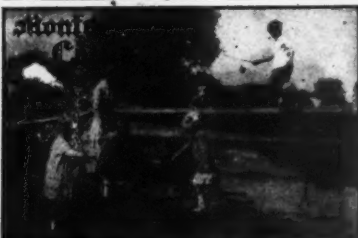
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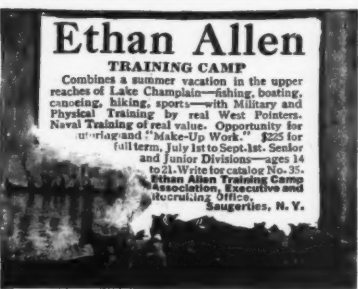
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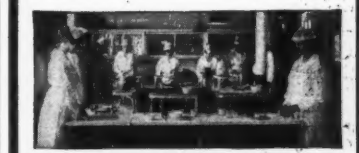
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WHEN Edward N. Hurley, head of the Shipping Board, looked around for a man to put driving power behind America's gigantic shipbuilding program, Charles M. Schwab—"Charley" Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company—was chosen. He "delivered the goods."

As head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation his influence was electric. Almost his first act was an overnight revolution for the somnolent Corporation—it suddenly found itself removed from its cramped quarters in Washington to a great building in Philadelphia—and hustling as though it were on the last lap.

Charles M. Schwab began his great career as a stake driver for the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburgh. His weekly wage then would buy you today a fair-sized breakfast, a moderate dinner, and send you to bed hungry at night in a cheap hotel. Yet, at thirty-nine, he was selected by J. P. Morgan to be the first president of the newly formed United States Steel Corporation—and given \$28,000,000 of the capital stock!

Schwab is not a genius. Just a normal man with a normal brain who has thought beyond his job. He started from scratch—without "pull" or favor. And the fifteen men who now run the Bethlehem Steel plant for him today are just normal men with normal brains *thinking and acting* beyond their jobs. They, too, started from scratch. The present president of the Bethlehem Steel Company—whose income last year aggregated \$1,000,000—was a \$75.00 a month crane man only a few years ago. The first vice-president began as a stenographer.

Schwab and J. P. Morgan

CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S striking success is due to *originality, plus initiative, plus personality, plus driving power*. To sum up, *doing things differently!* For example: When the United States Steel Corporation took over the Carnegie Company, it acquired as one of its obligations—it really was an asset—a contract to pay Schwab a yearly minimum salary of \$1,000,000. J. P. Morgan didn't know what to do about it. He hesitatingly broached the subject to Schwab. Schwab took the contract and *fore it up*.

"I didn't care what salary they paid me. I was not animated by money motives. I believed in what I was trying to do and I wanted to see it brought about."

Schwab was *looking beyond*. He had conceived the idea of the United States Steel Corporation. He had "sold" that idea to the great capitalists of the nation. He wanted to work it out—to make the United States the greatest steel producing nation in the world. *And he did!*

THE demand for men with Schwab's qualities—initiative, driving power, original thinking, and ready, forceful expression—was never greater than now. Nothing is so plentiful as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful men than there are forceful men for jobs. As Mr. Schwab aptly remarks: "In the modern business world 'pull' is losing its power. Achievement is the only power. Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized, active brains. Brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish the capital."

America's cry is not for super-men. Listen again to Mr. Schwab: "I have found that when 'stars' drop out, their departments seldom suffer. And their successors are merely men who have learned by self-discipline and application to get full production from an average, normal brain. The man who attracts attention is not the dazzler—but the man who is thinking all the time, and expressing himself in little unusual ways."

Your Brain—How to Use It?

EVERY man and woman is endowed with mind. Your success is governed by your *use of mind*. The fellow who sits still and simply does what he is told will never be asked to do the big thing.

Men *make* opportunity! Just remember that every external achievement is first an internal idea.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Each successful act is primarily an invisible thought. Right thinking, then, in the broad sense, means right action—thus *all success is founded on right mental activity!*

Schwab wasn't born successful. He had to learn to think through the hard knocks of experience. It took him years to develop the driving, eager mind that won for him his first lowly step in success. But just as everything moves faster nowadays, so does the development of brain power—for those who make the effort. It is quite possible today for any man in a few months to develop those mental qualities that early marked Schwab for success.

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PELMANISM takes no account of class, creed, or circumstances. It has values for *all*.

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It might truly be described as your first lesson in Pelmanism; for a thorough reading of it will start your mind Pelmanizing, just as it has the minds of many others. It balances big benefits against a low cost.

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Cosmo. Apr.

All night all day your skin never rests from its work

DO you realize that your skin is far more than a mere covering for your body? It is a *living organ* with vital work to perform.

And the whole beauty of your skin depends on how it works.

Is it soft, supple, fine in texture, brilliant in color—a delight to everyone whose eyes rest upon it? If so, it is simply in its *healthy, normal* condition—the condition in which everyone's skin *should* be. Its delicate pores are working actively, freely—bringing it the oil and moisture that keep it soft and flexible—carrying away the waste products and allowing it to breathe.

But if for some reason your skin looks tired, dull—if it lacks the color and freshness you would like it to have—then you can be sure that it is *not* functioning properly. The pores are not doing their work—the little muscular fibres have become relaxed.

This condition can be relieved—your complexion *can* be made as fresh, clear, and colorful as you would like to have it. For every day your skin changes—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the proper treatment you can stimulate *this new skin which is constantly forming*, into healthy, normal activity—you can give it freshness and color.

How to rouse a dull, sluggish skin

To correct a skin that has become dull and sluggish, try using every



night this special treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Before retiring wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores gently and thoroughly and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of your skin, giving it *tone and life*.

Special treatments to meet the needs of each individual type of skin are given in the little booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Find the treatment that is adapted to your skin—then begin to use it every night, regularly and persistently.

You will find that the very first treatment leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly treatment with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1604 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1604 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



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Tolerance

By Meredith Nicholson

LAST summer I found shelter from a storm on the veranda of an Ohio farmhouse and discussed with the owner the changing times.

"You see that big elm out yonder," he said; "that tree has bent under thousands of storms, but there it stands. I guess this country's like that tree. It's a mighty good thing God made America so she'll give a little."

The secret of the permanence of the American system of government lies in its flexibility; it will "give a little." But the deep-rooted trunk stands like a pillar against the shocks of time.

"Democracy," said Theodore Parker, "doesn't mean, I'm as good as you are, but you're as good as I am." In other words, a government of the people must be based upon equality and tolerance.

The year will be marked by political conflict. In the fury of controversy it will be said that if one or another leader is victor, America will perish. But a nation created and preserved by the wisdom and devotion of countless far-seeing, liberty-loving men and women is not so easily to be destroyed.

When my neighbor and I discuss politics, we often disagree, but never in bitterness. When occasion calls for a display of the starry flag from my window, I find that he, too, has flung Old Glory to the breeze. Often I have cast my ballot on the losing side, but the success of the men and measures I have voted against has never wrought the havoc I feared.

We do well to think of America in terms of neighborliness. What concerns the man next door is my affair also. I would not consciously do him an injury; I will yield a point to help him.

We are secure only when the heart of the nation throbs responsive to the rhythmic beat of the hearts of the million. Prejudice, distrust, and hatred have no rightful place in a democracy. The times call for a display of that amity, generosity, and tolerance which alone can bind us all together as neighbors and friends.

Dwelling together in unity, peace, and concord, we need fear no evil. Unvexed and unhindered by envy, hatred, or malice within our gates, we may follow our aspirations up the ladder of the stars and win as allies the unconquerable hosts of heaven.





THE GRATE FIRE

By
Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by
W. J. Benda

I'M sorry for a fellow if he cannot look and see
In a grate fire's friendly flaming all the joys which used to be.
If in quiet contemplation of a cheerful ruddy blaze,
He sees nothing there recalling all his happy yesterdays.
Then his mind is dead to fancy and his life is bleak and bare,
And he's doomed to walk the highways that are always thick with care.

When the logs are dry as tinder and they crackle with the heat,
And the sparks, like merry children, come a-dancing round my feet,
In the cold, long nights of autumn I can sit before the blaze
And watch a panorama born of all my yesterdays.
I can leave the present burdens and that moment's bit of woe,
And claim once more the gladness of the bygone long-ago.

There are no absent faces in the grate-fire's merry throng;
No hands in death are folded, and no lips are stilled to song.
All the friends who were are living—like the sparks that fly about;
They come romping out to greet me with the same old merry shout,
Till it seems to me I'm playing once again on boyhood's stage,
Where there's no such thing as sorrow and there's no such thing as age.

I can be the care-free schoolboy! I can play the lover, too!
I can walk through Maytime orchards with the old sweetheart I knew.
I can dream the glad dreams over, greet the old familiar friends
In a land where there's no parting and the laughter never ends.
All the gladness life has given from a grate fire I reclaim,
And I'm sorry for the fellow who can only see the flame.

In Chancery

England's most distinguished novelist, and America's Greatest Magazine—a great combination. In this novel, Mr. Galsworthy presents a story of the love and desire of middle age.



Irene, who left her husband, Soames Forsyte, for another man

THOSE who have read "The Man of Property" and "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," and have good memories, will not need to glance at this prefatory note to "In Chancery," which carries "The Forsyte Saga," that long study of the possessive instinct, a step further.

In 1886, at the very height of Victorianism, when the possessive instinct was firmly in the saddle, and you got at most three and a half per cent. for your money, there were settled in London ten brothers and sisters of an upper-middle-class family of Dorsetshire stock called Forsyte. Their names, in the order of their ages, were: Ann, Jolyon, James and Swithin (the twins), Julia (aunt Juley), Roger, Hester, Nicholas, Susan (married to one Hayman), and Timothy. Of these, the three unmarried sisters, Ann, Juley, and Hester, lived with their youngest and unmarried brother, Timothy, in a house on the Bayswater Road, sometimes designated "Forsyte 'Change," a kind of depository and market-place for all the gossip and secrets of the clan. All the brothers had become, in the pursuit of their "upper-middle-class" avocations, men of considerable importance "worth their plum" (one hundred thousand pounds and more).

Now, in 1886, it happened that a young and talented architect

called Philip Bosinney had become engaged to June, the granddaughter of old Jolyon Forsyte, whose only son, Jolyon (June's father), had become estranged from his family because he had left his wife, June's mother, marrying at her death the lady for whom he had left her, and having by this second marriage two other children known as Jolly and Holly.

In 1886, it also happened that Soames Forsyte, the eldest son of James (they were in partnership as solicitors), was finding his matrimonial relations with his wife, Irene (June's great friend), increasingly difficult. She had never loved him, and her reluctance to go on living with him was becoming more and more apparent. To remedy this state of things, Soames was cherishing the notion of removing with her to a country home and even greater domesticity, and, in pursuance with the design, he caused young Bosinney (the fiancé of his wife's great friend) to build him a house at Robin Hill, some twelve miles from London.

Now, while this house was building at great expense, it came to pass that young Bosinney and Irene fell in love. Of all that matter—of the breaking-off from June, of the feud which thereby arose between old Jolyon's family and James', his brother's; of the nickname old Jolyon gave Soames, "The Man of Property;" of the death of aunt Ann; of Swithin; of Winifred, Soames' sister, and her man-of-the-world husband, Montagu Dartie; of young Jolyon; of Bosinney himself; of Soames' jealousy, of the re-assertion of his rights over his wife's body; of Bosinney's maddened wandering in the London fog to his death beneath the wheels of a 'bus; of Irene's despair—is it not written in "The Man of Property"?

Now, at the end of 1887, the house at Robin Hill, built for Soames by young Bosinney, and left deserted at Bosinney's death, was bought by old Jolyon, who, reconciled to his son, young Jolyon, and delighting in his grandchildren, went to live there, taking them all along with him.

Of the pleasant four years he dwelt at Robin Hill, of his strange encounter on a summer day of 1891 with Irene in the coppice at the bottom of the grounds, where she had come to be with the memory of her dead lover at the spot where she first knew of his love; of how old Jolyon heard that she had lived alone ever since the evening when she knew of her lover's death; of all the strange weeks of Indian summer which the attraction of her beauty brought to old Jolyon, so soon to leave this world of beauty; and, finally, of how he left it—is it not written in "Indian Summer of a Forsyte" in the volume called "Five Tales"?

And so this book, "In Chancery," takes up again the Forsyte Saga, eight years later, in the autumn of 1890—just as the Boer War was beginning.

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*A New
Novel by*
**John
Galsworthy**

Illustrated

by

W. D.
Stevens

PART I

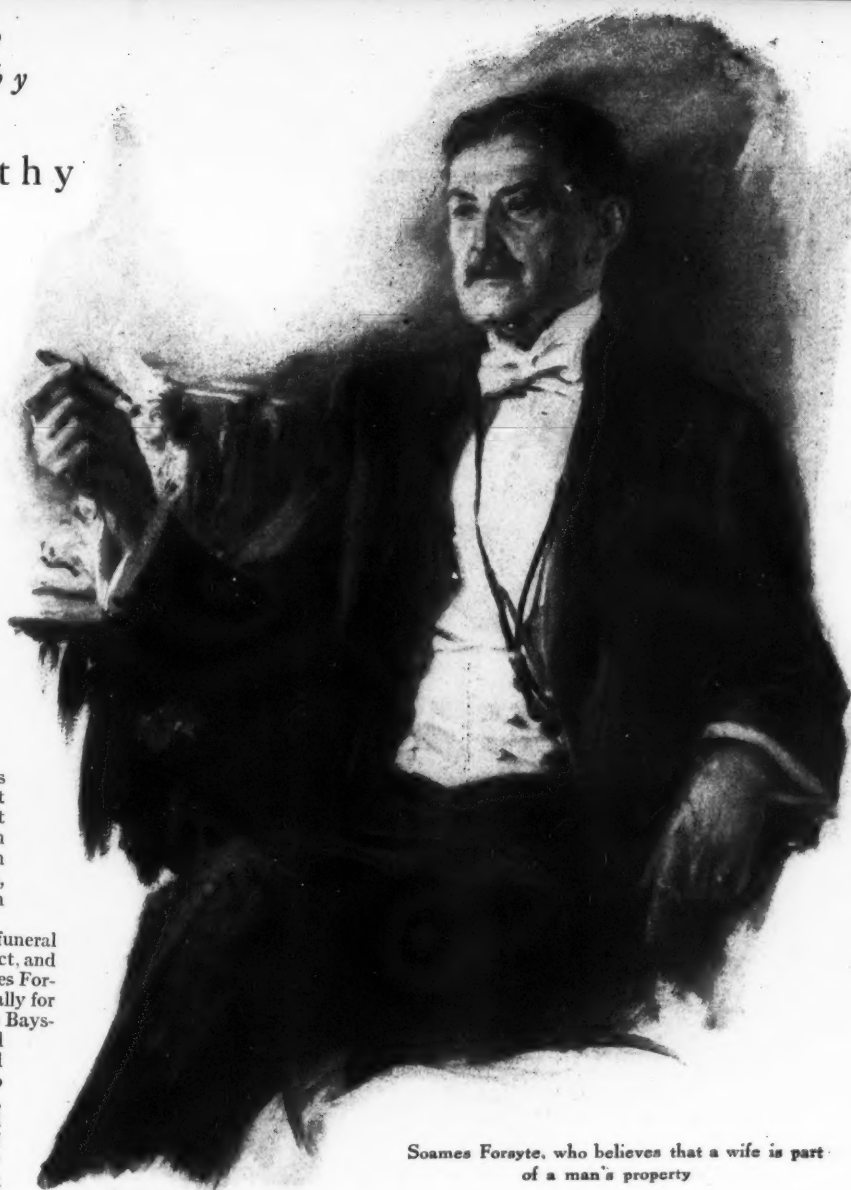
I

AT TIMOTHY'S

It had been a glorious summer, and, after holidays abroad and at the sea, the Forsytes were practically all back in London, when Roger Forsyte, with a touch of his old originality, had suddenly breathed his last at his own house in Princes Gardens. At Timothy's, it was whispered sadly that poor Roger had always been eccentric about his digestion—had he not, for instance, preferred German mutton to all the other brands?

Be that as it may, his funeral at Highgate had been perfect, and coming away from it, Soames Forsyte made almost mechanically for his uncle Timothy's in the Bayswater Road. The "old things"—aunt Juley and aunt Hester—would like to hear about it. His father, James, at eighty-eight, had not felt up to the fatigue of the funeral, and Timothy himself, of course, had not gone; so that Nicholas had been the only brother present. Still, there had been a fair gathering, and it would cheer aunts Juley and Hester up to know.

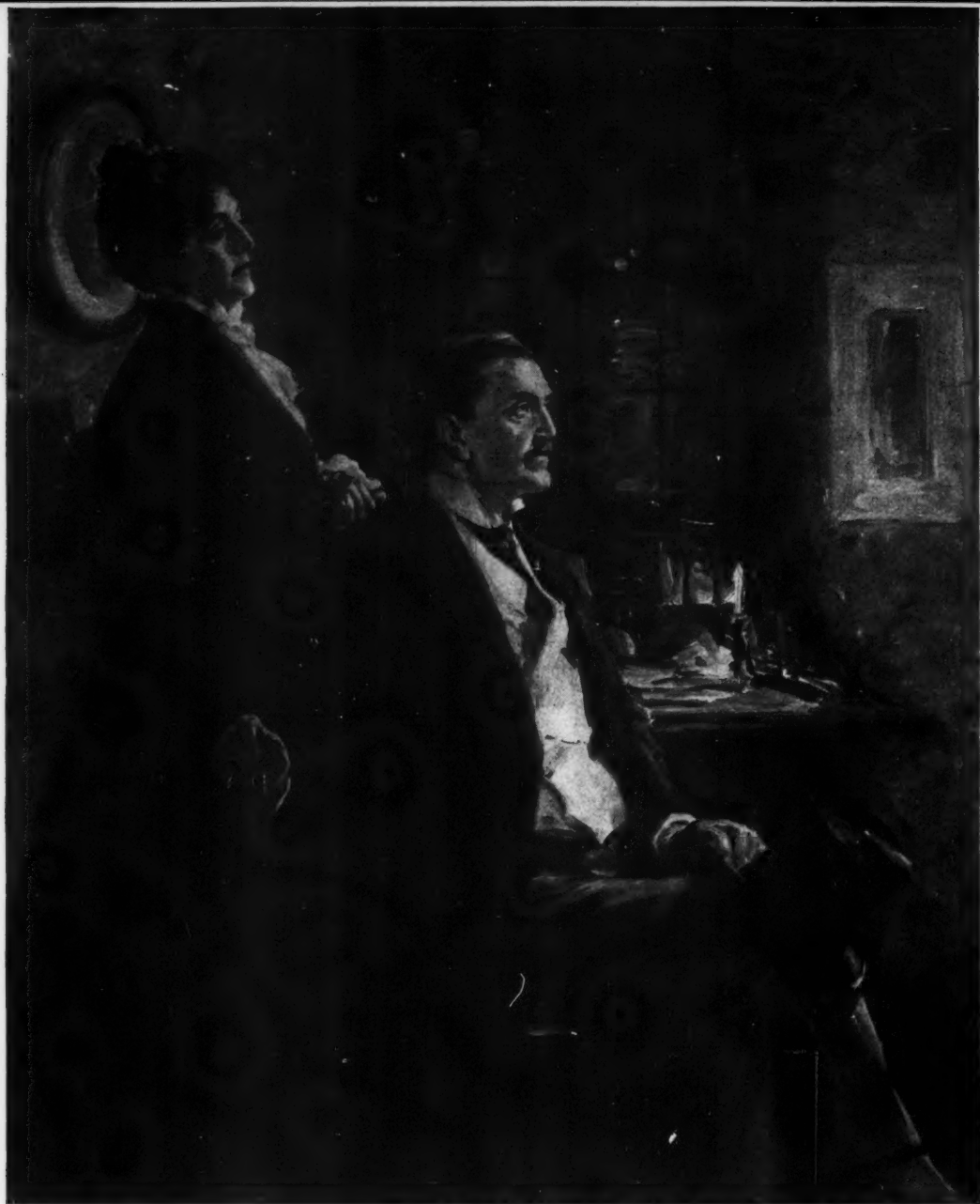
The kindly thought was not unmixed with the inevitable longing to get something out of everything you do, which is the chief characteristic of Forsytes, and, indeed, of the saner elements in every nation. Leaning back in a marquetry chair, and gazing down his uplifted nose at the sky-blue walls plastered with gold frames, he was noticeably silent. Whether because he had been too funereal or not, the peculiar Forsyte build of his face was seen to the best advantage this afternoon—a long face with a jaw, which, divested of flesh, would have seemed extravagant, a chilly face, though not at all ill-looking. He was feeling that Timothy's was hopeless, and the souls of his aunts dismally mid-Victorian. The subject on which alone he wanted to talk—his own undivorced position—was unspeakable. And yet it occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else. It was only since the spring that this had been so, and a new feeling grown up which was egging him on toward what he knew might well be folly in a Forsyte of forty-five. More and more of late, he had been conscious that he was "getting on." The fortune, already considerable when he conceived the house at Robin Hill which had finally wrecked his marriage with Irene, had



Soames Forsyte, who believes that a wife is part
of a man's property

mounted with surprising vigor in the twelve lonely years, during which he had devoted himself to little else. He was worth to-day well over a hundred thousand pounds, and had no one to leave it to—no real object for going on with what was his religion. Even if he were to relax his efforts, money made money, and he felt that he would have a hundred and fifty thousand before he knew where he was. There had always been a strongly domestic, philoprogenitive side to Soames; balked and frustrated, it had hidden itself away, and now it had crept out again in this, his "prime of life." Concreted and focused of late by the attraction of a girl's undoubted beauty, it had become a veritable prepossession.

And this girl was French, not likely to lose her head or accept any unlegalized position. Nor did he want any hole-and-corner *liaison*. A marriage at the embassy in Paris, a few months' travel, and he could bring Annette back quite separated from a past which, in truth, was not too distinguished, for she only kept the accounts in her mother's Soho restaurant; he could bring her back as something very new and *chic*, with her French taste and self-possession, to reign over his riverside house at Mapledurham. On Forsyte's Change and among his friends, it would be current that he had met a charming French girl on his travels

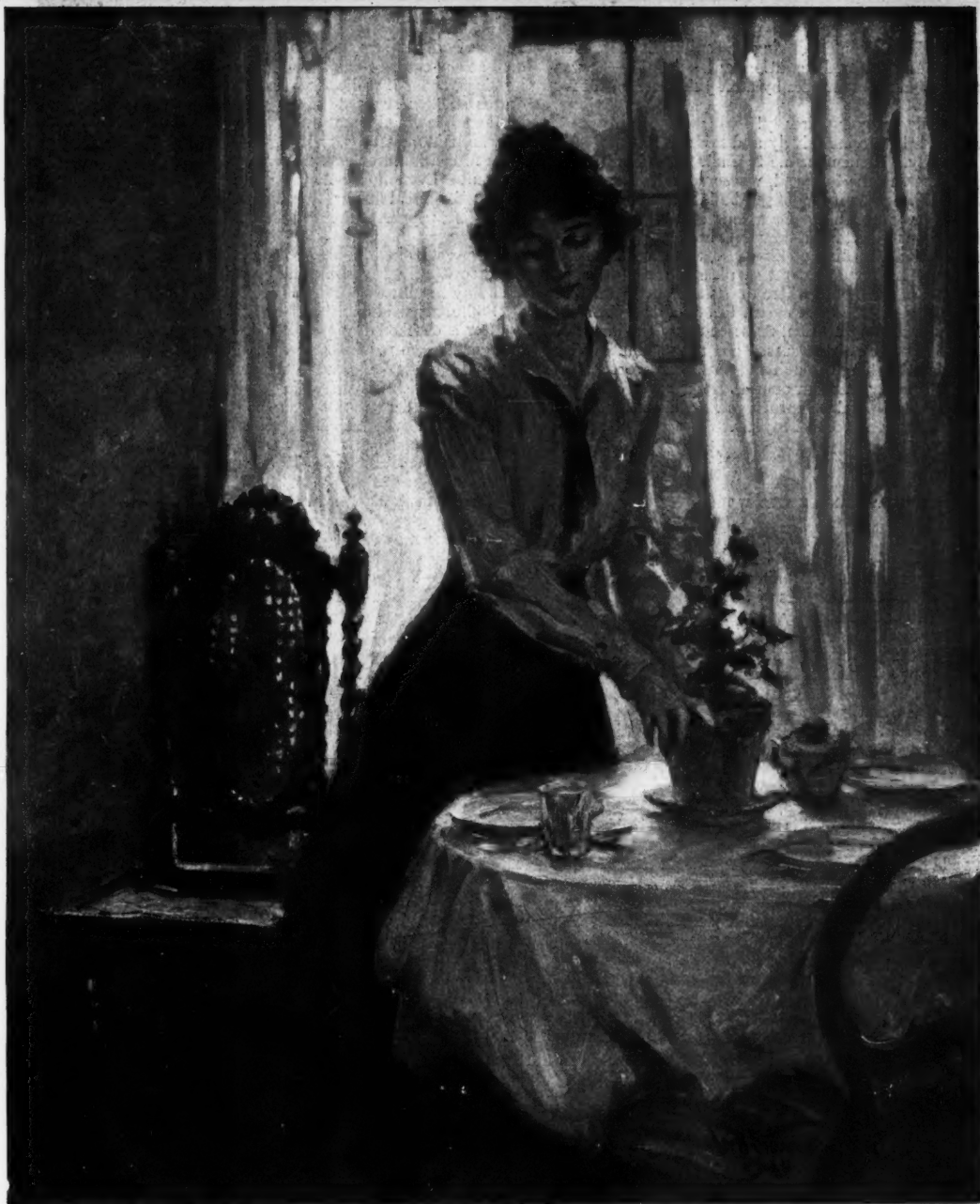


"Un monsieur très distingué." Madame Lamotte found him, and, presently.

and married her. There would be the flavor of romance and a certain *cachet* about a French wife. No! He was not at all afraid of that; it was only this cursed undivorced condition of his, and—and the question whether Annette would take him, which he dared not put to the touch until he had a clear and even dazzling future to offer her.

In his aunts' drawing-room, he heard with but muffled ears those usual questions: How was his dear father? Not going out, of course, now that the weather was turning chilly. Would Soames be sure to tell him that Hester had found boiled holly leaves most comforting for that pain in her side; a poultice every three hours, with red flannel afterward? And could he relish just a little pot of their very best prune preserve—it was so delicious this year—and had such a wonderful effect? Oh—and had Soames heard that dear Winifred was having a most distressing time with Montagu? Timothy thought she really ought to have protection. It was said—but Soames mustn't

take this for certain—that he had given some of Winifred's jewelry to a dreadful dancer. It was such a bad example for dear Val, just as he was going to college. Soames had not heard? Oh—but he must look into it at once! And did he think these Boers were really going to resist? Timothy was in quite a stew about it. The price of consols was so high, and he had such a lot of money in them. Did Soames think they must go down if there was a war? Soames nodded. But it would be over very quickly. It would be so bad for Timothy if it wasn't. And, of course, Soames' dear father would feel it very much at his age. (James was now eighty-eight.) Luckily, poor dear Roger had been spared this dreadful anxiety. And aunt Juley, with a little handkerchief, wiped away the large tear trying to climb the permanent pout on her now quite withered left cheek; she was remembering dear Roger, and all his originality, and how he used to stick pins into her when they were little together. Aunt Hester, with her instinct for avoiding the



"très amical; très gen'il"—watching his eyes upon her daughter

unpleasant, here chimed in: Did Soames think they would make Mr. Chamberlain prime minister at once? He would settle it all so quickly. She would like to see that old Kruger sent to St. Helena. She could remember so well the news of Napoleon's death, and what a relief it had been to his grandfather. Of course, she and Juley—"we were in pantalettes then, my dear"—had not felt it much at the time.

Soames took a cup of tea from her, drank it quickly, and ate three of those macaroons for which Timothy's was famous. His faint, pale, supercilious smile had deepened just a little. Aunt Juley spoke again. Dear Soames was looking so well, hardly a day older than he did when dear Ann died, and they were all there together—dear Jolyon and dear James, dear Swithin and dear Roger. She paused and caught the tear which had climbed the pout on her right cheek. *Did he—did he ever hear anything of Irene nowadays?* Aunt Hester visibly interposed her shoulder. Really, Juley was always savin' some-

thing! The smile left Soames' face, and he put his cup down. Here was his subject broached for him, and, for all his desire to expand, he could not take advantage.

Aunt Juley went on rather hastily,

"They say dear Jolyon first left her that fifteen thousand out and out; then, of course, he saw it would not be right, and made it for her life only." Had Soames heard that?

Soames nodded.

"Your cousin Jolyon is a widower now. He is her trustee; you knew that, of course?"

Soames shook his head. He did know, but wished to show no interest. Young Jolyon and he had not met since the day of Bosinney's death.

"He must be quite middle-aged by now," went on aunt Juley dreamily.

Soames rose; he was experiencing a curious piece of self-discovery. That old wound to his pride and self-esteem was

not yet closed. He had come thinking he could talk of it, even wanting to talk of his fettered condition, and—behold!—he was shrinking away from this reminder by aunt Juley, renowned for her Malapropisms.

Oh! Soames was not going already!

Soames smiled a little vindictively and said:

"Yes. Good-by. Remember me to uncle Timothy." And, leaving a cold kiss on each forehead, whose wrinkles seemed to try and cling to his lips as if longing to be kissed away, he left them looking brightly after him. Dear Soames! It had been so good of him to come to-day, when they were not feeling very—

With compunction tweaking at his chest, Soames descended the stairs, where was always that rather pleasant smell of camphor and port wine, and house where drafts are not permitted. The poor old things—he had not meant to be unkind! And in the street he instantly forgot them, repossessed by the image of Annette and the thought of the cursed coil round him. Why had he not pushed the thing through and obtained divorce when that wretched Bosinney was run over and there was evidence galore for the asking? And he turned toward his sister Winifred's residence in Green Street, Mayfair.

II

EXIT A MAN OF THE WORLD

THAT a man of the world so subject to the vicissitudes of fortune as Montagu Dartie should still be living in a house he had inhabited twenty years at least would have been more noticeable if the rent, rates, taxes, and repairs of that house had not been defrayed by his father-in-law. By that simple if wholesale device, James Forsythe had secured a certain stability in the lives of his daughter and his grandchildren. After all, there is something invaluable about a safe roof over the head of a sportsman so dashing as Dartie. Until the events of the last few days, he had been almost supernaturally steady all this year.

The fact was, he had acquired a half-share in a filly of George Forsythe's, who had gone irreparably on the turf, to the horror of Roger, now stilled by the grave. Sleeve-Links, by Martyr, out of Shirt-on-Fire, by Suspender, was a bay filly three years old, who, for a variety of reasons, had never shown her true form. With half-ownership of this hopeful animal, all the idealism latent somewhere in Dartie, as in every other man, had put up its head and kept him quietly ardent for months past. When a man has something good to live for, it is astonishing how sober he becomes; and what Dartie had was really good—a three-to-one chance for an autumn handicap, publicly assessed at twenty-five to one. The old-fashioned heaven was a poor thing beside it, and his shirt was on the daughter of Shirt-on-Fire. But how much more than his shirt depended on this granddaughter of Suspender!

At that roving age of forty-five, trying to Forsytes—and, though perhaps to Darties less distinguishable from any other age, trying even to them—he had fixed his current fancy on a dancer. It was no mean passion, but, without money and a good deal of it, likely to remain a love as airy as her skirts, and Dartie never had any money, subsisting miserably on what he could beg or borrow from Winifred—a woman of character who kept him because he was the father of her children, and from a lingering admiration for those now-dying Wardour Street good looks which in their youth had fascinated her. She—together with anyone else who would lend him anything, and his losses at cards and on the turf (astonishing how some men can live on losses!)—was his whole means of subsistence, for James was now too old and nervous to approach, and Soames too formidably adamant. It is not too much to say that Dartie had been subsisting on hope for months. He had never been fond of money for itself, had always despised the Forsytes with their investing habits—though careful to make such use of them as he could. What he liked about money was what it bought—personal sensation.

"No real sportsman cares for money," he would say, borrowing a "pony" if it was no use trying for a "monkey." There was something delicious about Montagu Dartie. He was, as George said, a "daisy."

The morning of the Handicap dawned clear and bright, the last day of September, and Dartie, who had traveled to Newmarket the night before, arrayed himself in spotless checks and walked to an eminence to see his half of the filly take her final canter. If she won, he would be a cool three thou in pocket—a poor enough recompense for the sobriety and patience of these weeks of hope while they had been nursing her for this race.

But he had not been able to afford more. Should he "lay it off" at the eight-to-one to which she had advanced? This was his single thought while the larks sang above him, and the grassy downs smelled sweet, and the pretty filly passed, tossing her head and glowing like satin. After all, if he lost, it would not be he who paid, and to "lay it off" would reduce his winnings to some fifteen hundred—hardly enough to purchase a dancer out and out. Even more potent was the itch in the blood of all the Darties for a real flutter. And, turning to George, he said:

"She's a clipper. She'll win hands down; I shall go the whole hog."

George, who had laid off every penny, and a few besides, and stood to win, however it came out, grinned down on him from his bulky height, with the words:

"So ho, my wild one!"

After a checkered apprenticeship weathered with the money of a deeply complaining Roger, his Forsythe blood was beginning to stand him in good stead in the profession of owner. There are moments of disillusionment in the lives of men from which the sensitive recorder shrinks. Suffice it to say that the good thing fell down. Sleeve-Links finished in the ruck. Dartie's shirt was lost.

Between the passing of these things and the day when Soames turned his face toward Green Street, what had not happened!

When a man with the constitution of Montagu Dartie has exercised self-control for months from religious motives, and remains unrewarded, he does not curse God and die; he curses God and lives, to the distress of his family.

Winifred—a plucky woman, if a little too fashionable—who had borne the brunt of him for exactly twenty-one years, had never really believed that he would do what he now did. Like so many wives, she thought she knew the worst, but she had not yet known him in his forty-fifth year, when he, like other men, felt that it was now or never.

Paying, on the second of October, a visit of inspection to her jewel-case, she was horrified to observe that her woman's crown and glory was gone—the pearls which Montagu had given her in '85, when Benedict was born, and which her father, James, had been compelled to pay for in the spring of '87, to save scandal. She consulted her husband at once. He "pooh-poohed" the matter. They would turn up. Nor till she said sharply, "Very well, then, Monty; I shall go down to Scotland Yard myself," did he consent to take the matter in hand. Alas, that the steady and resolved continuity of design necessary to the accomplishment of sweeping operations should be liable to interruption by drink! That night, Dartie returned home without a care in the world or a particle of reticence. Under normal conditions, Winifred would merely have locked her door and let him sleep it off, but torturing suspense about her pearls had caused her to wait up for him. Taking a small revolver from his pocket and holding on to the dining-table, he told her at once that he did not care a cursh whether she lived so long as she was quiet; but he himself wash tired o' life. Winifred, holding on to the other side of the dining-table, answered:

"Don't be a clown, Monty. Have you been to Scotland Yard?"

Placing the revolver against his chest, Dartie had pulled the trigger several times. It was not loaded. Dropping it with an imprecation, he had muttered, "For shake o' the children," and sank into a chair. Winifred, having picked up the revolver, gave him some soda-water. The liquor had a magical effect. Life had ill-used him; Winifred had never "unschooled'm." If he hadn't the right to take the pearls he had given her himself, who had? He had given them to that Spanish filly. If Winifred had any 'jection, he w'd cut her throat. What was the matter with that?

Winifred, who had learned self-containment in a hard school, looked up at him, and said:

"Spanish filly! Do you mean that girl we saw dancing in the Pandemonium ballet? Well, you are a thief and a black-guard."

It had been the last straw on a sorely loaded consciousness. Reaching up from his chair, Dartie seized his wife's arm and, recalling the achievements of his boyhood, twisted it. Winifred endured the agony with tears in her eyes, but no murmur. Watching for a moment of weakness, she wrenched it free; then, placing the dining-table between them, said between her teeth,

"You are the limit, Monty." (Undoubtedly the original appearance of that expression. So is English formed under the stress of circumstance.)

Leaving Dartie with foam on his dark mustache, she went up-stairs, and, after bathing her arm in hot water and locking her door, lay awake all night, thinking of her pearls adorning



"Well, what does Soames want in place of me now?" "I don't know—perhaps children." She was silent for a little.
"Yes," she murmured; "it's hard. I would help him to be free if I could."

the neck of another, and of the consideration her husband had presumably received therefor.

The man of the world awoke with a sense of being lost to that world, and a dim recollection of having been called a "limit." He sat for half an hour in the dawn and the armchair where he had slept—perhaps the unhappiest half-hour he had ever spent,

for, even to a Dartie, there is something tragic about an end. And he knew that he had reached it. Never again would he sleep in his dining-room and wake with the light filtering through those curtains bought by Winifred at Nickens & Jarvey's with the money of James. Never again eat a deviled kidney at that rose-wood table, after a roll in the sheets and a hot bath.



"H'lo!" he said. "You f'flows look!
There's my young rascal of a son!"

He took his note-case from his dress-coat pocket. Four hundred pounds—in fives and tens. The remainder of the proceeds of his half of Sleeve-Links, sold last night, cash down, to George Forsyte, who, having won over the race, had not conceived the sudden dislike to the animal which he himself now felt. The ballet was going to Buenos Aires the day after to-morrow, and he was going, too. Full value for the pearls had not yet been received, and his passion was but whetted.

He stole up-stairs. He dared not have a bath, and dared not shave; but in his socks he changed his clothes and packed stealthily all he could. It was hard to leave so many shining boots, but one must sacrifice something. Then, carrying a valise in either hand, he stepped out onto the landing.

The house was very quiet—that house where he had begotten his four children. It was a curious moment, this, outside the room of his wife, once admired, if not perhaps loved, who had called him "the limit." He steeled himself with that phrase, and tiptoed on; but the next door was harder to pass. It was the room his daughters slept in. Maud was at school, but Imogen would be lying there; and moisture came into Dartie's early-morning eyes. She was the most like him of the four, with her dark hair and her luscious brown glance. Just coming out, a pretty thing! He set down the two valises. This almost formal abdication of fatherhood hurt him. The morning light fell on a face which worked with real emotion. Nothing so false as penitence moved him, but genuine paternal feeling and that melancholy of "never again." He moistened his lips; and complete irresolution for a moment paralyzed his legs in their check trousers. It was hard—hard to be thus compelled to leave his home! "D—n it!" he muttered. "I never thought it would come to this."

Noises above warned him that the maids were beginning to get up. And, grasping the two valises, he went tiptoeing down-stairs. His cheeks were wet, and the knowledge of that was comforting, as though it guaranteed the genuineness of his sacrifice. He lingered a little in the rooms below, to pack all the cigars he had, some papers, a crush hat, a silver cigarette-box, a Ruff's "Guide." Then, mixing himself a stiff whisky and soda and lighting a cigarette, he stood hesitating before a photograph of his two girls in a silver frame. It belonged to Winifred. "Never mind," he thought; "she can get another taken, and I can't!"

He slipped it into the valise. Then, putting on his hat and overcoat, he took two others, his best Malecca cane, an umbrella, and opened the front door. Closing it softly behind him, he walked out, burdened as he had never been in all his life, and made his way round the corner to wait there for the first early cab that should come by.

Thus had passed Montagu Dartie in the forty-fifth year of his age from the house which he called his own.

When Winifred came down and realized that he was not in the house, her first feeling was one of dull anger that he should thus elude the reproaches she had carefully prepared in those long, wakeful hours. He had gone off to Newmarket, or Brighton, with that woman as likely as not. Disgusting!

Forced to complete reticence before Imogen and the servants, and aware that her father's nerves would never stand the disclosure, she had been unable to refrain from going to Timothy's that afternoon and pouring out the story of the pearls to aunts Juley and Hester in utter confidence. It was only on the following morning that she noticed the disappearance of that photograph. What did it mean? A careful examination of her husband's relics prompted the thought that he had gone for good. As that conclusion became more and more probable, she stood quite still in the middle of his dressing-room, with all the drawers pulled out, to try and realize what she was feeling. This was by no means easy. Though he was "the limit," he was her property, and, for the life of her, she could not but feel the poorer. Widowed yet not widowed at forty-two, with four children, made conspicuous, an object of commiseration! Gone to the arms of a Spanish jade!

Memories, feelings she had thought quite dead revived within her, painful, sullen, tenacious. Mechanically she closed drawer after drawer, went to her bed, lay on it, and buried her face in the pillows. She did not cry. What was the use of that? When she got off her bed to go down to lunch, she felt as if only one thing could do her good, and that was to have Val home. He, her eldest boy, who was to go to Oxford next month at James' expense, was at Littlehampton taking his "final gallops with his trainer for Smalls," as he would have phrased it, following his father's diction. She caused a telegram to be sent to him.

"I must see about his clothes," she said to Imogen. "I can't

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have him going up to Oxford all anyhow. Those boys are so particular."

"Val's got heaps of things," Imogen answered.

"Yes, I know; but they want overhauling. I hope he'll come."

"Oh, he'll come like a shot, mother. But he'll probably skew his exam, you know."

"I can't help that," said Winifred. "I want him."

Imogen, with an innocent, shrewd look at her mother's face, kept silence. It was father, of course. Val did come "like a shot," at six o'clock.

Imagine a cross between a pickle and a Forsyte, and you have Val Dartie. At nineteen, he was a limber, freckled youth, with a wide mouth, light eyes, long dark lashes, a rather charming smile, considerable knowledge of what he should not know, and no experience of what he ought to do. Few boys had more narrowly escaped being expelled—the engaging rascal! After kissing his mother and pinching Imogen, he ran up three at a time and came down four, dressed for dinner. He was awfully sorry, but his "trainer," who had come up, too, had asked him to dine at the Oxford and Cambridge; it wouldn't do to miss—the old chap would be hurt. Winifred let him go with an unhappy pride. She had wanted him at home; but it was very nice to know that his tutor was so fond of him. He went out with a wink at Imogen, saying:

"I say, mother, could I have two plover's eggs when I come in? Cook's got some. They top up so jolly well. Oh, and look here—have you got any money? I had to borrow a fiver from old Snobby."

Winifred, looking at him with fond shrewdness, answered:

"My dear, you *are* naughty about money. But you shouldn't pay him to-night, anyway; you're his guest." How nice and slim he looked in his white waistcoat, and his dark, thick eyelashes!

"Oh, but we may go to the theater, you see, mother; and I think I ought to stand the tickets. He's always hard up, you know."

Winifred produced the five-pound note, saying,

"Well, perhaps you'd better pay him; but you mustn't stand the tickets, too."

Val pocketed the fiver.

"If I do, I can't," he said. "Good-night, mum."

He went out with his head up and his hat cocked joyously, sniffing the air of Piccadilly like a young hound loosed into covert. Jolly good biz! After that moldy old slow hole down there!

He found his "tutor," not, indeed, at the Oxford and Cambridge,

but at the Goat's Club. This "tutor" was a year older than himself, a good-looking youth, with fine brown eyes and smooth dark hair, a small mouth, an oval face, languid, immaculate, cool to a degree—one of those young men who, without effort, establish moral ascendancy over their companions. He missed being expelled from school a year before Val, had spent that year at Oxford, and Val could almost see a halo round his head. His name was Crum, and no one could get through money quicker. It seemed to be his only aim in life—dazzling to young Val, in whom, however, the Forsyte would stand apart now and then, wondering where the value for that money was.

They dined quietly, in style and taste, left the club, smoking cigars, with just two bottles inside them, and dropped into stalls



Holly led the way onto the terrace
and down to the lawn

at the Liberty. For Val, the sound of comic songs, the sight of lovely legs were fogged and interrupted by haunting fear that he would never equal Crum's quiet dandyism. His idealism was roused; and when that is so, one is never quite at ease. Surely he had too wide a mouth, not the best cut of waistcoat, no braid on his trousers, and his lavender gloves had no thin black stitchings down the back. Besides, he laughed too much—Crum never laughed; he only smiled, with his regular dark brows raised a little so that they formed a gable over his just dropped lids. No; he would never be Crum's equal.

All the same, it was a jolly good show, and Cynthia Dark simply ripping. Between the acts, Crum regaled him with particulars of Cynthia's private life, and the awful knowledge became Val's that, if he liked, Crum could go behind. He simply longed to say, "I say, take me!" but dared not, because of his deficiencies, and this made the last act or two almost miserable. On coming out, Crum said:

"It's half an hour before they close. Let's go on to the Pandemonium."

They took a hansom to travel the hundred yards, and seats costing seven and six a piece, because they were going to stand, and walked into the promenade. It was in these little things, this utter negligence of money, that Crum had such engaging polish. The ballet was on its last night and legs, and the traffic of the promenade was suffering for the moment. Men and women were crowded in three rows against the barrier. The whirl and dazzle on the stage, the half-dark, the mingled tobacco fumes and women's scent—all that curious lure to promiscuity which belongs to promenades began to free young Val from his idealism. He looked admiringly in a young woman's face, saw she was not young, and quickly looked away. Shades of Cynthia Dark! The young woman's arm touched his unconsciously; there was a scent of musk and mignonette. Val looked round the corner of his lashes. Perhaps she was young, after all. Her foot trod on his; she begged his pardon. He said:

"Not at all. Jolly good ballet, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm tired of it; aren't you?"

Young Val smiled—his wide, rather charming smile. Beyond that he did not go—not yet convinced. The Forsyte in him stood out for greater certainty. And, on the stage, the ballet whirled its kaleidoscope of snow-white, salmon-pink, and emerald-green and violet, and seemed suddenly to freeze into a stilly spangled pyramid. Applause broke out, and it was over. Maroon curtains had cut it off. The semicircle of men and women round the barrier broke up; the young woman's arm pressed his. A little way off, disturbance was centering round a man with a pink carnation. Val stole another glance at the young woman who was looking toward it. Three men, rather drunk, emerged, walking arm in arm. The one in the center wore the pink carnation, a white waistcoat, a dark mustache; he reeled a little as he walked. Crum's voice said, slow and level:

"Look at that bounder! He's screwed!" Val turned to look. The "bounder" had disengaged his arm and was pointing straight at them. Crum's voice, level as ever, said,

"He seems to know you."

The bounder spoke.

"H'llo!" he said. "You f'llows, look! There's my young rascal of a son!"

Val saw—it was his father. He could have sunk into the crimson carpet. It was not the meeting in this place, not even that his father was "screwed;" it was Crum's word, "bounder," which, as by heavenly revelation, he perceived at that moment to be true. Yes; his father looked a bounder with his dark good looks, and his pink carnation, and his square, self-assertive walk. And, without a word, he ducked behind the young woman and slipped out of the promenade. He heard the word "Val!" behind him, and ran down deep-carpeted steps past the "chuckers-out" into the square.

To be ashamed of his own father is perhaps the bitterest experience a young man can go through. It seemed to Val, hurrying away, that his career had ended before it had begun. How could he go up to Oxford now among all those chaps, those splendid friends of Crum's, who would know that his father was a bounder? And suddenly he hated Crum. Who the devil was Crum to say that? If Crum had been beside him at that moment, he would certainly have been jostled off the pavement. His own father—his own! A choke came up in his throat, and he dashed his hands down deep into his overcoat pockets. Damn Crum!

He conceived the wild idea of running back and finding his father, taking him by the arm, and walking about with him in front of Crum, but gave it up at once and pursued his way

down Piccadilly. A young woman planted herself before him. "Not so angry, darling!" He shied, dodged her, and suddenly became quite cool. If Crum ever said a word, he would jolly well punch his head, and there would be an end of it.

He walked a hundred yards or more, contented with that thought, then lost its comfort utterly. It wasn't simple like that! He remembered now, at school, when some parent came down who did not pass the standard, it just clung to the fellow afterward. It was one of those things nothing could remove. Why had his mother married his father if he was a bounder? It was bitterly unfair—jolly low-down on a fellow to give him a bounder for father. The worst of it was that, now Crum had spoken the word, he realized that he had long known subconsciously that his father was not "the clean potato." It was the beastliest thing that had ever happened to him—beastliest thing that had ever happened to any fellow! And, down-hearted as he had never yet been, he came to Green Street and let himself in with a smuggled latch-key. In the dining-room, his plover's eggs were set invitingly, with some cut bread and butter, and a little whisky at the bottom of a decanter—just enough, as Winifred had thought, for him to feel himself a man. It made him sick to look at them, and he went up-stairs.

Winifred heard him pass, and thought: "The dear boy's in. Thank goodness! If he takes after his father, I don't know what I shall do. But he won't—he's like me. Dear Val!"

III

SOAMES PREPARES TO TAKE STEPS

WHEN Soames entered his sister's little Louis Quinze drawing-room, with its small balcony always flowered with hanging geraniums in the summer, and now with pots of *Lilium auratum*, he was struck by the immutability of human affairs. It looked just the same as on his first visit to the newly married Darties, twenty-one years ago. He had chosen the furniture himself, and so completely that no subsequent purchase had ever been able to change the room's atmosphere. Yes; he had founded his sister well, and she had wanted it.

Winifred, whom he noticed next to the furniture, was sitting at her buhl bureau with a letter in her hand. She rose and came toward him. Tall as himself, strong in the cheek-bones, well-tailored—something in her face disturbed Soames. She crumpled the letter in her hand, but seemed to change her mind and held it out to him. He was her lawyer as well as her brother.

Soames read, on Iseum Club paper, these words:

You will not get chance to insult in my own again. I am leaving country to-morrow. It's played out. I'm tired of being insulted by you. You've brought on yourself. No self-respecting man can stand it. I shall not ask you for anything again. Good-by. I took the photograph of the two girls. Give them my love. I don't care what your family say. It's all their doing. I'm going to live new life.

M. D.

This after-dinner note had a splotch on it not yet quite dry. Soames looked at Winifred, and hastily away. The splotch had so clearly come from her, and he checked the words: "Good riddance." Then it occurred to him that, with this letter, she was entering that very state which he himself so earnestly desired to quit—the state of a Forsyte who was not divorced.

Winifred had turned away from him and was taking a long sniff from a little gold-topped bottle. A dull commiseration, together with a vague sense of injury, crept about Soames' heart. He had come to her to talk of his own position and get sympathy, and here was she in the same position, wanting, of course, to talk of it and get sympathy from him. It was always like that. Nobody ever seemed to think that he had troubles and interests of his own. He folded up the letter with the splotch inside and said,

"What's it all about, now?"

Winifred recited the story of the pearls calmly.

"Do you think he's really gone, Soames? You see the state he was in when he wrote that."

Soames, who, when he desired a thing, placated Providence by pretending that he did not think it likely to happen, answered:

"I shouldn't think so. I might find out at his club."

"If George is there," said Winifred, "he would know."

"George?" said Soames. "I saw him at the funeral."

"Then he's sure to be there."

Soames, whose good sense applauded his sister's acumen, said grudgingly:

(Continued on page 161)

*A
short
story
by*

Rupert
Hughes

The Animal That Laughs

Illustrated by

T. D. Skidmore

THE tragedy of it was that they had set this day apart for delight, this journey for a last pre-marital escapade. Instead of his bidding single-cursedness good-by with a disgraceful bachelor-supper, and she with an inane tea-orgy of spinsters, these true lovers had agreed upon a solemn celebration together. They had discussed various forms of extravagant excursions, feasts, and recklessnesses, but he, in a fine poetic frenzy, had cried:

'Back to nature is my idea! Let's get out of this hateful city into the peace of the woods somewhere.'

And she, with a delicious femininity, had cooed:

'Yes; let's! Let's go just us twosing.'

They had elected Bronx Park as the scene of their sacred picnic because they knew nothing of it. Having been born in New York city, they had never quite gone to the Botanical Gardens, or to Bedloe's Island, where Liberty stands. Being about to move to a new home half-way across the continent, they had felt it a duty to pay their respects to these two sights.

Here they were at last in Arden, and already agreed that they must never marry at all. Neither would say the word, but their festival was a funeral. They were marching behind a catafalque where Cupid lay dead.

The omens had been so otherwise. The forenoon was ambrosial. He was whistling as he set forth in his little runabout with the hamper of food strapped on.

The honk of his horn had come up to her like a serenade, and

Having laced him up in the withes of his own indignation, she flashed the picture on him. His dismay was perfect

she had come down like a covey of peach blossoms from a wind-smitten tree.

Their eyes kissed, and their hands. Their voices sang. Then she heard the postman's cheery whistle, and said, "Wait, honey." She smiled in repayment for the mail. But it was only a circular or two, and a fat letter from a girl friend, Marietta Whinney. Marietta always ran on forever about nothing at all; so Suzanne stuffed the letter unread into her hand-bag, little dreaming that an unread letter may be an unopened bomb. She explained:

"It's only old Marietta, and I don't want to bother with her to-day. Come along, Sky!"

"Sky" was short for "Schuyler." The still shorter, for intimate occasions, was "Skeezicks," and for ecstasies, "Skeezy-weezy," or "Skyzie-wyzie."

His last name, soon to be hers, was Daskin. Her first name was Suzanne—on which he played many tunes. Her temporary last name was Leigh.

He ran the car safely through the coagulation of traffic to Central Park and on and on to the Bronx. They decided to leave the car outside the gates and go ahead afoot. (What a language ours is!) They carried the hamper between them, and it was light, because their hands touched warmly on the handle.

They indulged in the blessed idiocies of love, and she asked him for the *n*th time if he had ever cared for anybody but her.

"Is there anybody else?" he asked.

"Oh, lots and lots of hateful women lying in wait for my big, beaufen mans."

"If they is, I never seed none," he said, in the grammar of the amorous.

"Not even in long trips you used to take all by lonesomes?"

He shook his head as far as it would swing, but she persisted, for the luxury of reassurance.

"Not even on that wicked old trips to mean old 'Tlantic City?"

His head continued to wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. She continued to monkey with well-enough.

"Didn't him ever went into old 'Tlantic Ocean?"

He paused, and his head went up and down.

"Once—just only but once."

"Nobody else in your little ocean?"

His head went on up and down.

"Crowds! But I couldn't see nobody for lonelings for Suzannina."

She gurgled at this, but she wanted to know more. He stopped short and spoke in barbaric, raw English.

"Wait here a minute, Suzanne, while I go back to the gate and get a map of the park. I saw one on the board."

"Fierce old sojer mans has to have his map," she laughed, and sat down to wait for his return.

It was some distance back that he had to go; so she took out Marietta's letter to while away the dreary wait. As she opened it, a picture post-card fell to the ground—one of those things the seaside photographers take; one of those humiliating memorials of silly moods that photographers take to bring down pride in future encounters with the record. Pride goeth before a photographer.

Suzanne stooped over to retrieve the card, expecting to find it another of Marietta's usual follies. Marietta was addicted to post-cards and lost all sanity the moment a camera was aimed at her.

Suzanne's smile of amused disdain changed to a grimace of horror as she turned the card and caught a glimpse of the picture. It fell from her hand. As she went after it again, the concrete walk seemed to billow like an agitated anaconda.

She stared at the picture when she got it. It was a photograph of her own Skeezicks alongside some unknown woman. Their heads peered over a board on which were drawn two little bodies mounted on two cavorting jackasses. All four faces were grinning. Schuyler's hair was wet and tousled, and his throat was nude of collar and tie. The female wore a bathing-cap and a bare neck. They had evidently gone into the surf and come out to secure this archive of their shameless frivolity, this monument of his treachery.

When Suzanne's universe had ceased to buck and kick, she began to wonder how the terrific indictment of her betrothed had fallen into the hands of Marietta, who had never met him. At least, Suzanne had assumed that they had never met. But probably that was another lie. Whom and what could she believe from now on? Since the truth was not in her Sky, where could truth be looked for? Or was there such a thing?

She laughed nauseously and read the letter.

There were pages and pages of triviality, and she slapped the sheets to and fro till she came upon these lines, written in Marietta's best telegraphese:

Thought you would like to see enclosed foto. Came across it other day at Atlantic City. Was in swimming with crowd of girls and fellows, and somebody suggested having fotos taken. All agreed, and we made grand rush for little gallery. Whilst waiting for a dubby bride and groom, saw enclosed picture in show-case. Looked so much like the picture you sent me of your Intended thought would send it to you. Of course it isnt your fellow, but dont it look like him? Thought you'd like to have it to tease him with, so bought it and send it just for fun.

Oh, by the way—

The rest was very much "by-the-way." It was about other people, and Suzanne was not interested in anybody but Schuyler and that Unknown Vampire. She held the post-card before her as if it were some tiny viper that she had picked up by the head and dared not let drop. The fat face leering over the board looked so much like her Intended, because it was her

Intended! And how it revealed his real nature! What a blind fool she had been to admire him, the double-dealing deceiver! This picture exposed his very soul. *In camera veritas.*

Her soul turned a somersault of rage. She was about to tear the post-card into a thousand bits and toss them in the air, to fall like snowflakes in the winter of her discontent, but she saw Schuyler coming back, and she stuffed the letter and the photograph into her hand-bag. She watched his eager return with altered eyes, and she saw an altogether other man.

Where she had noted an Apollonic procedure, she saw now a gangling dawdle. She demanded of heaven why it had chosen to shame her into an infatuation for such a deep-dyed villain. She had only one thing to thank heaven for, and that was that it had revealed him to her before it was everlastingly too late.

He came up so quickly that she could not formulate her battle-plan. Only one thing she determined on, and that was to make him betray himself, to see just how far he would go, to tie him up in lies, and then flash the picture on him and watch him squirm.

He noted from afar the change in her demeanor. He waved to her, and she did not wave back. She did not run toward him to halve the interval. When he chortled, "Oo-oo!" she never oo-oo'd in response.

As he came closer, he noted that she whom he had left looking like summer's very self now looked as if her face had been left overnight in an ice-box.

"Why, what's the matter, Snootchy?" he gasped, as he dropped at her side.

"Oh, nothing," she muttered, examining the distant clouds as if she did not know that his face intervened.

"But, darling, are you ill or something?"

"Oh, no, no; not at tall, not at tall!" she cackled, aware that her replies lacked ingenuity.

At length she yielded to his appeals, and said, in an iciclic tone:

"By the way, that trip to Atlantic City. You said you didn't see anybody else?"

"Yes, that is—of course, there were mobs there, but—"

"But you couldn't see them for lonelings for me?"

"No. Yes. What are you driving at, anyway, Sweets?"

"Of course, since you didn't see anybody, you didn't flirt with anybody."

"In heaven's name, what put such an idea in your head?"

"Oh, I was just wondering. You're sure you didn't go in swimming with any other woman, or have any affair with one?"

He was so puzzled by her inexplicable change of weather that he had no wits to recall the past with.

"Of course I didn't! I can't understand where you got the idea. How could I forget you, or be untrue to you for one moment in thought or deed? What kind of a dastardly cad do you think I am to leave my fiancée and go flirting with somebody else? I'm incapable of it."

He wrote his own condemnation so vigorously that she had no need to compile one. Having laced him up in the withes of his own indignation, she flashed the picture on him.

His dismay was perfect. No quibble or evasion or excuse was possible. He stared at the proof of his crime with a plea of guilt writ large on his pop-eyed face.

If it had only been a serious picture, a scene of scarlet passion or dramatic emotion, his sin would have had a certain dignity. But this puerile inanity, his smirking and hers, their insipid grins, this seaside insultery! They had an ocean at their elbow, and their wit was as saltless as distilled water.

The poor boob, caught in his fatuity, had only one recourse for self-preservation. He got mad, doubly mad at being caught in such yokelry, trebly mad at being tripped up and trussed up by his own betrothed. Suzanne, waiting eagerly for his first words, was stunned by their unexpectedness, for he snarled:

"Well, of all the rotten tricks I ever heard of! And you pretended to love me!"

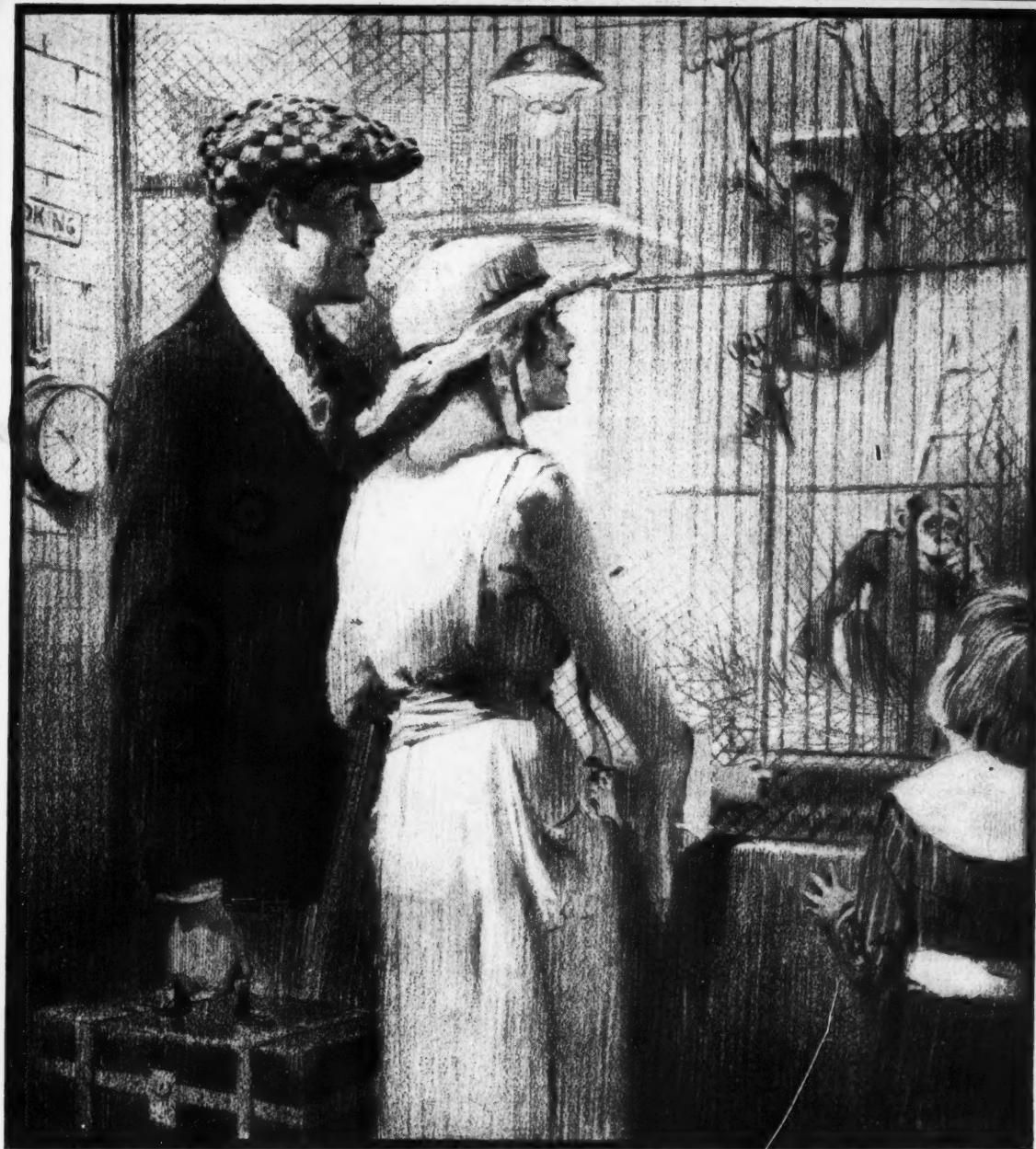
She squealed in astonishment at having her own weapon snatched from her and turned against her.

"I pretended! I pretended to love! You—you can say that! Well, of all the—well, did you ever? Well, merciful goodness!"

She was furious at her own confusion. And she owed him another grudge for his outrageous insolence. She might have forgiven him if he had dropped on his knees and confessed and begged for mercy. But this high-handed addition of insult to injury left her speechless.

She sat twiddling the futile document in the case, and wondering how to proceed with this amazing criminal who admitted his guilt and denounced the prosecuting attorney for proving it.

And he sat brooding over the appalling nature of womankind in general and in particular.



After every trick he looked out of the corner of his eyes to see how his act was going

To be madly in love with a woman and to want to bat her over the head with a stuffed club is one of the excruciating contradictions of which the love-life is full. Women must feel much the same way, except that their finger-nails ache instead of their pounding-muscles.

II

As young Mr. Daskin brooded over his plight, he reviewed the vast predicament of the human sex-relation, so animal in its impulses and so complicated by social customs and obligations.

A man must have both a love and a business. He must be true to business or he will be untrue to love. But a man going about his business is under many compulsions to be courteous to this one and that one, particularly to strangers who make up his customers, whether he sells shoes, science, salvation, government, art, or sentiment.

One may, and often must, insult his best beloved; but one simply cannot and must not insult total strangers or casual acquaintances. They have the sacred right of courtesy. Lovers

and relatives are denied the high privilege of courtesy for something far higher—and far lower—devotion.

But the practise of perfect courtesy, as of perfect devotion, compels incessant recourse to the benevolent lie. The man who practises the true gentleman and the true lover cannot often tell everything he knows.

There is something not altogether noble about being a slave to truth, and it may be either slavish priggery or slavish concern for one's own soul that prevents a man from sending down word, "Not at home," and makes him come down himself, and even then afraid to say, or look, "I'm at home, and I wish you were."

If a lover were such a glutton for veracity as to tell his beloved everything he thinks or has thought, done, or seen, he would be a mighty poor lover, and would have a mighty short engagement. Not that there is much danger of lovers erring on the side of too much truth.

One thing is certain: the true lover is solemnly bound to perjure himself like a gentleman on occasion—never, of course, for his own sake, but always for the peace of mind of his beloved. The man who lies for his own sake is a coward or a villain or both.

The Animal That Laughs

Yet even the most adroit perjury involves risks of discovery, and when one is found out, one must make the best of it. A brave, altruistic liar caught defending his sweetheart from finding out a baleful fact will accept his scars as part of the battle of love.

The proper thing for Schuyler Daskin to have done, was to have knelt at Suzanne's feet and moaned, "Peccavi!" He should have said something like this: "Well, honey, you're too cute for me. I'm only human, and you mustn't let me out of your sight again. That woman was a dangerous man-hunter and she made a fool of me, but I've

learned my lesson. If you'll forgive me this time and take me back, I'll promise to be a good boy; and, to prove it, I'll buy you a nice little diamond ring."

If he had tried that, it might have worked wonders. Of course, it might not have. But it would have had the virtues of truth and confession, and both are mighty.

But Daskin was not up—or down—to the supreme diplomacy of love—confessing a wrong you have not committed in order to win a forgiveness you have not earned, telling a lie in order to gain a reputation for truth. His situation was a little complicated, and the photograph was hard to explain plausibly. But that only increased his sense of martyrdom.

Perhaps it was natural that, since they had been so near the actual ceremony of the wedding, they should fall to and quarrel with a hammer-and-tongs technique that can usually be acquired only by a long marriage.

Suzanne gave evidence that, as a wife, she would not be one of those irritating fireside martyrs who sniff and suffer in a loathsome meekness. She went right after her ex-expected in fine fettle.

"So that's why you went to Atlantic City?"

"What's why?"

"To meet that woman."

"I did not."

"What's the hussy's name?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Great heavens! A common stranger!"

He was dazed at this interpretation. It showed an unsuspected depravity in Suzanne's mind.

"Not at all," he said, and she snapped right back at him,

"Oh, she's an old flame, then, I suppose."

Really, the bad logic of a woman's mind was incredible. The whole sex was hopeless. It simply could not keep its brain on straight—preferred to wear it every other way, like its hats.

What was the use of explaining, since she snapped up everything he said and gave it another meaning?

He had really forgotten the woman's name. He might have remembered it if he had squeezed his mind, but he had too much else to think of. And then he had no right to deliver the innocent stranger's name to Suzanne to maul and slander and make a lifelong household pest of.

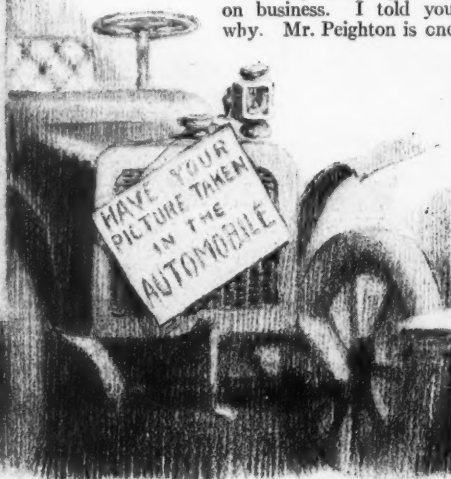
She was laughing now with a harsh, tin-panny mirthlessness.

"And I was fool enough to believe you when you told me you went there on business! Ha! Business! Oh ho! Ha!"

"I did go on business."

"Evidently!" She waved the photograph before him. He was astounded at her viciousness. "I suppose you thought that it was none of my business what affairs you had on the side—on the seaside. 'Business!'"

"I tell you I did go there on business. I told you why. Mr. Peighton is one



"After the swim, somebody proposed a trip to the photographer, just for fun."

of the biggest builders in the country. My firm wanted to get a big contract out of him. He was down at the beach. He wouldn't come to town. It was too hot. So the firm sent me. It was a great honor, but it was awful hot."

"So you decided to take a dip with a cool mermaid before you took up business?"

"Nothing of the kind!"

"You mean to say you didn't go in with this creature?"

"It was while I was with Mr. Peighton that I met her."

"Oh, he's that kind of a man?"

"No, he isn't; and she isn't that kind of a woman."

"How did you find out?"

"I'm ashamed of you!"

"I suppose so; you never asked me to be photographed like this."

"Of course not, and I didn't want to be myself."

"Oh, I see! The photographer snapped you while you weren't looking."

"No, he didn't, and you know it. I'll tell you how it was if you'll listen a minute."

"I'm listening as hard as I can."

"Mr. Peighton was very nice to me—fine lunch, fine business talk, and all that, and, all of a sudden, he said: 'The tide's fine; let's go in. We'll all go in.'"

"All?"

"The ladies, he meant."

"Oh, the ladies! You omitted them from the program. What act do they come in?"

"They were at the lunch, of course."

"Oh, of course. I had thought you said you talked business at lunch? I'm awfully stupid."

"We did. I couldn't refuse to sit at the table with his guests, could I?"

"Evidently not."

"You can't insult a prospective customer, can you? I couldn't take Mr. Peighton aside and say, 'Really, Mr. Peighton, my principles don't permit me to lunch with your guests; besides, I'm engaged to be married—you must send 'em away,' could I?"

"But you went there on business, you told me."

"I did; but Mr. Peighton didn't. He went there for relaxation, not for repentance. It was at Atlantic City, not Ocean Grove. I had to go where he was. I couldn't insult him, could I? A man can't insult his host or his host's guests, can he?"

"Get to the beach! Get to the beach!"

Daskin mopped his brow in rage.

"Well, so we all went into the surf. I couldn't refuse to,

could I? They didn't seem to have the scarlet fever or anything."

"This one certainly doesn't seem to have much of anything."

"You know she has a bathing-suit on."

"You knew it, too, I suppose."

"I suppose I did."

"What was it like?"

"How do I know? It was like the others—the usual things women wear in the surf."

"I see. You could tell which were the men and which were the women, I suppose."

"Yes; I suppose I could. But it was the Lord that made you women and not me. If I had my way, I'd throw the whole blamed crowd of you overboard."

He was in a splendid temper now, soaring like an air-plane. Suzanne ditched him with the most unexpected question:

"Could she swim?"

Schuyler gave her a glance of reeling amazement. What did she know? How much did that letter contain? As a matter of fact, Mr. Peighton's guests had paired off, and Schuyler had found himself attached to a lady who wanted to make up for neglected opportunities to acquire natation. He could not be expected to decline to teach her an art that might save her life sometime. So he taught her what he could, betweenwhiles of bobbing up and down at the rope, splashing water, and whooping as the waves smashed over their heads.

Everybody was hilarious, and Schuyler would have looked a fool if he had tried to play Miles Standish or whoever it was. Not that he felt at all Puritanical, but if he had have, what a solemn ass he would have been to behave so! Besides, it would have offended Mr. Peighton, and Schuyler would have lost the firm a customer. Customers are sacrosanct.

Suzanne's unforeseen question had flashed before his mind the vivid picture of that



I had to go along, and she—they—we selected that donkey picture for ours"

half-hour. The memory had given him just an instant's abstraction, which was just enough to catch Suzanne's attention and rob Schuyler of his control. He went in to more or less of a nose-spin and came down off his high horse. He fought as awkwardly and desperately as a grounded aviator now, with any weapon he found at hand.

"Of course she could."

"You taught her how, I suppose."

Scorn is the only refuge in such a situation. Schuyler sneered laboriously.

"Such a mind as you have! You amaze me. I went down there for your sake, slaved in the hot weather—"

"And that hot ocean."

"And got the contract. I was working for a big commission, so that you and I could get married. And it was that very job that got me my promotion to the managership of the Western office. If it hadn't been for that trip, we couldn't have got married. And you treat me like this!"

It is hard to play heroics without being a trifle too heroic. Suzanne was left cold. She sniffed.

"But I never treated you like this!" And she held that photograph before him again. It made him seasick. She went on rocking the boat. "And this is Mrs. Peighton, I suppose, on the other donkey's back."

"No; it isn't Mrs. Peighton. It was one of Mr. Peighton's guests. After the swim, somebody proposed a trip to the photographer, just for fun. I had to go along, and she—they—we selected that donkey picture for ours."

"You're both very becoming to the donkeys. It's such a beautiful picture, I wonder you didn't show it to me. You forgot, I suppose."

He did not answer this. As a matter of fact, he had torn the picture to particularly small bits and scattered them from the window of the train—a sort of yester-snow of frivolous regret. He heard Suzanne speaking as from a distance,

"Why didn't you show it to me?"

He turned on her bitterly.

"Because I wanted to protect us both from your terrible temper."

"Oh, so I have a terrible temper, have I? And you used to say you loved me!"

"I did, in spite of your temper. It wasn't my business to wake it up and take it out for exercise."

"Where is your copy of this picture?"

"I haven't got it. I—I lost it."

The "I—I" gave him away. She pierced him with a skewer. "You mean you destroyed it for fear I'd find it after we were married."

"Fix it any way you like."

"Well, thank heaven, I had at least one friend to keep me posted on your goings-on. Thank heaven, I found it out before it was too late."

"I've found out a few things, too, before it's too late."

An eternity of grave considerations passed in silence. He fell to reviewing his beach-adventure. The strange creature who had suddenly established herself as the acute angle of a triangle in his life stood before him, glistening.

She was rather a nice woman, too, Miss What's-her-name—awfully jolly, and full of infectious gaiety. She had said some of the wittiest things in the water. He wished he could remember some of them. He could only remember how he had laughed.

She was a pretty thing, too—round and willowy and admirable. Perhaps he should not have noticed such things. Theoretically, a lover puts out his eyes as soon as he is affianced, but, actually, he keeps them. He needs them in his business, and his fiancée expects him to feast them on her own charms.

But to be both blind and alert is difficult. To revel in the beauty of one woman and be oblivious of the similar charms of fifty per cent. of the population is a paradox.

He was blameless, therefore, for recognizing Miss What's-her-name's graces, and for laughing at her jokes, and for being polite to her. Better still, he had resisted any temptation to flirt with her. He had remembered Suzanne almost all the time. And he could have had a desperate flirtation, too. Miss What's-her-name was willing. He could tell. There are signs. He had made no effort to find out where she lived, even.

But what good had it done him? If he had plunged into a wild affair, he would have been no worse off than he was. Lots of men would have gone all the way with her and lied about it. He had done his full duty to Suzanne, and, when he came back to her, he had spared her the torment of knowing what could not possibly have done her any good to know.

And now the accursed photograph had turned up to make a mockery of his devotion. Suzanne had had it and lied about it, and tried to trip him up. Worse yet, she had succeeded.

She had been hateful, spiteful, sneering. If he had not been a gentleman, with a strict sense of courtesy, he would have walked off and left her to simmer in her own stew. Courtesy was all he owed her now, the courtesy due a stranger. She had forfeited the right to any tenderness. She had lost the right even to be fought and quarreled with.

Suzanne had been brooding alongside among her own thoughts. She had been alarmed by a vague knowledge that he was smiling a little. That embittered her and aggravated her curiosity to a torment. Without that curiosity, she would probably have left him then and there.

III

PEOPLE tire soon of joy, but they never weary of misery. So these two would not give up their picnic just because it was spoiled. For that very reason, they were doomed to go through with it.

Schuyler rose at last fretfully, and said:

"Well, we can't sit here on a park bench all day. The police will tell us to move on. Do we go home or not?"

"Just as you like," Suzanne minced with that loathsome meekness that made the patient Griselda the most contemptible and irritating heroine of all time.

Schuyler wanted to leave her flat, but he said:

"We've brought all this lunch along. I suppose we might as well go somewhere and eat the stuff and get it over with."

"Just as you like," said Suzanne.

Schuyler gnashed his teeth and felt his chest bubbling with "Ugh's!" of frenzy. But he said nothing. He picked up the hamper. She laid hold of it. He swung it to his other side, out of her grip, with a kind of brutal gallantry.

They walked past stupid yaks and zebus, and grumpy buffaloes in moth-eaten shawls. They were all chewing their cud as dolefully as married couples worry old quarrels and regurgitate their grievances. Their great eyes followed the couple passing by the bars that fenced them in, passing along the formal paths laid out for human beings to follow.

The bears in their dens were no less constrained than the spectators. Sharp points checked them here and there. Their cages turned in upon themselves at the top, as if they followed Einstein's theory of light rays. The tree of heaven that the bears clambered up never quite reached heaven or anywhere else. They always had to climb down to earth again.

Suddenly, the two shackled lovers were startled by the long, high howl of wolves. They stopped, glanced over their shoulders, and saw, not far off, three big timber-grays, their muzzles upraised, their vertical throats ashiver with hooting plaints and blood-curdling moans, at once pathetic and terrific.

The young visitors felt a curious expression of their own moods in this ululation. The wolves were sorry for themselves; they were wronged, somehow; their stomachs ached.

A wolf in pain, in the pangs of disprized hunger, gets little pity. But Suzanne and Schuyler felt a lupine sympathy, and the wolves voiced their own emotions of mingled ferocity and distress.

The original wolf-soul had the faithful dog-soul in it, and the faithful dog has something of the wolf still lurking in his heart. The lover, too, is made up of doglike devotion and of readiness to devour his own kind on provocation.

Suzanne and Schuyler longed to break loose and run wild; but the inhibitions of custom penned them in a sort of human zoo. Schuyler wondered why the wolves howled. He went nearer. Suzanne followed. She had not finished with him yet.

In the absence of any other plan, Schuyler wandered to the rocky enclosure where the amiable Zoological Society had provided dens *de luxe* for its guests. The hallelujah chorus had ended in silence.

Three wolves were taut with excitement, their muzzles against the bars and their noses palsied with intense consideration of two gorgeous peacocks picking their way daintily across the open meadow. One of them, a Beau Brummel of a bird, was clad in that color which, by an odd coincidence, has been so well named "peacock blue." The other was even more magnificent in plumage, all of creamy white. Meekly accompanying them was a dull-brown peahen, doubtless an excellent housekeeper. They were as calm in the environs of caged death as the human spectators.

Schuyler was amazed at the gentleness, sweetness, and light in the gray eyes of the wolves. He thought how like full-grown wolves are full-grown women. He noted (Continued on page 143)



Hilda sprang suddenly toward the door and threw her weight against it and beat upon it with her fists. It was as if she were trying to get out rather than to prevent some one from getting in.

Bill *the* Boob

A startling short story

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by
G. Patrick Nelson

HILDA NISH had once been full of enthusiasms. She had believed in the beauty of flowers and the goodness of people. The need of earning her own living had seemed rather a glorious opportunity than a misfortune. At thirty, she was teaching English in a New York public school. Her home was a stale bedroom up three flights of stairs. And the dreams that she had dreamed were dust and ashes.

She had once believed that at thirty she would be a married woman, with children and an adoring husband.

In the beginning, during the whole of her adolescence, she had believed that her marriage was to be built upon a rock of eternal love. But at twenty-five she had fallen away from this high idealism, and to the few men of her acquaintance she preached the Continental system, in which marriages are made for convenience. At twenty-seven, a thin vein of sneering cynicism darkened her conversation. She affected to believe that motherhood was everything, and that man's only rôle in marriage was to beget and depart. At thirty, she read with pleasure and agreement of now, under the Bolshevik rule in Russia, the women were permitted to choose their husbands, to discard them, and elect others.

And then, one day, there swept out of New York's East Side an organized horde of armed men, who shouted in alien tongues and spread the city thick with smoke and destruction and horror.

As Hilda Nish, on her way to school, was in the act of descending the steps of her boarding-house, three girls, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years of age, came round the corner of the street, running at top speed and screaming. Close behind them, howling like wolves, came a great pack of revolutionists.

Hilda Nish darted back into her boarding-house, slammed the door behind her, bolted it, and, half fainting with fear, stumbled blindly up to her room, and locked herself in.

The landlady, taking her servant with her, had gone early to market, and Hilda Nish knew that she was alone in the house.

The howling in the street grew less. For a little while, the screams of the three girls who had been caught and dragged into a convenient cellar rang in her ears. She believed that the pack of devils, intent upon the immediate object of its pursuit, had not seen her. Her heart began to beat more quietly. And, at last, the sounds of the mob having died away in the distance, she dared look out of her window.

The street seemed to be empty. With infinite caution, she thrust her head out of the window and looked up the street and down. She thrust her head still further out. Fear and horror gave place to a kind of nervous complacency. And then she looked straight down the face of the building and her heart stood still. A man was standing on the bottom step of the house. He was looking straight up into her face. He burst into an ugly laugh. And then he spoke.

"Let me in, sweetheart."

For answer, she withdrew her head, slammed her window shut, and bolted it. There was a long time of silence. And then there came up to her, from the depths of the house, a sudden sound of glass smashing and wood splintering. And this was followed by the sounds of heavy, echoing steps coming up the stairs.

She remained near the window with her back to the door, her head turned so that her chin touched her shoulder. It was as if

she had taken root. Her mind, numbed with terror, had stopped working. She had once shocked her intimates and caused them to titter and tee-hee with a sweeping advocacy of marriage by capture and its beneficial effects upon the human offspring. It was a pity that these intimates could not have seen her face now.

Of the man who had looked up at her from the steps of the house, she had received no impression except of threat and dreadfulness and horror. She did not know if he were old or young, only that he was horrible.

Her eyes were on the door toward which his heavy steps were slowly moving. Not until she saw and heard the knob turn did her strained attitude relax. The door was shaken by its knob, heavily shaken.

Hilda sprang suddenly toward the door and threw her weight against it and beat upon it with her fists. It was as if she were trying to get out rather than to prevent some one from getting in.

The attempts upon the outer side of the door ceased. Miss Nish's would-be assailant was obviously puzzled by the unusual nature of her defense. But not for long. While she continued to beat upon the door with her fist, he took two steps backward, and then drove the point of his shoulder into one of its panels. It broke inward at the first impact.

A stubby, dirty hand reached through the fracture, felt for and found the key, and unlocked the door.

Miss Nish never knew exactly what happened immediately afterward. She had a vague recollection of lurching against a table, stretching out a hand to keep her from falling, of grasping a heavy metal object, which could only have been the tall brass candlestick which she had once won at a church raffle, of swinging that chance weapon wildly, of striking downward, and of an acute, tingling, jarring sensation that momentarily paralyzed her arm from wrist to shoulder, caused her fingers to loosen and the heavy metal object to fall from them to the floor.

The man lay face downward in a spreading pool of blood. A rancid odor of sweat and undigested whisky rose from him.

Through a diminishing film of shock and fear, Hilda Nish began to see him clearly. His hair was bright brown and curly; so much of his face as remained visible was smooth and unlined. But for the dirt and blood upon it, he had a fine skin. A convulsion, followed by nausea, turned him over, and he groaned a number of times before settling once more into unconsciousness.

For a little while, his life hung by a hair. Then that instinct to kill what we have badly injured died in Hilda Nish. She got a pillow from her bed and slipped it under his head. Then she wet a towel and wiped his face clean, and eventually stopped the flow of blood from the cut in his scalp.

Having done this, she determined to leave him and escape from the house before he recovered his senses. A sudden sound of firing in the street below froze this purpose in her breast.

She picked up the fallen candlestick and seated herself on the edge of the bed. The young man's mouth had closed, and he was breathing through his nose—resting comfortably, as the nurses say.

He slept for hours, what with the whisky that he had drunk and the blow that she had struck him. A wish to make him more comfortable took shape in Hilda Nish's breast, and not being able to lift him and lay him on the bed, she bathed his face and wrists repeatedly. The day having turned very hot, she dabbed his temples with eau de Cologne and blew on them. She had lost all fear of him. In repose, his face had nothing repellent about it. And also desire, whether it be for marriage or merely for capture, is always desire and a high compliment to the desired. No other man of her acquaintance had ever wanted her enough to risk a blow from a heavy brass candlestick. More men had spoken to her of friendship than of love. The man on the floor had spoken to her but once. He had called her "sweetheart." Thereafter, he had smashed in a window and come perhaps to his death—The fingers that had dabbed cologne upon his temples lingered, their tips touching his hair. It was then that he opened his eyes and asked for water. When he had drunk water from her tooth-mug, he settled back into deep sleep.

About four o'clock, he opened his eyes wide, shook his head, as a wet dog shakes itself, and sat up. He stared about him. Hilda Nish had retreated to a corner, and he did not perceive her presence.

"Where have I got to?" he asked. He then took his head between his hands, pressed it tightly, and, with much feeling, murmured, "God!"

Then he staggered to his feet, and, seeing the bed for the first time, staggered to it and seated himself heavily on the edge. He sat for a while with his face in his hands. Then, groaning feebly, he lifted a foot to his knee and unlaced it boot.

Having removed his boots and kicked them to a distance, he removed his coat and threw it on the floor. He might then have proceeded to extremes had not a sudden exclamation of dismay called attention to the presence in the room of Miss Hilda Nish.

A pair of puzzled blue eyes regarded her from beneath knotted brows. Vague memories connected with her face came to him and sobered him. His eyes roamed to the broken panel in the door and back to the young woman. Presently, he drew a long sigh of relief.

"Your hair ain't even mussed," he said. And then, his hand on his head, "What hit me?"

"I hit you. You broke in here."

He rose and walked to the window on unsteady feet.

"I was drunk," he said.

He opened the window and looked out. Midway between the gutters lay what looked like a bundle of old clothes. Another such bundle lay half in and half out of an airway.

The air was full of murmurous, far-off sounds. Far-off shots sounded, and there was much smoke in the sky. The young man shrugged his shoulders with an expression of helplessness. He drummed with his fingers on the window-sill and continued to look out. After quite a long time, he turned to Miss Nish.

"Why didn't you finish me," he asked, "when you had me down and out?"

"When I saw that you were hurt, my instinct was to help you," she said, in her correct, classroom voice.

"I'd a killed me if I'd been you," he said simply. "I just went with the gang," he explained. "They broke into a store of liquor, and the first thing I knew I was for doin' everything they did. I'm sorry I scairt you. It ain't like me—the real me—to harm or scare women."

"What," she asked, "is all the uproar? Is it a Bolshevik uprising?"

"Sure," he said. "And by now the city's under our thumb. And, even with me your friend, you ain't got a show. You're educated."

"I have harmed no one," she said.

"I ain't that. You're clean and you're handsome. Still, you done me a good turn, and there's one way I can help you, and only one. We'll go to headquarters and get a paper sayin' we're man and wife, and then because you didn't kill me when you'd ought to have, I'll get you out of the city somehow, and you'll have a chance. You'll have to pretend you're my wife for a few days—that's all."

"What utter nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Nish.

He shook his head.

"Just look out here a second. See them two bodies. They was decent girls once—likely they bit and scratched, and now look at 'em! Guess you'd better do as I tell you."

The sight of the bodies affected her almost to nausea.

"You can't go out in that nice clean dress," he said. "But I guess we can fix it."

In a kind of trance, she followed him down the three flights of stairs to the kitchen, where, with soot from the flue, he smeared her dress and her face.

He pulled her hand through his arm, and they went out into the street. The quarter of the city in which Miss Nish lived, having little to offer in the way of loot, liquor, or beauty, had suffered little at the hands of the revolutionists. Windows easily reached had been smashed; there was an occasional corpse.

The revolution had its headquarters in the heart of the East Side, and as Hilda Nish and her escort drew toward it, the numbers of hurrying, ill-clad persons increased until, at times, progress was almost blocked and the babble of exultant foreign voices was like the sound of water going over a dam.

Hilda clung tightly to her companion's arm. If she had been separated from him, she would have died of sheer fright.

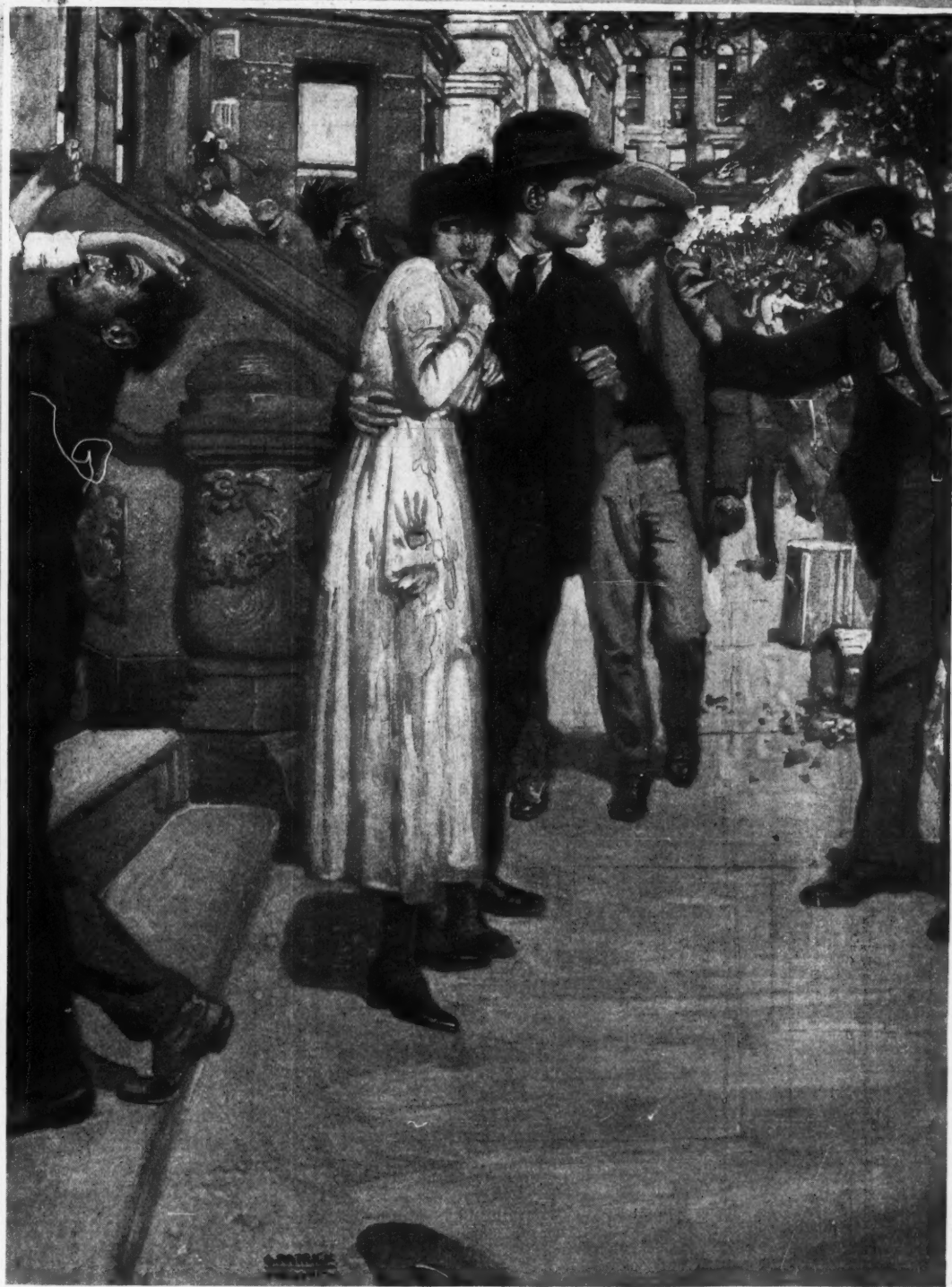
Some of the shouters, reeling with drink, carried bleeding heads on the tops of poles. That portion of New York's inhabitants which, for want of a more contemptuous term, is called "the people" had come into its own. Here and there, the red flag waved. But there was no need of it. A red glow hung over the city. Thousands of buildings were already in flames.

The crowds in front of the G. H. Q. were so dense, and so mad with news, and for news, that it was impossible to force a way through them. The air, fetid with sweat and blood, was like poison. Hilda Nish's head became light as a child's balloon. The rest of her was heavy as lead.

A man's voice reached her last glimmerings of consciousness.

"Hey, Bill! Bill the Boob! Your skirt's fainted."

She knew that the man whose arm she had clung to for so long had caught her in his arms. She saw hundreds of dark, shim-



Hilda clung tightly to her companion's arm. If she had been separated from him, she would have died of sheer fright

mering ovals, each one of which was his face. And then she became as one who has died.

II

SHE waked in a pitch darkness that smelled of marline and oakum. In the darkness, an air stirred—a kind of cool, oily

freshness. She was lying softly. A stiff, coarse covering was over her. The fingers of her groping hand touched a face. After that, she kept so still that she could hear the long, slow breathing of one who slept. She was not frightened, and after a while her eyes closed again; she turned a little away from the face that her fingers had touched and drowsed off.

She woke again with the first light that streamed through the

unshuttered windows. She was in a vast loft that was stowed half-full with ropes, piles of canvas, and odds and ends of marine stores. She was lying on a soft and spicy heap of oakum. Part of a sail covered her. At her side, but not under the sail, lay Bill the Boob. She watched the sunlight that gilded his chin creep up his face until it touched his eyelids. That waked him. After a little time of sleepy groaning and yawning, he sat up.

"Gee," he said, "but I slep' some! You all right?"

He apologized for the place to which he had brought her. It had been hard to find any place at all. She had "passed out." Some drunks had tried to get her away from him. They were in a Front Street loft—it was over a store out of which ships are rigged. It would be a good refuge until it was burned for the sheer joy of its stores of tar and turpentine.

"And you'd better stay here till I can find a way to get you out of the city," he said. "I'll go out now and find some eats. When I'm comin' up the stairs, I'll whistle like this. If you hear steps and no whistle, you hide and stay hid."

Two hours later, she heard his whistle. He had some hard bread, a banana that he had found in a gutter, water that he had procured in the basement.

The people who had risen and, in infinite wisdom, overthrown law and order had, in the sheer joy of being so very much wiser and nobler than the experience of several million years, spoiled and destroyed not only many thousands of clean, well-dressed persons but an immense tonnage of nutritious food.

No trains were entering the city or leaving. Surface cars and sub-surface cars no longer ran. And as Bill the Boob succinctly put it, there was "hell to pay."

They broke their fast, and he went forth again for more "eats." She must not be anxious if he did not return for a long time. She must on no account leave the loft.

She had no thought of disobedience.

For the first time in her life, a man was taking care of her, feeding her, advising her, keeping her out of trouble, giving her orders, going out into the city to do the business of men, and returning when it was done.

He did not come back till it was nearly dark. She had never been so glad to see anyone in her life. The gladness was in her face. She had a thousand questions to ask. She hung on his accounts of what was going on in the city. She told him how lonely and frightened she had been, frightened not only for herself but for him.

For their supper, he had bought a can of pork and beans. He did not tell her that he had had to fight a man for it. He told her only that food was scarce and hard to get. He was disgusted with the revolution. Things were worse than ever. The Bolshevik leaders had not kept their promises.

When they had eaten, he went out again, though she begged him not to.



"Something might happen to you," she said. "And then what would become of me?" "I said I'd get you

"Something might happen to you," she said. "And then what would become of me?"

"I said I'd get you out of the fix you are in, and I will," he said. "But I got to keep next to what's goin' on."

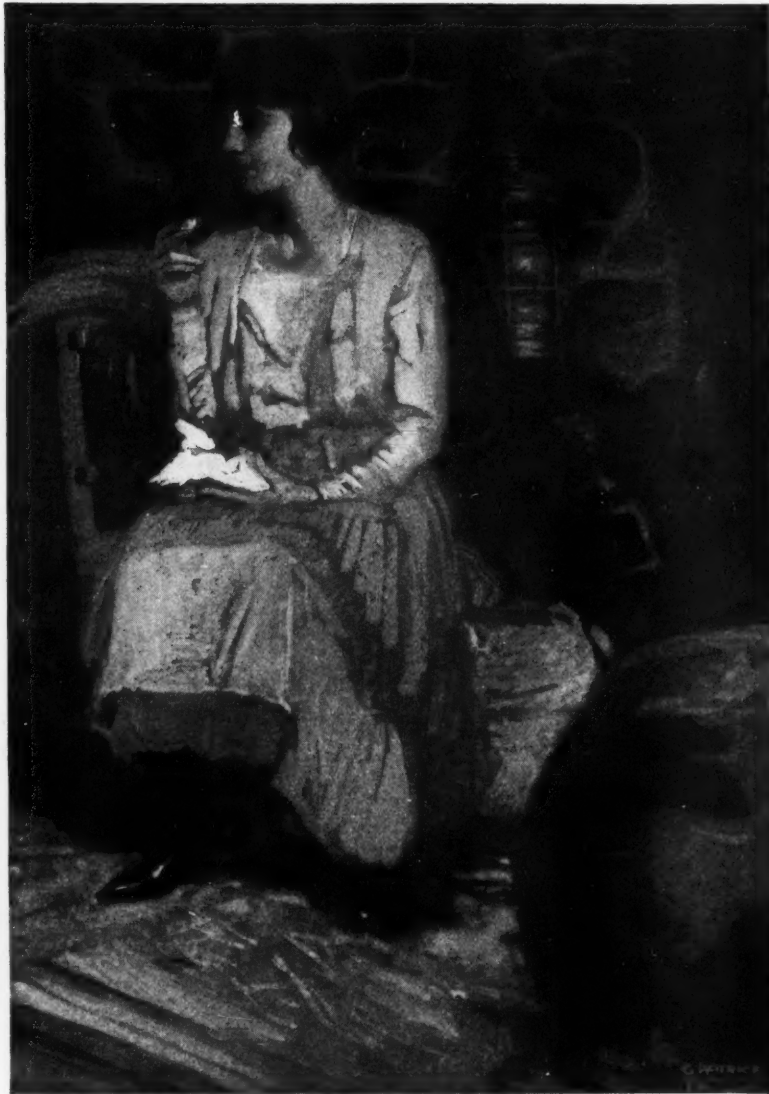
He came in very late, and she smelled liquor on him; but since he was not drunk or threatening, she scolded him a little, as a young wife might. She felt a proprietary interest in him. The liquor had unloosed his tongue. He was very insistent about his reverence for woman. His mother had taught him that. He had never wronged a woman. He never would. He insisted so many times that Hilda was perfectly safe with him that, in the end, she became a little bored.

"And it's all right us not gettin' married," he said. "They've give that up. They get what they call free love, an' the state's goin' to rear all the children."

After a long time, he became drowsy and fell asleep without ceremony. But Miss Nish did not. She lay awake for a long time

thinking what nice things there were about Bill the Boob—what nice eyes he had, how deferential he was. He had it in him to make some girl—of his own class, of course—very happy. He was a strong, virile man, but it was obvious that the right woman could lead him by the nose.

She herself, for instance, could have led him. He respected her. He revered her. He had said so.



out of the fix you are in, and I will," he said. "But I got to keep next to what's goin' on"

It would be stooping in a sense, Miss Nish told herself. But what of it? Who was to care? In time, she could raise him to her own level.

It was not Bill who had tried to attack her. It was the drink that had been in him. Out of a whole cityful, it was she alone whom he had singled out. If—well, if he showed that he was really in earnest, she would not discourage him too much. And so, before even she had fallen asleep, Hilda Nish dreamed dreams.

The nearness of the sleeping man had no alarms for her. He was her possession. She could do as she pleased with him. His nearness gave her a feeling of security and masterfulness. Other feelings, too.

Marriage was beautiful. To be held with powerful tenderness and kissed here and here. To be so close in love and confidence and understanding that the faintest whisper would carry from one to the other. To meet no reserves, to have none.

It came about that her hand searched for his and found it. Her fingers rested lightly upon it like so many rose-leaves.

In the sail-loft there was only the sound of Bill's slow, quiet breathing. During the moments that Hilda Nish's fingers touched his hand, she held her breath. Her heart began to beat furiously. Bill the Boob drew his hand away.

In the morning, he waked before she did. She was cross and petulant. She had not slept well. But, in the end, his patience and good humor won her.

"You are a good boy, Bill," she said. "And you take good care of me. It's rather a comfort when one has always had to take care of oneself. You have won my everlasting gratitude."

"If I save one woman from the beasts in this city, it'll be something," said Bill.

For breakfast, he brought her a stale apple pie. It had been baked before the revolution. He would have to go out again for water, he explained. The tap in the basement no longer ran.

He came back at the end of two hours with some indifferent water in a disreputable pitcher. He had dipped the water from a pool in the bottom of an excavation. There was a difficulty about getting water. It no longer came out of taps.

"My Gawd," exclaimed Bill the Boob, "wouldn't you think they'd of thought of that first off? And of gettin' milk into the city for their own kids? The babies is dyin' off like flies, and some damned general that didn't get a show to go to France has got some volunteers together, old soldiers and farmers, and fellers that got clear of the city in the first mix-up, and because we've gone and boasted that there ain't any one left alive in the city except us Bolsheviks, he's shut off the city water-supply, and unless it rains and rains and rains and keeps on rainin' and rainin' and rainin', the jig's up. I'm goin' to get you out of the city to-night or bust."

During the afternoon, there was a series of terrible explosions which shook the sail-loft as if it had been a rat in a terrier's teeth. After investigation, Bill the Boob reported that the city was burning and that the conflagration was being fought with dynamite. Other items of news were bad. Stefanitch, the one real man and brain among the Bolshevik leaders, had been killed in his sleep by a girl that he had brought to his rooms. Bill mentioned the girl's name, and Hilda Nish recognized it for one old and revered in the city's history.

"When he goes to sleep," said Bill, "she slips out of bed and gets one o' the long pins out of her hat and runs. They're goin' to burn her alive when it

it through his heart. gets dark."

He was silent for a while, and several times passed his hand across his eyes with a brushing motion.

From a late and unsuccessful effort to find food, he brought word that a massed attack on the troops who held the water-works had been shot to pieces by machine guns, and that warships had been sighted off Sandy Hook.

The revolution no longer existed except on Manhattan Island. The island could not hold out for twenty-four hours. It was foolish, therefore, to attempt to escape. The thing to do was to lie low until once more law and order reigned.

It was a night of horror. The restless general who had seized the city's water-supply attacked in force, and in collaboration with the Atlantic fleet and some squadrons of bombing planes. The side of their refuge was blown in a little before ten o'clock, and they passed the rest of the night in the cellar. (Concluded on page 158)



The Heroine of a great American Novel

LILY BECKER, of St. Louis, Missouri, the heroine of Fannie Hurst's first novel, is the most interesting and most dramatic character in current fiction.

During all of her dream-filled life, most of which has been spent in a St. Louis boarding-house, Lily has yearned for freedom from the

commonplace, from what she calls her "middle-class" existence. Yet now, after a girlhood of brilliant promises to herself, she has submitted again—has married the commonplace Albert Penny, after one last desperate rebellion, because her drudging father and her fretful, hysterical mother wished it.

Now begin the story on the next page.

Fannie Hurst's

First Novel

Star-Dust

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

XI

BY a strange conspiracy of middle-class morality, which clothes the white nude of life in suggestive factory-made garments, and by her own sheer sappiness, which vitalized her, but with the sexlessness of a young tree, Lily, with all her rather puerile innocence left her, walked into her marriage like a blind Nydia, hands out and groping sensitively.

The same, in a measure, was true of Albert, who came into his immaculate inheritance, himself immaculate, but with a nervous system well insulated by a great cautiousness of life.

He was highly subject to head-colds and occasional attacks of dyspepsia due to his inability to abstain from certain foods. He was, therefore, sensitive to drafts, and would not eat hot bread. He carried an umbrella absolutely upon all occasions, and a celluloid toothpick in his waistcoat pocket.

Then, too, he gargled. To chronicle the heroic emotions that motivate men is a fine task. Love and hate and all the chemistry of their mingling that go to form the plasma of human experience. It is a lesser, even an ignominious one, to narrate Lily's kind of anguish during this matinal performance of her husband. She suffered a tight-throated sort of pain that could have been no keener had it been of larger provocation. Her toes and her fingers would curl, and a quick ripple of flesh rush over her.

Mornings, when he departed, his kiss, which smelled of mouth-wash, would remain coldly against her lips with the peculiar burn of camphor-ice. All her sensibilities seemed suddenly to fester.

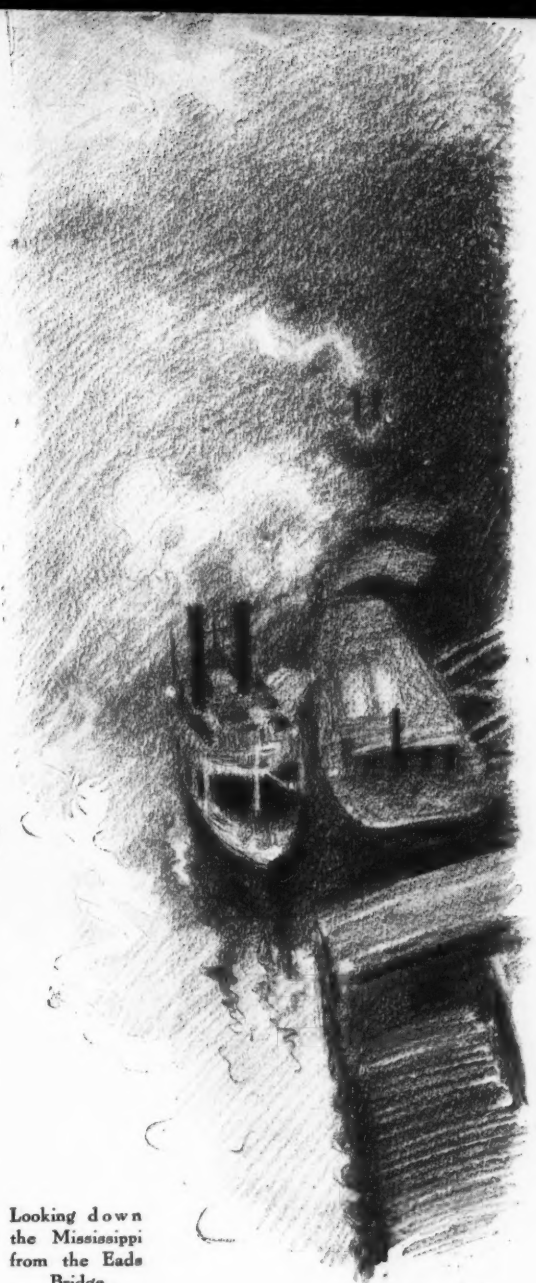
On a week-day of the third week of her marriage, in her little canary-cage of a yellow bedroom dominated by the monstrous brass bedstead of the period and a swell-front dresser, elaborate in Honiton and flat silver, she endured, with her head crushed into the chair-back, these noisome ablutions from across the hallway. She was wearing, these first mornings, a rose-colored negligée, foamy with lace and still violet-scented from the trousseau-chest, and especially designed to pink this early hour.

It lay light to a skin that, strangely enough, did not covet its sensual touch. She craved back to the starchy blue-gingham morning dresses. It was as if she sat among the ruins of those crispy potential yesterdays, all her to-morrows ruthlessly and terribly solved.

Something swift and eager had died within her. She was herself gone flabby. A wife, with a sudden and, to her, horrid new consciousness that had twisted every ligament of life.

Her husband's collar so intimately there on the dresser-top. His shirt awaiting studs, spread out on the bed. Their bed. His suspenders straddling the chair-back. The ordering of the evening beefsteak lurking back in her consciousness. He liked sirloin, stabbing it vertically (he had a way of holding his fork upright between first and third fingers) when he carved, and cutting it skilfully away from the T-bone. After the first week, he liked the bone, too, gnawing it, not mussily but with his broad white teeth eager and his temples working. She was a veritable bundle of these petty accumulated concepts, harrowed to their quick.

She knew that presently he would enter the room in his



Looking down
the Mississippi
from the Eads
Bridge

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

trousers and undershirt, which he did upon the very minute, the little purple circle, like the stamp-mark on the rind of a bacon showing just beneath his Adam's apple, the shag of his yellow hair wetly curly from dousing, like a spaniel's.

"Certainly fine water-pressure we have in the bathroom, Lily. I am going to bring home some tubing from the store and attach a spray."

She looked out of the window over the languid little patch of front lawn more gray than green from the scourge of heat. Insect life hung in mid-air, like a curtain of buzzings. Directly opposite, on the dusty, unmade street, she could see her parents' home standing unprotected except for one sapling maple, the sun already pressing against the drawn shades. There was a slight breeze, though, this morning, that turned the sapling leaves and even lifted the little twist of tendril at the nape of Lily's neck. It was just that spot, while tugging at his collar, that Albert Penny stooped to kiss.

"Little wife!" he said.

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"Ugh!" she felt.

"Poor little wife, it was ninety-four and a half at six-thirty-eight this morning."

His capacity for accuracy could madden her. He computed life in the minutest of fractions, reckoning in terms of the half-penny, the half-minute, the half-degree.

She sat now, laying plaits in the pink negligée where it flowed over her knees, a half-smile forced out on her lips.

"Well, Albert," she said, wanting to keep her voice lifted, "I guess we're in it—aren't we? Up to our necks."

"In what?"

"Marriage."

Leaning to the mirror for the adjustment of collar-button, he paused, regarding her reflection.

"Well now, what an idea! Of course we're in it, and the wonder to me is how we ever stayed out so long."

She reached up to yawn, her long white arms stretched above her head.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" she said, in what might have been the key of anything.

"Poor little girl!" he said. "I wish I could make it cooler for you."

"It isn't that."

"What, then, is bothering your little head?"

"I—oh I don't know. I guess it's just the reaction after the excitement of the wedding."

He came back to kiss the same tendril at the nape of her neck.

"I'm glad it's over, too. Feels mighty good to settle down."

"Settle down! Somehow, I hate that expression."

"All right then, Mrs.

Penny, we'll settle up. Speaking of settling-up, I guess the missus wants her Monday-morning allowance, doesn't she?"

"I—guess—so."

He placed three already-counted-out five-dollar bills on the dresser, weighting them down with a silver-backed mirror.

"See if you can't make it last this week, Lily. You watch mother Becker market and you'll come out all right."

"Oh, I can't pick around raw meat the way mamma does. It makes me sick."

"Housekeeping may seem a little strange at first, but I'm not afraid my little wife is going to let any of them get ahead of her."

"Whoever wants it can have that honor."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"What's the program for to-day, Lily?"

"Oh, I don't know."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLEECE

He came toward her. "Now look-a-here," he said, rather roughly for him: considerate with you as I know how to be. A

"I'm going to send Joe out from the store to-day with some washers for the kitchen faucets and some poultry-netting for a chicken-yard. I'll potter around this evening and build one behind the wood-shed. Chickens give a place a right homey touch."

"And send out a man from Knatt's to fix the piano. They delivered it with a middle C that sticks."

"Yes—and I'll send a can of Killbug out with the wire. I noticed a cockroach run over the ice-box last night. You must watch that a little, even in a new house."

"Ugh!"

"I hope I'm not getting a cold; I feel kind of that way. Mother Becker fixed me up fine with that wet rag round my neck last time. I'll try it to-night."

"Come," she said; "breakfast is ready."

They descended to the little oak dining-room, quite a glitter of new cut glass on the sideboard and the round table white and



"It's all right for a woman to have her whims once in a while, but there are limits. I've been as darn sight more than many a man with his woman——"

immaculately spread. There was a little maid servant, Lena Obendorfer, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the Kemble washer-woman, shy, and red rims about her eyes from secret tears of homesickness.

"Why, Lena, the breakfast-table looks lovely—and don't forget, dearie, Mr. Penny takes three eggs in the morning, and he doesn't like his rolls heated."

The child, her poor flat face pockmarked, fluttered into service.

Lily regarded her husband through his meal, elbows on table, cheek into her palm. He ate with gusto the three two-minute eggs, alternating with deep drafts of coffee and crisp little ribbons of bacon made into a sandwich between his rolls.

"This is certainly delicious bacon."

"Mamma sent a whole one over yesterday."

"I like it lean. Always buy it with plenty of dark streaks through it. Don't you like it lean?" Silence. "Can't you eat, Lily? That's a shame."

"Too hot."

"Poor girlie!"

"Lena, bring Mr. Penny some more bacon."

"Certainly delicious. I like it lean."

She watched his temples quiver to the motion of his jaws, her unspeakable depression tightening up her tonsils, and the very pit of her scared and empty.

"Albert——"

"Um—hum?"

"I—what if you should find that I—I'm not—not——"

"What?"

"Not right—here. Not the—wife for you."

He leaned over to pinch her cheek, wagging it softly and masticating well before he spoke.

"If my little wife suited me any better, they would have to chain me down. Ah, it's great! I tell you, Lily, a man makes the mistake of his life not to do it earlier. If I had it to do over

again, I'd marry at twenty. Solid comfort. Something to work for. I feel five years closer to the general managership than I did six months ago. Certainly fine bacon. Best I ever ate."

"Albert—let us not permit our marriage to drag us down into the kind of rut we see all about us. Take Flora and Vincent. Married five months, and she never so much as wears corsets when she takes him to the street-car mornings. And he used to be such a clever dresser, and look at him now. All baggy. Let's not get baggy, Albert."

"I agree with you there. A man owes to himself and his business to appear well pressed. It's a slogan of mine. Clothes may not make the man, but neatness often goes a long way toward making the opportunity. Don't you worry about me becoming baggy, Lily. I'm going to send one of those folding ironing-boards up from the store this day."

"I don't mean only that. You mustn't be so literal about everything. I mean—let's not become baggy-minded. Take Flora again. Flora was her class poetess, and I don't believe she has a literary thought or a book in her head now except her bank-book. Let us improve ourselves, Albert. Read evenings and subscribe to the Symphony and the Rubenstein Evening Choral."

"Speaking of Rubenstein, Lily, I'm going to take out a thousand dollars' burglary insurance with Eckstein. One cannot be too careful."

She pushed back from the table.]

"We're invited over to the Duncan's to-night for supper. They've one of those new self-playing pianos."

He felt in his waistcoat pocket for the toothpick.

"I'll go if you want it, Lily; but guess where I'd rather eat my supper."

"Where?"

"Right here. And fry the sirloin the way mother Becker does it, Lily—sprinkle a few onions on it. If I were you, I wouldn't let Lena tackle it."

"This is the third night for beefsteak."

"Fine! You'll learn this about your hubby—he—"

"Don't use that word, Albert. I hate it."

"What?"

"Hubby."

"All right then—husband. Bless her heart, she likes to hear the real thing. Well then, your husband is a beefsteak fellow. Let the others have all the ruffy dishes they want. Good strong beefsteak is my pace."

She let him lift her face for a kiss.

"I'll be home six-forty-six to the dot. That's what I've figured out it takes me if I leave the office at six-five."

He kissed her again, pressing her head backward against the cove of his arm, pinching her cheeks together so that her mouth puckered.

"Won't kiss my little wife on the lips this morning. I'm getting a head-cold. Good-by, Mrs. Penny. Um-m-m—like to say it."

"Good-by."

"Mother Becker coming over to-day?"

"Yes; we had planned to go to the meat-market together."

"Fine!"

"But I'm not going."

"Why?"

"I—don't know. Too hot, I guess."

He looked at her rather intently.

"That's right, Lily," he said. "If you don't feel up to the mark, just you take care of yourself. Jove!" He repeated, "Jove!" kissed her again, and went down the front steps whistling.

XII

At eleven o'clock, Mrs. Becker, hatted, crossed the sun-bleached street, carrying outheld something that wetted through the snowy napkin that covered it. At the door, she surrendered it to Lena.

"Put this in the ice-box for Mr. Albert's supper. It's some of my cold-slaw he's so fond of, and a pound of sweet butter I took from my dairyman. See that Miss Lily never uses it for cooking, Lena. The salt butter I bought yesterday is for that."

"Yes'm."

"And Lena"—drawing a palm across the banister and showing it up—"look—that isn't nice. In my house, I go over every piece of woodwork from top to bottom on my hands and knees. You mustn't wait for Miss Lily to tell you everything. Where is she?"

"Up-stairs, ma'am."

She ascended to a jcremiad of the cardinal laws of housekeep-

ing, palm still suspicious. Her daughter rose out a low mound beside the window.

"Good-morning, mamma."

"Lily, you should help up-stairs wash-days with the housework. Eight o'clock, and my house is spick-span, even my cellar steps wiped down. Take off that pink thing and I'll help you make the bed. It was all right to wear it around the first week for your husband, but now one of your cotton crêpes will do. Come; help turn the mattress."

"Oh, mamma, Lena will make the bed."

"Whoever heard of not doing your up-stairs work on wash-day. Really, Lily, I was ignorant as a bride, too, but I wasn't lazy. I wouldn't give a row of pins for—"

"Please mamma—don't begin—"

"Well, it's your house. If it suits your husband, it suits me."

"Well, it does suit him."

"Not if I judge him right. Albert likes order. I went over his socks the other day, and he kept them matched up as a bachelor just like a woman would. He's methodical."

"Don't lift that heavy mattress alone, mamma. Here—if you insist upon doing it, I'll help."

They dressed the bed to its snowy perfection, a Honiton counterpane over pink falling almost to the floor.

"Well, that's more like it." Her face quickly moist from exertion, Mrs. Becker regarded her daughter across the completed task. "Now for the carpet-sweeper."

Lily returned to her chair, lying back to fan her face with a lacy fribble of pocket handkerchief.

"You can wear yourself out if you insist, mamma, but I can't see any reason for it. I'm—tired."

Mrs. Becker sat down, hitching her chair toward her daughter's.

"Lily," she said, egering forward and a highly specialized significance in her voice, "don't you feel well, baby?"

"Of course I feel well, mamma. As well as anyone can feel in this heat. If only you wouldn't harass me about this—old house!"

Mrs. Becker withdrew, her entire manner lifting with her shoulders.

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, you need not be afraid I'm going to interfere. That's one thing I made up mind to from the start—never to be a professional mother-in-law in my daughter's home. The idea!"

"Mamma, I didn't mean it that way, and you know it. I realize that you mean well. But I suppose many a family skeleton rattles its bones to the tune of 'They meant well.'"

"Lily, you're not yourself. I'm sure you don't feel well. Baby, you mustn't be bashful with your own mother."

"Please, please don't ask me that again in—in that voice. You know I always feel well."

"We're both married women, now, Lily—if—if there's anything you want to say—"

"No."

"I always say a single woman doesn't know she's on earth—isn't it so, Lily?"

Suddenly Lily shot her hand out to her mother's arm, her fingers digging into the flesh.

"You should have told me something—beforehand!"

"I'd have cut out my tongue sooner. What kind of a mother do you think I am? Shame!"

"It's wicked to rear a girl with no conception of life."

"You're no greener than I was. That's what a man wants in the girl he marries—innocence."

"Ignorance."

"It all comes naturally to a woman after she's married, life does."

"I—I hate life!"

"Lily!"

"I do! I do! I do!"

"You poor child!" said Mrs. Becker, stroking her hand and her voice pitched to a very private key. "Life is life, and what are you going to do about it?"

"Only love—some sort of magic potion which nature uses to drug us can make her methods seem anything but gross—horrible."

"What's on your mind, Lily? We don't need to be bashful together any more. We're married women."

Lily rose then, moving toward the dresser, drawing the large tortoise-shell pins from the smooth coil of her hair.

"If you want me to go to the meat-market with you, mamma, I'd better be dressing before it gets any hotter."

"You're too warm, Lily. I'll go myself. You can learn the beet-cuts later."



"Good-by, Albert," she said into the crotch of her elbow. "Good-by, Lily, and if I were you, I'd have a little talk with mother if I found myself not feeling just right"

"I would rather stay at home and practise a while. I haven't touched the piano since——"

"Tack up your shelf-paper while I'm gone, Lily—your cupboards look so bare—and then come over to lunch with me and we'll go to the euchre together. It's your first afternoon at the Junior Matrons, and I want you to look your best. Wear your flowered mull."

"If you don't mind, mamma, I want to unpack my music this afternoon and get my books straightened. I'd rather not go."

"The nerve! And that poor little Mrs. Wempner goes to extra trouble in your honor. I hear she's to have pennies attached to the tally-cards. Well, I'm not going to worry my life away—work it out your own way. I'll send you home a steak and some quinine from the drug store for Albert to take to-night."

Presently Lily heard the lower door slam. It came down across her nerves like the descent of a cleaver.

For another hour, she sat immovable. A light summer storm had come up with summer caprice, thunder without lightning, and a thin fall of rain that hardly laid the dust. There was a

certain whiteness to the gloom, indicating the sun's readiness to pierce it, but a breeze had sprung up, fanning the Swiss curtains in against Lily's cheek, and across the street she could see her mother's shades fly up and windows open to the refreshment of it.

At twelve o'clock, the telephone-bell rang. It was her husband. Yes; she was well. Pouring down-town? Funny. Only a light shower out here. No; the man had not brought the missing caster for the bedstead. Yes; six-forty-six, and she would put the steak on at six-twenty. Yes; the poultry-netting had come. Fine. Bathtub stopper. Yes.

For quite a while after this, she sat in the hallway, her hand on the instrument, quite in the attitude of hanging up the receiver.

She did arrange her books then—a vagabond little collection of them. Text-books, in many cases her initials and graduating year printed in lead-pencil along the edges. Rolfe's complete edition of Shakespeare. A large illustrated edition of Omar Khayyam. Several gift-volumes of English poets. Complete set of small red Poes that had come free with a two-year maga-

zine subscription. Graduation gift of Emerson's "Essays." "Vision of Sir Launfal." "Journeys to the Homes of Great Men." "Lucille," in padded leather. An unaccountably present "Life of Cardinal Newman." "The Sweet Girl Graduate." "Faust." "How to Interpret Dreams."

They occupied three shelves of the little case; the remaining two she filled in with stacks of sheet-music, laying aside ten picked selections marked "Repertoire" and occasionally sitting back on her heels to hum through the pages of a score. Once she carried a composition to the piano—"Who is Sylvia?" to be exact—singing it through to her own accompaniment. Her voice lifted nicely against the little square confines of reception-hall, Lena, absolutely wringing wet with suds and perspiration, poking her head up from the laundry stairs.

"Oh, Miss Lily, that's grand! Please sing it over again."

She did, quickened in spite of herself. Her voice had a pleasant plangency, a quality of more yet to come and as if the wells of her vitality were far from drained.

She could hear from the laundry the resumed thrubbing and even smell the hot suds. The afternoon reeked of Monday. She left off finally and rocked for a time on the cool porch, watching the long, silent needles of rain, wisps of thought floating like feathers.

"Who am I? Lily Becker. How do I happen to be me? What if I were Melba instead? What if Melba were frying the sirloin to-night, and five thousand were coming to hear me sing in the Metropolitan Opera House? Albert—husband. What a queer word! Husband. Love. Hate. Lindsley. Language. How did language ever come to be? We feel, and then we try to make sounds to convey that feeling. What language could ever convey the boiling inside of me? I must be a sea, full of terrible, deep-down currents and smooth on top. How does one know whether or not he is crazy—mad? How do I know that I am not really singing to five thousand? Maybe this is the dream. Page Avenue. Lena in the laundry. That sirloin steak being delivered around the side entrance by a boy with a gunny sack for an apron. Can I break through this—this dream into reality? Which part of me is here on this front porch and which part is Marguerite with the pearls in her hair? Bed-casters—they're real. And Albert—husband—the rows of days—and nights—nights of my marriage. O God, make it a dream! Make it a dream!"

At six-forty-six, Albert Penny came home to supper.

XIII

THERE was nothing consciously premeditated about the astonishing speech Lily made to her husband that evening. Yet it was as if the words had been in burning rehearsal, so scuttling hot they came off her lips. There had been a coolly quiet evening on the front porch, a telephone from Flora Bankhead, a little run-in visit from her parents, and now, at ten o'clock, her husband, before the mirror, tugging to unbutton his collar.

She did not want that collar off. It brought, rawly, a sense of his possession of her. She sat, fully dressed, in her chair beside the window, the black irises almost crowding out the gray in her eyes, her hands tightening and tightening against that removal of collar. Finally, one half of it flew open, and, on that tremendous trifle, Lily spoke.

"Albert?"

"Yes?"

"Let me go."

"Huh?"

"It's wrong. I've made a mistake. I don't want to be married."

For a full second, he held that pose at his collar-button, his entire being seeming to suspend a beat.

"What say?"—not exactly doubting, but wanting to corroborate his senses.

She was amazed at her ability to reply.

"I said I have made a terrible mistake. I can't stand being married to you."

He came toward her, with the open side of his collar jerking like an old door on its hinges.

"Now, look-a-here," he said, rather roughly for him: "It's all right for a woman to have her whims once in a while, but there are limits. I've been as considerate with you as I know how to be. A darn sight more than many a man with his woman—"

"I'm not that!" she cried, springing to her feet.

"What?"

"That! Your—that!"

"Call it what you want," he said. "All that I know is you're my wife and I married you to settle down to a decent, self-respecting home life and that a sensible woman leaves her whims behind her."

She stood with her hands to the beat of her throat, looking at him as if he had hunted her into her corner, which he had not. "Let me go," she said.

He seemed trying to gain control of his large, loose hands, clenching and unclenching them.

"Good God!" he said. "What say?"

"It's no use. I've tried. I'm wrong. Something in me is stronger than you or mamma or papa or—or environment. All my life I've been fighting against just—just—this. And now I've let it trap me."

"Darn funny time to be finding it out!"

"That's the terrible part. To think it took this—marriage—to awaken me to a meaning of myself."

"Bah, your meaning to yourself is no better than any other woman's."

"A month ago it would have been so simple—to have had the courage—then. To have realized then. Why—why can life be like that?"

"Like what?"

"You remember the night coming home from the Highlands? I tried to tell you. Something in me was rebelling. Ask mamma, papa. They knew. That's been my great trouble. My desires for myself were never strong enough to combat their desires for me. They've always placed me under such ghastly obligation for their having brought me into the world. Their obligation is to me, for having brought me here, the accident of their desires! But I let the molasses lake of family sentiment suck me in. If only I had fought harder! It took this trap—marriage. All of a sudden, I'm awake. Don't try to keep me, Albert. I haven't known until this minute that my mind is made up—so made up that it frightens me even more than you. I'd rather be on my own in a garret, Albert. It's kinder to tell you. We mustn't get into this thing deeper. Nothing can change me. Don't try."

She shot up her hands as if to ward off some sort of blow, but in her heart not afraid, and she wanted to be afraid of him. He did whirl a chair toward her by the back, but sat down, jerking her into one opposite, facing her so that their knees touched and she could see the spots on his temples that responded so to beefsteak throbbing. Her terror rose a little to the volume of his silence. His head was so square. She wanted him to rage, and she to hurl herself against his storm. Her whole being wanted a lashing. She could pinch herself to the capacity of her strength without wincing.

But, on the contrary, his voice, when it came, was muted.

"Lily," he said, "you're sick. You're affected with the heat." His look of utter daze irritated her.

"Sick!" You mean I was sick before. I'm well now."

"You're either sick or crazy."

"I'm trapped. I was born trapped, but now I tell you I'm free! Something up here in my brain—down here in my heart has set me free. You can't keep me. No one can. I want out!"

"In God's name, what are you driving at?"

"You wouldn't understand. Love might have made you—this—possible, but it didn't come. It didn't come, Albert."

"I'm going across for your mother and father. I'm afraid of you. There is something behind all this. One of us is crazy."

"No, no, Albert! Please—not them! I'll run out of the house if they come. They've beaten me so often. That terrible wall they erect. Out of flesh that bleeds every time I try to climb it. They've killed me with the selfishness of their love, those two. They put me, body and soul, into Chinese shoes the day I was born. I've never ceased paying for being their child. Suppose they did sacrifice for me—clothe me—feed me? What does parenthood mean but that? Don't you dare to call them over. Don't you dare!"

"In God's name, then, what?"

"Just let me go Albert—quietly."

"Where?"

She went toward him, her fine white throat palpitating as if her heart were beating up in it, something even wheedling in her voice.

"I've thought it all out, Albert. These unbearable days since—this. I'll go quietly; I'll take the blame. In these cases where a woman leaves, it becomes desertion—"

"If you're talking divorce, I'll see you burn like brimstone before I'll sacrifice my respectability in this community before your crazy whims."

(Continued on page 148)

Why do women stick to men who ill-treat them? We all know they do—but why? In this story by Frank R. Adams, a woman explains. It is taken almost word for word from real life.



My plan, brutal though it seemed, had been the one thing to break down the nerve-barrier between her and sleep

Until To-morrow

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

OLD DOC TEMPUS gets the credit for a lot of cures. But the bewhiskered healer depends an awful lot on his assistants, Morpheus and Labor, doesn't he?

I had in mind particularly my last trip to Chicago. There isn't really a great deal to go to the city for, now that this hemisphere is so blamed arid, but I took my usual winter trip just the same. I like to give my evening clothes an airing once or twice during the opera season, even if they do permeate the entire Auditorium with an aroma of moth-balls while I'm doing it.

Yes; I was educated up to opera. The fact that I have backslid to the condition of farmer is my own fault. But I'm not an apologetic farmer. Not on your war-risk insurance. I'm proud of it, and I wouldn't trade my imitation log house with its pianola, phonograph, billiard-table, and modern plumbing for any two-hundred-a-month flat I've seen yet.

It's only once in a while that I get hungry (it used to be thirsty) for the flesh-pots. Then I light out, after telling the hired man to be sure to keep the furnace going, draw the water out of the flivver, keep an eye on the wood-cutters working in the north forty, and feed the live stock, including Augustus Thomas Catt, the biggest, blackest, most aggressively masculine feline that ever crossed an unlucky Dutchman's path.

Augustus and I are both bachelors, myself from choice, and Augustus because I have never given my consent when he has invited an occasional wandering Delilah to stay overnight and

share our bed and milk. Augustus is too darn tsurting. Any designing "vamp" can take him in. But I, in my superior wisdom, have protected him thus far.

I say I am a bachelor from choice. It was the choice of Gretchen Saunders which had the most to do with it. Eight years ago, she chose Geoffrey Treefair instead of me. I didn't even go the wedding.

Geoffrey Treefair and I were absolutely different types. It was too much to expect me to like him under the circumstances. I was a practical man; I've made my own way, while he was a bit of a dreamer and a waster. I wooed her with books, candy, theater-parties, automobile excursions, and things of that sort, while he sent her flowers and wrote poems to her. He was handsome, while I was not; but I had the greater strength and endurance.

I was calm, unexcitable, while Geoffrey had an ungovernable temper and a streak of insane jealousy in his make-up. I thought he was selfish and a little cruel, too; and no one cares to see the thing he loves entrusted to the care of one who is not kind.

No; I did not go to the wedding.

Gretchen was too nearly a fairy to take on the job of loving Geoffrey Treefair. She was made for cuddling instead of controversy, and her spirit was too fragile to stand up against the slings and arrows of an outrageous husband. And she was an unintentional flirt in those days, too. To her, masculine homage seemed her heaven-given right. I don't suppose she could help it that every man she met fell in love with her and insisted upon showing it, but she ought to have married a man of broad tolerance and evenly controlled temper.

Maybe it was partly because I sensed that something might blow up sometime that I went to Chicago from time to time to

find out how she was getting along. Sometimes I called at their home, but more often I telephoned. She lied rather well about her happiness. I almost believed her except in my heart.

This time, I didn't call up until the last afternoon that I intended to be in town—was sort of diffident about it, I guess. Maybe I'd heard that they were getting along worse than usual and was afraid of what I'd find out.

When I did telephone, a maid answered and, in a funny, strained sort of voice, said that Mrs. Treefair was home but was engaged and could not talk to me. I left my name and said I'd call up later.

I did, even before an hour was up. I sensed something I did not like about the way that maid had answered the first time.

"Mrs. Treefair can't talk to you. She is busy," the maid repeated. There was still an edge on her tone.

"Is she ill?"

"I don't kn—I mean, no."

"You don't know?" I repeated the truth that she had unintentionally spoken first. "Listen: I'm an old friend of hers. You can tell me if anything is the matter."

"No, sir; I can't. Good—" She started to cut short the conversation.

"Wait a minute, miss. If there is a reason why you can't explain this at the telephone, you can at least answer 'Yes' or 'No' to a question I'm going to ask you. Are you listening?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to take a chance that you are devoted to the interests of your mistress and not to some one else. The question is: Do you think that Mrs. Treefair needs help?"

"Yes; oh, yes!"

"Let me in without ringing in twenty minutes."

"That's all. Good-by."

The taxi-driver made good my assertion that I would be at the Treefair home on the Drive in twenty minutes. The streets were thinly covered with ice, but the slashing chains on the tires

bit into it, and all the traffic-policemen were apparently snugly on duty in neighboring kitchens. It was getting dusk, but the homeward-bound afternoon traffic had not yet begun.

The maid met me outside at the curb. She was shivering with cold and excitement, but insisted on talking to me there rather than inside.

"They haven't been down-stairs since breakfast," she said hurriedly. "I don't know what has happened. I've heard his voice talking most of the time, but not hers. I took luncheon up to them, but the door was locked, and he told me to go away. All the other servants have left, and I'm terribly frightened. I don't know what to do."

"How long has this been going on?"

"For a long time they've quarreled, but he has never been so violent as to-day."

"Drinking?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What?" I asked.

"Everything. There's no more liquor left in the house, but everything with alcohol in it disappears—flavoring extracts, medicines, perfumes—"

"You needn't explain any more. The man must be insane by this time with all that stuff in his system."

"We'd better go right in, sir. He was raving pretty dreadful before I came out, and I hate to be away for fear she might want me."

I followed her into the house.

It wasn't the sort of a place where you would expect to find

tragedy or even melodrama. It was a modern, cozy house, with bright, colorful decorations and furnishings.

It had changed considerably, though, since I had last seen it. In the reception-room, for instance, there was an unsightly stain on the silk rug; a section of colored glass was gone out of the floor-lamp that stood in the corner, and across a mahogany cabinet was a great, deep scratch.

The rest of the house was the same way. Things had been broken and not repaired; the polish was gone from the floors; books, magazines, and papers were strewn all around.

"I haven't had time to clean up to-day," the maid apologized, in a whisper. She had noted my glance. "All the other servants left long ago."

A sudden crash from above somewhere punctuated her speech.

"Lead me up-stairs," I commanded.

On the second-floor hall, outside a paneled bedroom door, we paused a moment and listened. A woman was crying.

"Cry, damn you!" said a man's voice, high-pitched, unnatural. "See if it gets you anything. I tell you this is the end of things for us."

"Don't, Geoff; don't!"

A silence, and then "Don't!" again, in a different tone—pain, shattered faith, and fear.

It seemed just as well not to announce my presence until I was there. So I shoved my shoulder against the door until it gave way, and I stumbled in, head first.



"Hands up, Wainwright!" said a voice coolly. "Quick!" I obliged

My dive undoubtedly helped some in saving my life. Anyway, the bullet that whipped through the air landed in the wall about where I would have been had I walked in with more dignity.

The second shot went through the ceiling—some one had struck up his arm—and the third one was never fired, because I had given him nature's greatest remedy right on the point of the jaw.

That done, I had time to gaze round a bit. May you never, friend, have cause to look upon the woman you love when she is wounded and broken as I looked then upon the only creature that God has ever made a part of my heart and being.

Gretchen was leaning against the wall, the back of her left hand against her eyes—why, I don't know, but it was the most pitiful gesture I have ever seen. Her other arm, with the dress sleeve torn off at the shoulder, swung helpless, discolored. It was broken, useless.

When I saw that, I turned and picked up a chair to dash out the brains of the brute on the floor at my feet.

But she saw, and was there first, bending over him, her dear, disheveled hair, that I could see was tinged now with gray, spilling over his face as she offered to take the blow he so richly deserved.

"Not like that, Ken," she protested, much calmer than I was now. "For your own sake, I couldn't let you touch him again."

I lowered the chair to the floor and turned to the maid, who was hovering, fearful, outside the door.

"Call a doctor," I said authoritatively.

"Oh, no!" denied Gretchen. "He won't need one, will he?"

"Not him—you," I corrected.

"Why?"

"Your arm is broken."

"Is it? I didn't know. But I don't want a doctor here. Can't you see, Ken? Besides, I don't care if my arm is broken. An arm is such a little thing—when you compare it to your life."

As she spoke, she was smoothing the hair away from his brow and his eyes that were puffy and ringed with marks of tortured self. I wanted to tear her hands away. She must have sensed what I felt, because she looked up at me and said:

"Ken, he's all that I had, and once we were so happy—why, for that little bit of happiness he gave me, I've just got to love him all the rest of my life. He was going to kill me to-night—he has been talking about it all day, and I've been waiting for him to get up the courage to do it." She pointed to half a dozen empty medicine-bottles that were in the corner on the floor, broken, most of them. "I'm almost sorry he didn't. He was just going to when you came in. It wouldn't have taken but a minute or so more, and, as it is, there isn't much to go on for, is there?"

The maid was still waiting, uncertain whether to obey my order or her mistress's.

"Never mind the doctor," I decided. "Telephone for a taxi instead. Now, just forget a little of this high-tension stuff you've been living on," I counseled Gretchen. "I'm going to take you to a doctor who will not know who you are and get that arm set. After that, you'll get some sleep and let all these troubles slide until to-morrow."

"Sleep?" she echoed. "I can't sleep. Why, Ken, I haven't even been drowsy for days. There's a monster with tight-set lips sitting over me all the time who says I can't have any sleep. Whenever there's even a nap anywhere near me, he reaches out with a hot iron hand and snatches it away."

It was a pretty speech all right, but too flowery. Her mind was overstrained. She was right about not having had any sleep, though. Her eyes, just black pools in a dead-white face, corroborated that statement.

"This concern has now changed hands," I told her, in a matter-of-fact tone. "The sleep-snatcher has gone out of business, plumb retired. I've bought him out, lock, stock, and barrel, including good-will. We are now dealing in a superior article of hand-hammered slumber, guaranteed to last twelve hours and bring sunshine with it in the morning."

I was surely making some rash promises, but it struck me that any kind of soothing-conversation was all right to fill in with until that taxi-cab arrived.

A groan from Geoffrey forced me to turn my attention to him. He was evidently about to "wake up" from the effects of my hypnotic. I had hoped that he would come out of

it at least temporarily mild-tempered. Perhaps he would have if I had not been there.

Slowly regaining consciousness, his puzzled eye traveled past the ministring figure of his wife and fell upon me. Roving emotions collected themselves and crystallized into concentrated hate and fury.

"Huh!" he sneered. "Kenneth Wainwright, eh?" He knit his brows and turned fiercely on Gretchen. "You sent for him!" he accused. "Don't deny it. I know." Then, to me: "Who do you suppose this sniveling wife of mine has been holding up to me as an example? Who? You! And you sneak into my house and try to steal her away, do you? Well, it's too late. I've half killed her already, and I'm going to finish the job right now."

He started to get up, but something—dizziness from my blow or cumulative effect of the drugs he had taken, perhaps—robbed him of control of his muscles, and he sank back again to the floor.

"Too tired," he muttered; "too tired to kill you to-day, my dear. It's pretty late, anyway. Must wait until to-morrow. Finish you up then sure—you and your friend here."

She looked at him with mingled horror and compassion. The



The next sound came from the adjacent side of the room.

The entire pane of glass in the lower sash of one of the windows crashed in upon the floor

maid, appearing at the door, signaled silently that the taxi was down-stairs.

"Come," I whispered to Gretchen. She seemed not to understand. "To the doctor's," I explained.

"I can't leave him."

"Yes, you can. He won't stir again for a long time."

I managed to get her body down to the taxi-cab. Her heart and her soul stayed there with the sodden jailer of her happiness. The maid had found a voluminous warm cape that covered her from head to heels and still left her broken arm free.

Fortunately, I knew the address of a doctor. We had been in school together and had kept in touch in desultory fashion ever since. We caught him just as he was leaving his office, and he was able to set Gretchen's fracture in short order. She seemed to notice the pain hardly at all.

Doctor Stein asked me about it privately.

"She has had so much trouble she isn't thinking about her body," I explained. "Hasn't slept for days, she say..."



Only a dozen steps, though, before she turned resolutely and faced the unseen enemy

"She looks like that. Must get some rest or will break down."

He talked along that line to Gretchen. She smiled wanly.

"I can't think of anything that would rest me. Truly, I don't want to be contrary, but I just can't seem to remember what sleep is like. I've tried sedatives, but they don't act. If I could only think of something to wake up for, perhaps I could let go. But I can't."

He gave me some medicine, anyway, but shook his head when I asked if he thought it really would help her.

"It isn't a case for medical science," he admitted.

When we had stepped from the doctor's warm office into the biting cold of the city street, Gretchen shivered.

"What shall I do now?" she asked forlornly.

I considered. For her to go home would be folly. Geoffrey had said he would kill her, and he might be crazed enough to do it. She had no family to go to. She might register at a hotel, but she needed some one with her, human companionship. A man can strike out alone, begin all over again. So can a woman, I suppose, but it's harder, especially for those like Gretchen who have been trained only in polite accomplishments.

"You see how it is," she said, with a rueful laugh, reading my perplexity. "It would really have been much better, Ken, if you had not stopped him. You see, a married lady in the transition period is an awful no-account liability. What shall I do?"

"Things never get so bad that a night's sleep won't improve them," I assured her hopefully.

Gretchen laughed.

"Ken, you haven't grown up into a Pollyanna, have you?"

I laughed, too.

"I'm never cheerful unless it is positively necessary," I told her. "This is merely my professional manner. Get into the car, and we'll talk while the driver goes to my hotel."

I gave him the address. "I do, however," I continued to her, "believe, along with almost all other males in the English language, that a square meal and eight hours' sleep makes a lot of improvement in the most hideously unsolvable problems."

"Oh, I believe that, too," Gretchen agreed wistfully. "If I only knew some place where I really could sleep, sleep for an eon or two—until to-morrow."

"I know the place," I decided swiftly.

"Where?"

"A place you've never seen, but where your heart is almost sure to be at home, because really you have been there always."

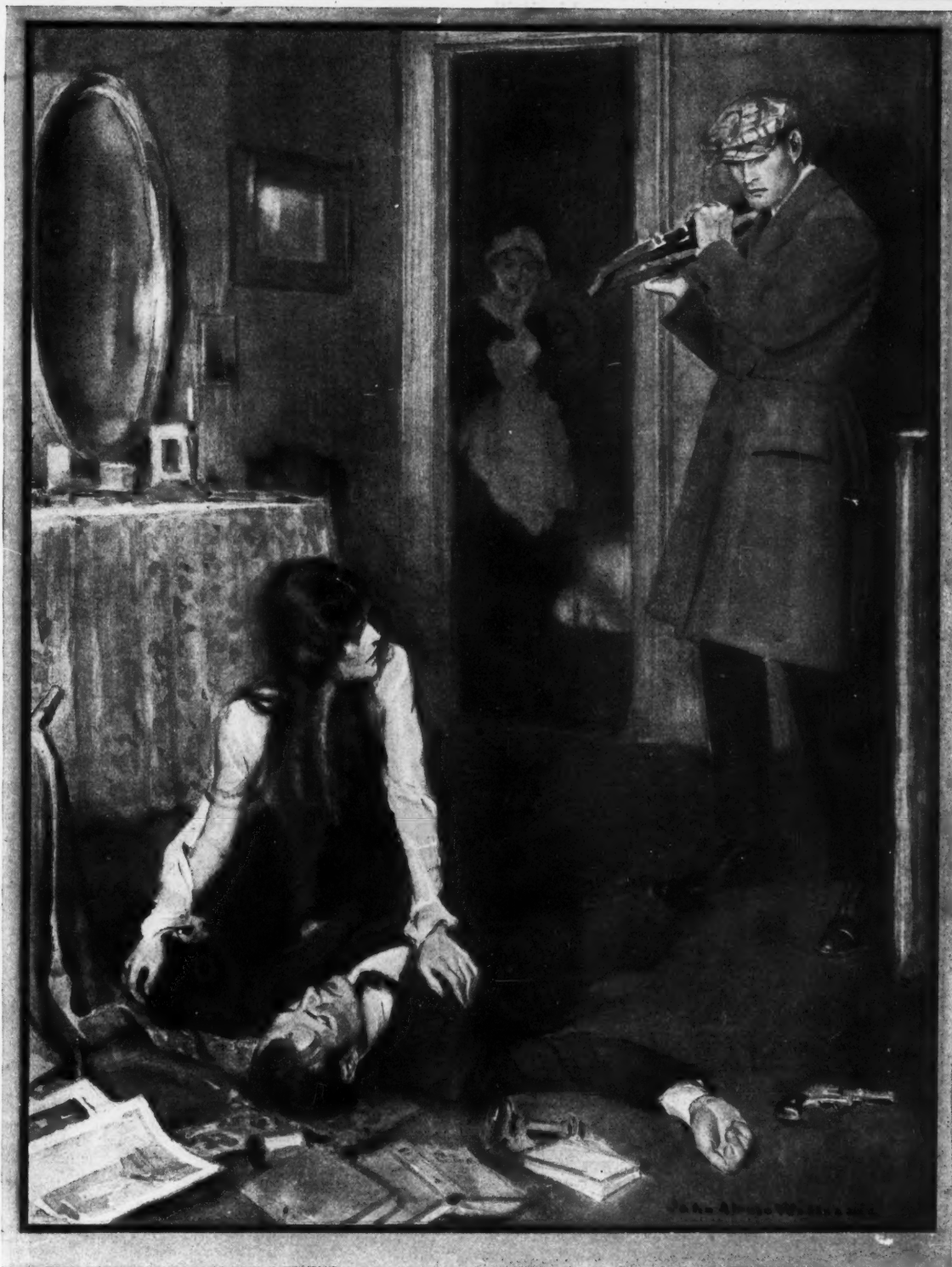
"Is there a black cat in it?"

"There is. How did you guess?"

"Because you used to like the one I had ages and ages ago. He died when I got married. Besides," she went on musingly, "I hoped there would be a cat in it of some fairly durable color such as black."

I was glad to get her interested in a trifling subject such as no-account alley felines, and we conversed at length without mentioning her troubles once until we got to the hotel. There I secured a room for her and telephoned her house. The maid was still there—preparing to leave, though. Mr. Treefair was asleep, she said, in a whisper. I told her to pack up a few of Mrs. Treefair's things and bring them down to the hotel and that I would pay her off.

Then I telegraphed my sister Bertha, who lives about five miles from my place, and told her she would have to desert her husband for a few days and report at my farm immediately as emergency house-keeper and chaperon. I did not call her on the long-distance telephone, because I knew she could think up a number of reasons why she ought not to do it. But a telegram gave her no chance to argue the matter, even with herself.



I picked up a chair to dash out the brains of the brute on the floor at my feet. But she saw, and was there first, bending over him. "Not like that, Ken," she protested. "For your own sake, I couldn't let you touch him again."

I did call up the garage in the town which is about seven miles away from my place (it is the nearest railroad station), and told them to have my roadster, which I had left there, down at the midnight train.

"It's snowing here; did you know that?" the garage-man asked me.

"Of course I didn't, you poor fish! Did you think I paid a dollar-and-a-half telephone-toll to ask you about the weather?"

"No, I didn't, and, just for that, I hope you get stuck in a snow-drift. You can't drive a car on the country roads to-night."

"Watch me. Probably you couldn't, but when I want to go

anywhere, I whistle, and my car comes along. I don't stop and ask it if it happens to feel indisposed."

He had hung up while I was talking, thus saving me a dollar in overtime.

Homer Whitman and I are good friends, in spite of the fact that we quarrel continuously over mileage adjustments on tires, and it is my privilege as well as pleasure to exchange near-insulting remarks with him on any and all occasions. But we don't mean anything by it.

I ordered dinner served to Gretchen in her room, but apparently she ate nothing, judging from the appearance of the tray when I called later with the maid to take her to the train.

She made no objection to traveling, made no objection to anything, in fact—not even to the selection of garments the domestic had made, which proved that she was not a woman in anything like a normal frame of mind.

We had a parlor-car the first two hours of the trip, and then had to change to a branch line that offered nothing but a very stuffy, almost sizzling day-coach. The steam-heat was fighting valiantly against the snow-wet garments of the passengers.

On the jerkwater line, we had a weary trip of it. The snow, coming down in blots, was too much for the aged rolling-stock which the company grudgingly allots to our branch, and we had to stop every twenty minutes to think about it or repair a blowout or something.

Gretchen hardly spoke. I tried to interest her in trivial things, in the passengers, in the storm outside, but, while she tried to be polite, her mind refused to stay in that day-coach. Instead, it focused tirelessly, feverishly, on the nightmare she had left behind. There was never a hint of fatigue in her eyes, and I began to wonder how I could make delivery on that promise I had given her that she would sleep.

Our stop-and-think-about-it method of traveling made the time about two hours later than it usually is; so that, instead of arriving at midnight, which gave it the benefit of being thirty-five minutes late, we really got into the station at two o'clock in the morning. It was still snowing, and seemed quite cold outside after the stuffy warmth of the day-coach. My car was there, with a note fastened under the dash-light. It read:

I put extra non-freezing solution in the radiator and she's full of gas and oil, but there's a foot of snow all the way to your place and more where it has drifted. You can't make it. I'm leaving the door of my house unlocked so you can go to bed in the spare room after you've tried the road and admit that I am right just this once.

H. W.

I laughed. I knew he never locked his front door, anyway.

The old pirate had placed a lighted kerosene-lantern in the car, though, and I slipped it under the robe, which I put over Gretchen's lap. That makes a very fair foot-warmer, if you don't happen to know it.

We started. I had power to burn and chains on the rear wheels, so I did not really anticipate any trouble with snow-drifts. Besides, I had been bucking snow-drifts for a good many years and knew something about their weakest points.

The snow-drifts did not bother me nearly so much as did the woman at my side—the woman to whom I would gladly have offered my hide if it would have sheltered her from a moment of suffering.

She was trembling, not exactly from cold, because her fingers were warm, but from nervous tension. She wanted to turn back to go to Geoff and see if there were anything she could do for him.

"You can't help him a bit, dear," I told her. "Right now you're in such a state that you wouldn't be of any use. Wait until you've had some rest. Wait until to-morrow."

"But it's to-morrow already now, and I haven't had any rest," she returned piteously. "I can't see any rest waiting for me out there." She pointed ahead into the blizzard. "It's all dark, without a single kindly, safe spot to lie down in."

"This would never do."

"It isn't to-morrow until it's daylight," I said. Lord, I had to have time. "Of course, I didn't expect you to sleep while you were traveling."

"But do you think I can sleep when we get to the house?" she asked eagerly.

"Sure," I told her.

But I could not convince myself of it. Why should I suppose that my home offered any superior advantages in the sleeping-line over their city residence?

Still, I had promised and repromised this impossible balm that she needed and craved with her entire being.

What could I do?

Biff! We hit a wonderful snow-drift, and the fluffy flour mound divided in the middle, piled up over my radiator, and finally brought the car to a dead standstill.

That was not as overwhelming a disaster as it sounds. The answer was to back away, hit it again, and perhaps a couple of times after that, until the path was clear. But I did not back out. Instead, I let my motor die.

Because I had an idea. It was a rather desperate one, but it seemed to me that I was dealing with a case which required drastic treatment.

"I'm afraid I can't go on for quite a while," I apologized. "I've got a lot of snow in the carburetor, and I'll have to clean it out before we can move."

I diagnosed correctly that Gretchen knew nothing about automobiles. She did not question my description of where the trouble lay.

"Can I help you fix it?" she offered apathetically.

"No; but we're only a couple of miles from the house," I suggested. "If you think you can walk it, I wish you'd go on ahead and tell my hired man there to bring me a left-handed pinion-gear for the carburetor jack-shaft."

"How will I ever find your house?" she asked, a trifle dismayed.

"It's easy. It's the second one on the left hand side of the road. There will be a light in the window. You'll know it by that. All you have to do is follow the road until you come to a lighted house. That's the place."

She studied the proposition a moment.

"Are there any wild animals around here—like b-bears or cows or anything?"

"Not a wild animal except some rabbits and mice who may be looking for their breakfast."

"I'm not very fond of mice even—up close."

I was glad to note some evidence of kinship with the rest of her sex.

"Take the lantern," I suggested. "Nothing will come near the light."

Gretchen had pluck. It took fine courage for a city girl like that to start off alone down that trackless road to find some one she had never seen before in a house she knew nothing about. But she went, broken arm and all, after carefully memorizing the name of the wholly fictitious "left-handed pinion-gear for the carburetor jack-shaft."

I knew she would never get there, knew that it would be a struggle even for a man to fight his way through that soft, deep snow against a head wind for better than two miles. It seemed a crime to make her try it when I knew I could kick the car out of that snow-drift in three minutes and deliver her at my door.

But this walk was purely medicinal, and I meant to take it myself, as any good doctor should.

I let her get just far enough ahead so that I was outside of the radius of light cast by the lantern; then I followed.

It was treacherous walking even for me, and I slipped on frozen ruts and stumbled into unnoted depressions. And she had on low shoes and silk stockings!

A dozen times I fell. But I was keeping my eyes on her light ahead and not watching my step. Once the light disappeared completely for a moment, and I ran forward to see what was the matter. Before I got there, it appeared again, and I saw her brushing off her coat. She had fallen into a drift. I prayed for her broken arm and dodged back out of sight.

But she went on, a little slower, it seemed, but still forward. Behind us a dog barked, or howled, rather, and the light began to bob. She was running. But she soon slowed down, and I knew why. To run in that kind of snow pulls the heart right out of you.

She even stopped stock-still for a few moments, too tired to move, I guessed, but soon went on again. Another dog, ahead somewhere, let out a lonesome wail, and she started back toward me.

Only a dozen steps, though, before she turned resolutely and faced the unseen enemy. Lord, how I longed to take her in my arms and tell her not to mind, because he was just a friendly pup probably having a bad dream!

These were the incidents of the first mile. The second was a slow drag with pauses every few steps. I was sorry for her, but I could almost have shouted for joy in spite of that. Because I knew what those pauses meant. In utter fatigue she was fighting the temptation to lie down in the snow and go to sleep. Once she did rest at full length that way, but got up almost immediately and plugged on resolutely. (Continued on page 202)

*The Awakening
of Eva*



RUTH SHEPLEY'S famous smile has never been so winning as in her new rôle of leading woman in "Adam and Eva." She plays the part of a recklessly extravagant but lovable young society girl who is finally brought to a realization of life's responsibilities. Miss Shepley recently finished a very long engagement with "The Boomerang."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Versatile Doris



DORIS KENYON can express her artistic impulses in many ways. She plays the violin and piano and has a beautiful contralto voice—also, she writes poetry. Victor Herbert, hearing her sing in a church choir, gave her a part in "Princess Pat." Thereafter she adopted the stage, and is now featured in a farce, "The Girl in the Limousine."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL



A Screen Favorite

MAE MURRAY, vaudeville favorite and exquisite dancer, is a new acquisition of the International Film Company for leading rôles. She will appear in *Cosmopolitan Productions*, a notable series of picture-plays which are being made from the works of the world's best novelists, to be released through the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



*A Heroine
of the
Northwest*

HELEN MAC KELLAR has French-Canadian blood in her veins; nevertheless, it took long study of the speech of those people to enable her to give her wonderful portrayal of Manette Fachard, a French-Canadian girl, in "The Storm," a melodrama of the Far Northwest and its primeval forests that is one of the successes of the New York season.

PAUL STUDIOS



The stenographer good-naturedly resigned her chair to him. He sat down at the typewriter, swiftly looked it over, put a sheet of paper into it, and saw for himself how it was working

Poor's Partner

Will Payne's "inside story" of the Dunes bond-mystery—
a new adventure of Ben Bodet, business detective

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

IT was Saturday afternoon, and a half-holiday for bankers and brokers. Moreover, the first big contingent of local troops was starting overseas, and there was to be a parade down Michigan Boulevard. The whole town was there on tiptoe, breathless, waiting, with one fused heart-beat, for the first note of the bugles, the first far flutter of the flags.

La Salle Street, between beetling cliffs of masonry, lay empty under the high sun. This emptiness made a singular impression on Poor's mind as, alone, he tramped the bare concrete. It was as though Robinson Crusoe, in his far island, had come upon a cluster of Titanic habitations standing tenantless and deserted in serried rows.

He turned in at the Vicker Building, and his footfall echoed oddly in the still lobby. The elevators were shut down, for, by common consent, this had been made a universal holiday—or as near to that as the complex necessities of a great city will permit. Poor climbed the stairs, therefore, to the third story. The office of Adam Vicker, owner of the building, whose private secretary he was, occupied a corner suite on the third floor. But it was not to that office that Poor was going at this moment. He was going a little farther down the corridor to the office of Wilkerson & Smith, bond-brokers—with a certain bitterness in his mind.

Usually, there was a certain bitterness in Poor's mind. He was thirty-eight years, old, of medium height, and of a dry and...

stringy leanness. His dust-colored mustache was close-cropped, as though he must be as saving as possible, even of mustaches. His face was long and narrow, and his complexion dingily chalky. An exceedingly dry, tight man he looked, and his close-set light-gray eyes were exceedingly economical of their glances, more often looking at the floor or wall than into the face of the person he addressed.

He worked like a dog. Adam Vicker saw to that. Some of it was work from which a scrupulous man might have shied away. Adam Vicker had considerable work of that kind to perform. Yet his wage was only twenty-five hundred a year. Adam Vicker considered that ample. He got rather few chances for exceptionally profitable investment of his slow savings. Adam Vicker seemed to get an eye on all the profitable chances first, and once Adam got an eye on a chance, that was the end of it. No crumbs fell from his table. Just now, rather like a dog, Poor had been sent over here to do some errands for Adam Vicker, who was sitting comfortably in a Michigan Boulevard office window, with his feet on the sill, where another spectator might have sat, waiting to view the parade. There was bitterness in Poor's mind.

He tried the door of Wilkerson & Smith's office, but it was locked. So he rapped on the frosted pane irascibly. In a moment, the door was opened from the inside by a man five years younger than himself—a handsome man, as everyone noted at a glance.

He had brown curly hair, a brown curly mustache. His eyes were deep blue. Probably women would have liked them, but some men might have had doubts. They were large and nervous—temperamental, perhaps unstable. His nose was delicately carved, and his chin, too; but the latter, at least, would have been more suitable to a girl. This was Edward Maynard, employed by Wilkerson & Smith—also protégé, and, one might almost say, foster-son of old Thomas Wilkerson, head of the firm, who had taken Maynard up literally out of the street and made him office-boy and so on up.

Poor had long felt a cold, passive sort of hatred of Maynard. Maynard was an incurable fool, tossing his money and opportunities and life out of the window. He had married a charming girl and tossed her out of the window, too. Everybody—relatively speaking—knew all about that. Yet just because the fool smiled, everybody, it seemed, was bound to forgive him. Everybody, it appeared, must conspire to give the baby new playthings as fast as it broke the old. Nobody gave Poor anything but a kick. He moiled like a faithful dog, and scraped and saved, and courted every ragged scrap of opportunity that came his way—and got little enough, after all. In a cold and passive way, he had long hated Maynard.

The fool smiled into his caller's dingily chalky and narrow face now, saying genially:

"Oh, hello, Poor! I must have forgotten to take the spring-lock off the door." He corrected that mistake by slipping a catch in the lock. "Sit down," he added.

He didn't particularly like Poor, but he simply didn't know how to treat anybody face to face otherwise than genially. That was one of his many defects. And he had no occasion to be genial just then, for his heart was the seat of an illimitable and unbearable woe. He had come finally to the end of his long, elastic tether, and he had been saying so on paper when Poor rapped. The poignancy of having to say it to the person he was addressing pierced him through. Yet he smiled at chalky Poor and spoke genially to him.

There was an office table in the room. It held a great stack of engraved and stiffly folded papers, counted and corded up. Poor knew, at the merest glance, that they were bonds of the Dunes Improvement Company. That was an enterprise in which crafty Adam Vicker had been interested—unfortunately for some other people. It owned a great tract of waste land at the foot of Lake Michigan, over in Indiana, and had held out alluring prospects of the development and improvement thereof for industrial purposes. Then it seemed that nobody wanted to locate among

the scrub-oaks on those sandy hillocks. Long ago, the company had defaulted on its bonds, and those discredited obligations had been kicking round the street at fifty to sixty cents on the dollar. At length, Adam Vicker scented a live prospect of inducing a



great corporation to build a big plant there, but he had no intention of sharing the scent with his former associates in the Dunes Improvement Company. Instead, he secretly commissioned Wilkerson & Smith to buy up as many bonds as they could get hold of at a heavy discount. Wilkerson & Smith had turned the job over to Edward Maynard, and, in the course of ten weeks, he had very competently secured thirteen hundred and sixty-eight thousand-dollar bonds for Mr. Vicker at a price very satisfactory to the latter. But, finally, the great corporation's inten-

tions got noised about. The price of the bonds rose rapidly to ninety-eight cents on the dollar. Mr. Vicker ceased buying. But, perhaps in order to spare his former associates the humiliation of knowing that they had been grossly outwitted, Mr. Vicker

them, would doubtless put them away in his own strong boxes down-stairs.

That was why Edward Maynard was in the office that afternoon; but Poor had stopped in, on Adam Vicker's instruction, to say that Mr. Vicker found himself unavoidably detained for half an hour or so—the fact being that Mr. Vicker simply wanted to see the beginning of the parade. Poor delivered his message, and Maynard accepted the delay good-naturedly. In fact, in the ten minutes or so while he had been waiting for Adam Vicker to appear and receipt for the bonds, he had started a letter—made three starts at it, indeed. The third lay on the table beside the stack of bonds and in front of the chair from which the writer had risen to admit Poor. In delivering his message, with some incidental conversation, Poor walked over to the table as a moth helplessly gravitates toward the light.

That big stack of engraved papers on the table represented a current value of more than one million, three hundred thousand dollars. Near it lay a long sheet of paper which contained, in Maynard's clerkly hand, a description of the bonds, with their numbers and so on. This was the receipt which Maynard had drawn up for Vicker to sign. Also, near by lay that beginning of a letter. Poor's narrow, prying eyes fell upon it and he read:

DEAR OLD NELL:

I'm all through—at the end of my rope at last. I've said I was going to take a week's vacation, but I will not come back ever. You will not see me or hear from me again. I know Mr. Wilkerson—

The writing ended there. And having walked round the table, Poor went down the corridor and let himself into the office of Adam Vicker, which consisted of a counting-room where tenants paid their rent, an anteroom, his one small den, and Mr. Vicker's office in the corner.

Letting himself into the anteroom, Poor went to his own den to perform the errand Mr. Vicker had charged him with. He was going to a task that was as

commonplace to him as putting on his clothes. But the peculiar emptiness of the rooms impressed his mind in a strange and indefinable fashion. Strange thoughts arose of themselves. Luck's poor fool down the hall was going to commit suicide or, at least, disappear; he was all through—at the end of his rope. A value of more than a million, three hundred thousand lay on the table there. Ideas of how those bonds might be disposed of and the value realized intruded themselves in Poor's mind. He went on with his task mechanically.



She was quite pale then, and she appealed to him, in a hushed, plaintive cry: "Mr. Bodet, there's something wrong here. I tell you Teddy was honest"

kept his purchases a secret, leaving the bonds in Wilkerson & Smith's possession. Then Edward Maynard had announced the intention of taking a week's vacation. He wanted to clean up this bond deal before leaving. Mr. Vicker had agreed to meet him at Wilkerson & Smith's office at two o'clock this Saturday afternoon, receive and receipt for the bonds, and so close the affair. Maynard had had the bonds brought up from the safe-deposit vault below in order to deliver them to Mr. Vicker, who, after the formality of counting and receipting for

Poor's clothing suggested a modest frugality—the cheapest that were presentable. He wore no ornaments. But he carried an ornament in his vest pocket—a twenty-dollar gold piece, fresh from the mint, enclosed in a little chamois bag. Sometimes, when he was alone, he took the piece out of the bag and contemplated it for many minutes. If he could have afforded it, he would have had thousands of gold pieces to look at. But the old-fashioned miser of fiction who hoarded gold was a great blockhead. Hoarded gold yields no dividends. Those bonds stacked on the table in Wilkerson & Smith's office touched the same chords that the gold piece set vibrating. Poor went on with his task.

The clatter of the telephone-bell in the anteroom, terrific in that pregnant silence, burst in upon him, something like a shell bursting into a sealed cloister. He went to answer it. Adam Vicker's harsh voice greeted his ear.

"I'm not coming over there this afternoon. Tell Maynard I can't get away."

Poor hung up the receiver and passed his hand over his brow, where a slight perspiration had broken out. There seemed to be something prearranged about that, like the logical unfolding of a plan made long before. Vicker wasn't coming; he and Maynard were to be alone in the building the remainder of the afternoon, and this empty building seemed, somehow, more remote and ensealed than an untouched wilderness where man had never been. This telephone-message had an odd effect, as though it rang up the curtain on a scene long set. By the simplest transition, what had been going on, so to speak, outside his mind moved in and took possession. He walked back to his desk, but didn't sit down. Maynard was going to commit suicide—

When Poor went back to the anteroom, he noted that the clock on the wall showed twenty-five minutes of three. Then he was aware of himself walking down the corridor and stepping into Wilkerson & Smith's office.

"Mr. Vicker is delayed," he said, in his usual dry and toneless voice; "he just telephoned me. It will be three-quarters of an hour or so." And like a man proposing to while away some time in casual conversation, he sat down. In his mind there was the sharply printed picture of another room than this, and that picture, also, was all prearranged—part of the logical unfolding of a plan made long ago.

Poor noted that the clock on the wall registered thirteen minutes past three. He was standing in that same room in the office of Wilkerson & Smith. But the stack of bonds had vanished from the table. That other human figure which had been sitting at the table when he stepped in had vanished also.

So far, from the moment he noticed that it was twenty-five minutes of three, he had acted with unparalleled boldness and certainty, impervious both to fear and hesitation. It was as though he had been lifted up and carried along by a sure and mighty hand, his mind burning to a single purpose and a single course of conduct. Now his close-set light-gray eyes mechanically took in the room and an enormous void in it assailed him—the void created by the absence of the living figure that had sat at the table. A dew broke out on his forehead; a nauseous cold attacked his stomach; from sudden physical weakness he sat down on a corner of the table.

Yet just because the fool smiled, everybody, it seemed, was bound to forgive him. Everybody, it appeared, must conspire to give the baby new playthings as fast as it broke the old

The bold assurance and the singleness in his mind abruptly vanished, leaving him in a panicky incredulity, so that his confused thought could only gasp: "My God! Why did I do it?" But he must pull himself together.

As he went over it, his intelligence told him it was very safe, very securely hidden. Assuredly no eye had seen positively there were no telltales. Two beings stark alone in that emptiness—and who would think of such a thing happening in a La Salle Street sky-scraper in broad daylight, anyway? Under the circumstances and with the means he had used, it must be months before a smell emerged. It was safe.

But one point troubled him: On this table lay a letter, enclosed in a sealed envelop, the envelop fully addressed. Unquestionably, it was that letter whose beginning he had read nearly an hour before. Maynard had finished it, sealed it, addressed the envelop. That letter was a capital point. By it, in his own hand, Maynard asserted an intention to commit suicide or, at least, disappear. Poor might just leave it there, where it would be found on Monday morning and forwarded to the address. Better yet, he might stick a stamp on it and drop it in the nearest letter-box.

But what had Maynard said in the latter part of the letter? It seemed very important to know that—although it was still more important to preserve Maynard's own testimony to his desperate plight and intention of disappearing. Poor fingered the letter, but couldn't make up his mind. He was no longer being lifted up and carried along; he was left strictly to his own confused and panicky devices.

He took up a paper-knife to open the envelop, but tore it, for his hand was unsteady. There were three sheets in the letter. It seemed to Poor that only the first sheet was serviceable to his purpose. The last two sheets contained matter that might confuse the impression made by the first sheet. He put those two sheets in his pocket, to be burned at the first opportunity. There remained the matter of getting this first sheet into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed. Surely that feat ought to be quite easy. Poor debated it a few minutes and returned to Adam Vicker's office. When he finally left that office, the clock on the wall showed twenty-five minutes to four. The entire enterprise had consumed but an hour. Poor felt satisfied that the steps he had taken were the proper ones.

The following Tuesday, about half-past ten, Ben Bodet was shown into the private office of Thomas Wilkerson, head of the firm of Wilkerson & Smith. A short, broad-shouldered old man with a big bald head, a hooked nose, and bushy white mustache looked up with a quick question in his eyes and advanced to meet him. The old man had been pacing the floor,

and the detective saw at once that he was much disturbed. Bodet knew of the firm as a long-established, eminently respectable house specializing in bonds, and he had answered the appeal over the telephone readily enough.

Wilkerson's questioning eyes took in a carelessly dressed, gray-eyed male, whose figure, on closer observation, suggested the trained strength and agility of an athlete, and whose beardless, unhandsome face in neutral tones suggested no particular





It was when Inspector McCabe stood up that the full horror of Poor's situation seemed to come upon him.

"I didn't do it," he cried; "not I myself!"

age or any particular distinction. But he had heard much of this man from dependable sources.

"Mr. Bodet?" he asked, extending a hand and taking the affirmative answer for granted. "I've often heard of you. The fact is, Mr. Bodet— But won't you sit down?"

They took the two most convenient chairs. For a moment, the agitated old man's eyes anxiously questioned the detective again. He leaned forward a little and plunged resolutely into it.

"Bodet, I'm in a frightful predicament. You can ruin me if you like. Friends of mine have said you were a man to bank on.

I'm banking on you now." Then, rapidly, he described how Adam Vicker had commissioned Wilkerson & Smith to buy as many as possible of the bonds of the Dunes Improvement Company—very quietly.

"I turned the job over to Ted Maynard," the broker continued. He paused there, contemplating the detective with a woeful look, and said, with a kind of mournful solemnity: "I took Ted Maynard into my office when he was only a boy—a boy from nowhere but the streets. I felt toward him like a father. That's why I kept him here all this time. Half a dozen times, I

made up my mind to fire him. I threatened to fire him a dozen times, I guess—but Ted would come to me—"The old man closed his lips as though to prevent his voice from breaking. "As lovable a chap in some ways as ever lived. A corking bond man, too; I trained him myself. But there was just incurable folly in him—bound to make a fool of himself in spite of the devil. When Ted married, I thought it was all settled. I felt harder toward him for the way he treated her than for anything else he ever did. That woman's a corker, Bodet. But even she wouldn't answer, you see. He had to make a fool of himself about her—made a fool of himself with other women, for one thing. An incurable fool. She divorced him three years ago. That gave Ted a big jolt—kind of a jolt he needed, I thought for a while, and for a while he went straight as a string. But it wouldn't answer you see; nothing would. He got to going all wrong again. It blame near broke my heart, Bodet. Still, I kept hanging onto Ted when anybody else would have fired him long ago. You know what our business is. We've got to have men we can trust—trustworthy men. Nobody else would have kept Ted Maynard. He knew that well enough.

"But, you see, there was one big thing that I always hung to and banked on. Ted made all kinds of a fool of himself that a man can—except one. His accounts were always square as a die. I always said he might be all other kinds of a fool, but he'd never rob me—honest in that way as the day is long. I hung to that and banked on it. It gave me satisfaction."

A sigh escaped the old man, and his eyes seemed more woebe-gone.

"I suppose I ought to have known that a man who wouldn't be square with himself or with his wife wouldn't be square with me—and he wasn't, finally. We were keeping those bonds for Vicker—so many of them that we rented a special box in the safe-deposit vault down-stairs. Ted said he was going to take a little vacation this week. He arranged with Vicker to come here Saturday afternoon, check up those bonds, receipt for them, and take 'em off our hands. I knew all about that, but thought nothing in particular of it. Ted did come here Saturday afternoon. Everything was shut up except the safe-deposit vault in the basement. Two men had to stay on duty there. One of them helped Ted carry the box with the Dunes bonds up here to our office. Ted dumped out the bonds and told the man to take the empty box back to the vault. He said he'd come down later with his pass-key and help lock the box into the vault. It takes the pass-key and a master-key, you know. No doubt he supposed that Vicker, having receipted for the bonds, would have them carried back down-stairs, and locked in one of his boxes. Probably Ted meant to go down with him and lock in our empty box. But Vicker didn't come here Saturday afternoon. He was engaged, or something, and sent word he wouldn't come. Ted and the bonds disappeared. He had a memorandum—the receipt—with the numbers of the bonds on it. That disappeared, too; so we've no good way of following them up or tracing them out."

The broker laid a hand on Bodet's knee.

"You see, we're responsible to Adam Vicker for those bonds. He may step here any minute and demand them. They are worth over a million, three hundred thousand dollars. We're an old house, with a good reputation; but we've had some losses. A million, three hundred thousand dollars would utterly ruin us."

The old man's voice was a bit husky as he went on:

"I've been in business here thirty-six years under my own name. It's an honorable record, Bodet, if I do say it. Plenty of men on this street have got more money than I have; but there's no man whose name stands above mine for business integrity. I've got a wife. She and I have gone a long way together. I've got three living children and seven grandchildren. I don't want to go home and tell my family that I'm a defaulter, with my name signed to an obligation that I can't fulfill. I'd a mighty sight rather be up in Graceland Cemetery, where two of my children are. I've held off—hoping against hope—until I decided to call you in. From what I've heard, if any man can help me, you can. But if anybody helps me, he must find Ted Maynard and those bonds quick—and not let a peep of this get out until he does find them. You see, Ted had told Adam Vicker that he wanted to settle this up Saturday. It's really a wonder Vicker didn't come in yesterday. He may come in any minute."

"How do you know Vicker didn't get the bonds Saturday?" Bodet asked.

"Poor, his secretary, told me," the broker replied. "You see, I didn't expect Ted to show up here Monday, for he'd said he was going to take a vacation. The fact is, Bodet, I'd made up my mind at last to fire him, and maybe he'd guessed it. But, Monday forenoon, a safe-deposit man notified me that Ted hadn't returned to

lock in the empty box. I went down there and saw the box was empty. I looked for Vicker's receipt, but it wasn't where it ought to have been in our office. I felt a bit nervous, and sort of kept an eye out for Poor, Vicker's secretary. Sometime after noon, Monday, I met him in the lobby down-stairs and asked him—as casually as I could—whether Vicker had taken up those bonds Saturday. And Poor said: 'No; he couldn't keep the appointment. I telephoned Maynard that he wasn't coming.' My heart went into my boots; but still I was hoping against hope. All I could think of was to telephone his wife—or former wife—and ask if she knew where he'd gone, but she didn't even know he'd left town, hadn't heard anything of him for weeks. Still, I couldn't make myself believe Ted had deliberately robbed me that way. He knew well enough it would break me. I kept fooling myself—saying I'd surely hear from him. I just couldn't swallow it, you see. But I haven't heard. Vicker may step in any minute and demand his bonds." The old man half stifled a sigh, and appealed, "If you can help me, Bodet—well, help me."

Bodet had seldom felt a livelier wish to help anybody. He asked some questions about the bonds, and calculated how big a package they would make. If they were all piled one on top of another, the stack would be over six feet high, he thought. Still the streets had been empty Saturday afternoon. A man lugging a big bundle or a couple of suitcases might have walked to a railroad station without attracting attention. As to who was most intimate with Maynard, and so would be likeliest to know of his movement, Wilkerson could give him only indefinite indications. The only intimate point of contact with his private life was his former wife. True, they had been divorced three years, yet she might know some one who knew. It seemed the best guess at the moment, for they had no time to lose. When Bodet asked Mr. Wilkerson what his relations with her were, the broker replied promptly:

"The friendliest. That woman's a corker. I admire her. I'm fond of her, and I believe she's fond of me. I stood by her the best I knew in her troubles with Ted, and I staked her when she wanted to set up in business. It's over in the Stephenson Building on State Street—puzzles and novelties for children. She's doing fine at it, too—making a good living for herself and her child. That woman's a corker."

"Let's go see her," said Bodet promptly. "You needn't stay—just introduce me to her, tell her I'm working for you, ask her to talk to me frankly."

So, fifteen minutes later, he was sitting in a tiny office in the corner of a smart little shop a hundred and thirty feet above the pavement of State Street, fairly knee to knee with a tall, dark-haired woman of thirty or thereabouts, whose agreeable face bore the look of intelligence, courage, and character. Bodet could well believe that she was a "corker." Entering the smart, amusing little shop, which was as full of shoppers as it could conveniently be, he had at once singled out this tall young woman as the general in command, and he had sensed her pride in this niche which she had carved out for herself in the world of business.

As her face lighted and softened at sight of the broker, Bodet apprehended her affection for the old man who had been her steadfast friend. Sitting fairly knee to knee with her in the tiny office, he read loyalty, courage, intelligence in her pleasant face. His critics said he was not "scientific," and he laughed at them. In fact, he depended a good deal upon intuitions—especially intuitions regarding character. He so depended now, promptly deciding to tell her the whole story, counting on her affection for harassed old Thomas Wilkerson. In a low voice, he went over it.

As she listened, her dark eyes grew wider and rounder, the healthy color fading out of her face. At the conclusion, she bent toward him in a kind of breathless eagerness and cried,

"Mr. Bodet, he never did that!"

The necessity of modulating her voice to the lowest pitch—for only a flimsy door divided them from the amused shoppers and the two saleswomen in the shop—made the cry all the more appealing. In the same hushed tone, vibrant with feeling, she went on:

"Nobody else knows Ted Maynard as I do. Nobody else knows how weak he is. I endured as long as my self-respect would let me, and even then it was almost like striking a child. I would believe any hopeless foolishness of him except that. He clung to that, Mr. Bodet. He did almost everything else; but he was honest in his business with Mr. Wilkerson. I think everybody must have something to be proud of. That was his one thing. Pardon me."

He had, perforce, taken the chair nearest the desk. She leaned over, opened one of its miniature drawers, took out a letter, and handed it to him. He saw that the envelop bore the return-card of Wilkerson & Smith and was addressed (Continued on page 98)



"Any man," the warden announced, "who is square with himself and with me—which is the same thing—will soon be mighty close to the front gates and complete freedom"

Good Men *for* Bad

"Free" convicts, murderers roaming in and out at will, no striped prison garb, and no shackles—a Golden-Rule experiment in the most unusual penitentiary in the world, described by Jack Boyle, who writes the "Boston Blackie" stories exclusively for readers of Cosmopolitan

"OFTEN I wonder—" said Jim, and paused, while coffee was served.

Through the open windows, the unceasing, droning-hum of the conglomerate traffic of one of Salt Lake City's most crowded thoroughfares drifted in to our table.

"You were saying?" I suggested.

With a single comprehensive gesture, Jim indicated the well-filled dining-room in which we sat and the busy, noisy, brilliantly lighted, alive-with-life city street below us.

"I was wondering," he said, "how a man like me may be sure that reality is really real. Sometimes—often, in fact—I become suddenly conscious of my surroundings and find myself saying: 'It's only a dream. It can't be true.'"

Beyond an intervening screen of potted palms, an orchestra was playing the first strains of a popular dance.

"Can you understand," Jim continued, "what it means to a man like me to discover himself in the midst of this?"

I could, for, a half-hour later, Jim left me at the corner below the restaurant to take an owl car back to the prison where he was then serving a life sentence.

Jim, an unpardoned and unparoled "lifer," privileged to dine freely and unguarded in a down-town restaurant while fulfilling the sentence imposed upon him, presents a comprehensive glimpse of the startlingly new and revolutionary theory under which the Utah State Penitentiary is striving to make good men out of bad.

One-sixth of the men serving time at this prison have a greater degree of freedom than any soldier in the United States army ever had. Never, day or night, are they behind locked doors. They are absolutely unguarded. They wear civilian clothes, and, when their work for the day is done, some spend their evenings in their own or friends' homes, with all the privileges of free men. They frequently go alone into the city on prison errands.

To any of these men, the problem of escape involves nothing more difficult than a half-block's walk to the street-car that stops outside the prison gate or the purchase of a ticket at a railway station. They have no punishment to fear for wrong-doing within prison walls, for punishment has been abolished—absolutely.

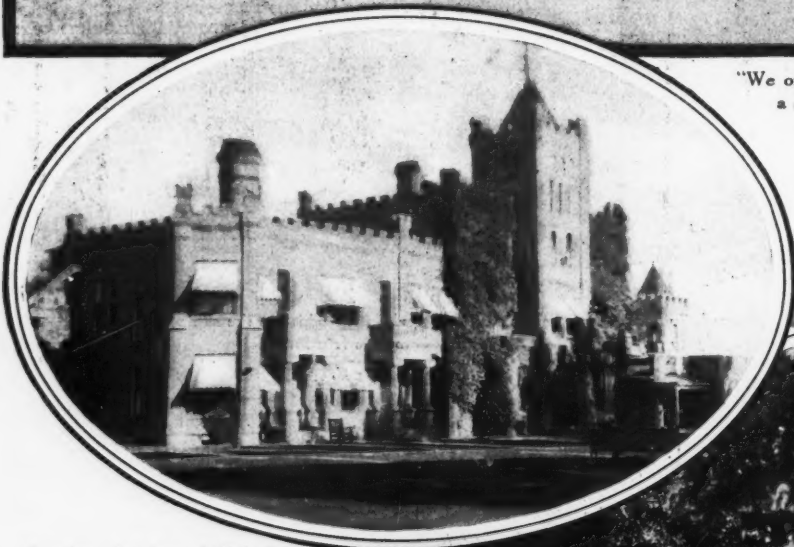
The immediate and inevitable question all this suggests is, of course: Does it work? How do the citizens of Salt Lake City like the novel experience of finding men convicted of any crime from burglary to murder sitting beside them in street-cars, eating with them in restaurants, visiting them in their homes—in short, mingling in the current of their every-day life on terms of approximate equality? From the standpoint of the substantial citizen, the taxpayer, the business man, does it pay? And if so, why and in what coinage?

Governor Bamberger believes it does—richly. So does Prison Warden George Storrs, but Salt Lake City is not quite sure the results of the experiment being conducted within its limits have answered these questions satisfactorily. When it learned of the adventure in Golden-Rule penology to be tested within its borders,



"We organized a prison baseball team, built a swimming-pool, bought a moving-picture machine"

must be kept inside them. He believed a rightly conducted institution could be made to lessen crime



A prison that has abolished punishment in all forms, in which the inmates are practically their own guards, and which, its statistics show, is making good men of bad faster than they were ever made before

the city, at first, was aghast with apprehension and furiously indignant. The experiment is nearing the end of its third test year and to-day—

Governor Simon Bamberger, who risked his reputation for business sagacity and his political future upon the success of his hitherto untried prison experiment is satisfied that results have proved his logic. He is satisfied that the Utah State Penitentiary, under the new system, is doing what it should do—netting its stockholders, the taxpayers, a real profit on their investment. When he took office, he was convinced that prisons of the old type breed the sort of men who



I did not see a sullen face or a hopeless one, for the men in the Utah within sight. Except that they may not change their place

and cure criminals. His first step was the appointment of George A. Storrs as warden, with instructions to test the idea that a penal institution may be made a hospital for moral invalids. "Undoubtedly you encountered public opposition at first?"

I suggested, as Governor Bamberger outlined the unprecedented plan adopted. The governor's eyes twinkled reminiscently.

"Rather," he admitted. "I remember one really good friend of mine—a banker—who came to me perturbed and protesting, after a man escaped from one of our road-camps.

"Governor, I am for you, as you know," my friend said, "but you are too liberal. You're going too far. If you continue this policy, half the men in the prison will walk off. Your losses—"

"Jim, you know Charlie So-and-So," I interrupted, naming one of our Utah bankers of the old-line type who is noted in our state for his extreme conservatism. "I asked him to-day what his percentage of losses was during the past year."

"Half of one per cent.," he answered.

"Fine! And your profits?"

"Nine per cent.," he replied. The same afternoon. I met another banker—one

noted for his progressive, liberal business methods. I asked him the same questions.

"My losses were two per cent. this year," he replied.

"Two per cent. That's pretty high, Frank. What were your profits?" I inquired.

"Sixteen per cent.," was his answer.

"Well, 'Jim,' I said to my friend, 'I'm



"Well, Jim," the governor said, "I'm running the Utah Penitentiary on the same principle as our liberal-minded friend runs his bank. We'll show a bigger percentage of loss than under the old system, but we'll show a bigger percentage of profit in good citizens."



Penitentiary now are looking forward, not backward. There was not a guard of employment, they are, in all essentials, free men

running the Utah Penitentiary on the same principle as our liberal-minded friend runs his bank. We'll show a bigger percentage of loss than under the old system, but we'll show a bigger percentage of profits in good citizens."

"My banker friend caught my point of view at once. He went out to the prison and saw for himself the work that George Storrs is doing. Now he is one of the strongest advocates of the new system in the state."

The basic principle of imprisonment for crime under the theory of penal management which has existed since the dawn of history can be expressed in a single word—punishment. A man breaks the law; the law decrees imprisonment, and the culprit is committed to a penitentiary. With few exceptions. (Continued on page 1-2)



Kindred of the Dust

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Introducing you to three lovable people:

THE OLD LAIRD—Hector McKaye, millionaire lumber king, a fine old gentleman who has centered the great hopes of a mighty life in his son, to whose broad shoulders he has now shifted the vast McKaye enterprises.

THE YOUNG LAIRD—Donald McKaye, who is torn between his love for his father and his love for Nan, his marriage to whom he feels would break his proud old father's heart.

THE OUTCAST OF PORT AGNEW—"Nan of the Sawdust Pile," ostracized by the townsfolk, who has made two mistakes in life. She has been deceived into motherhood by a bigamist, whom she left, and she has fallen in love with Donald McKaye, for whom she has named her child. Her father dies, and she is faced with the problem of existence for herself and her child.

You will also come to know, incidentally, Andrew Daney, the McKayes' veteran general manager, fanatically loyal to the old laird—he plans and executes a scheme to get Nan away

from Port Agnew and Donald, and she leaves, with The Laird's assistance, for New York; Mrs. McKaye and Donald's two socially ambitious sisters, and "Dirty Dan" O'Leary. O'Leary was secretly appointed Donald's body-guard by the old laird and Daney, after Donald, by fist and fire, had cleared Nan's Sawdust Pile of human riffraff. He nearly meets death in a battle, about which he refuses any information, with a trio of murderers lying in wait for Donald outside Nan's little home, built on the mill's waste.

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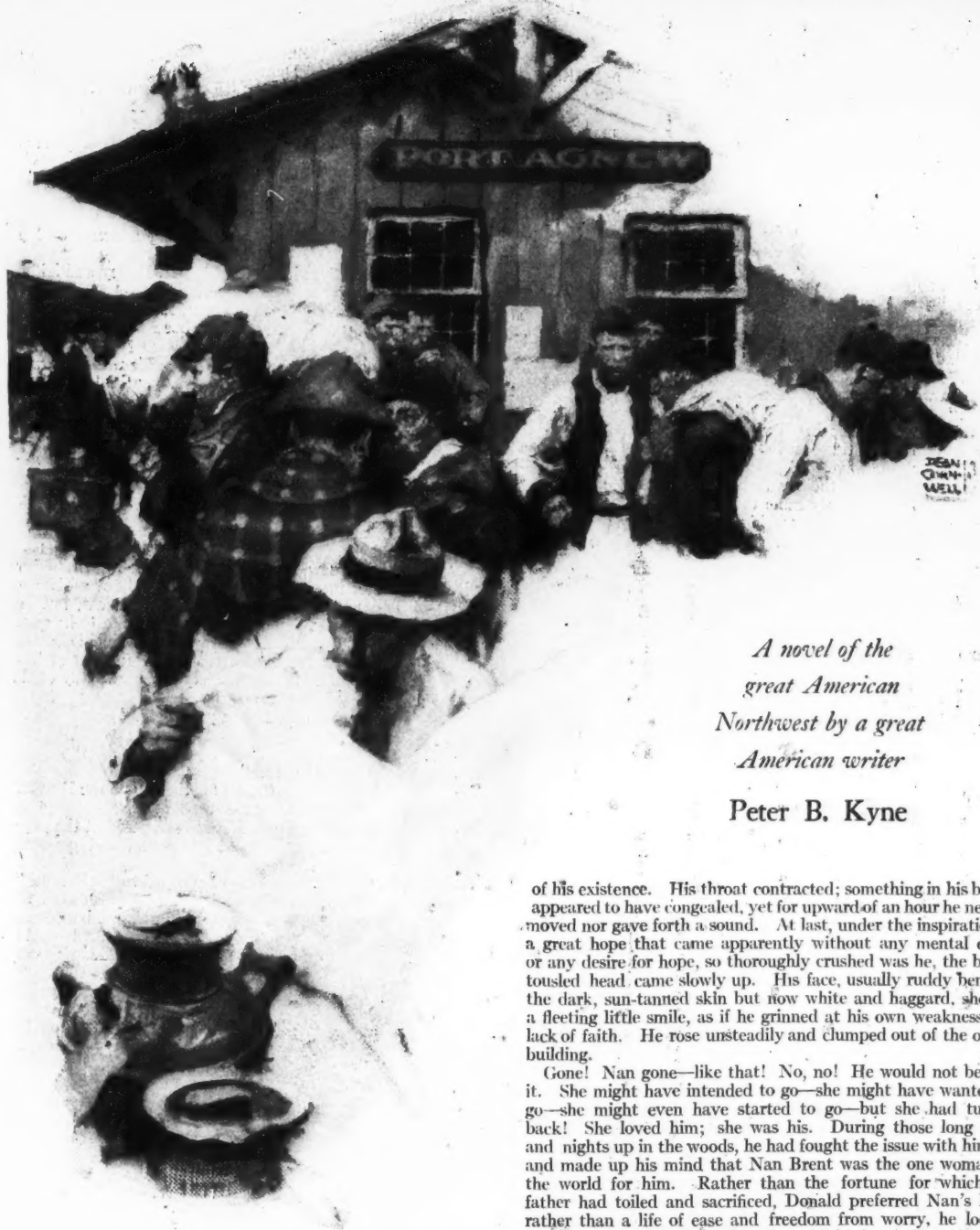
XXVII

NAN BRENT'S departure from the Sawdust Pile was known to so few in Port Agnew that it was fully ten days before the news became general; even then it excited no more than momentary comment, and a week later, when Donald McKaye returned to town, somewhat sooner than he had anticipated, Port Agnew had almost forgotten that Nan Brent had ever lived in its virtuous midst. Even the small gossip about her and the young laird had subsided, condemned by all, including the most thoughtless, as a gross injustice to their favorite son, and consequently dismissed as the unworthy tattling of unworthy, suspicious old women.

For several days, a feeling of lassitude had been stealing over

Donald. At first, he thought it was mental depression, but when, later, he developed nausea, lack of appetite, and pains in his head, back, and extremities, it occurred to him that he wasn't feeling well physically and that The Dreamerie was to be preferred to his rough pine shanty in the woods, even though in the latter he had sanctuary from the female members of his family.

He came in unexpectedly on the last log-train on Saturday night; tired, with throbbing head and trembling legs, he crawled off the caboose at the log-dump and made his way weakly up to the mill office. It was deserted when he got there at half-past six, but in his mail-box he found something which he had promised himself would be there despite certain well-remembered assurances to the contrary. It was a letter from Nan. He tore the envelop eagerly and read:



*A novel of the
great American
Northwest by a great
American writer*

Peter B. Kyne

Donald dear. I love you. That is why I am leaving you. We shall not meet again, I think. If we should, it will doubtless be years hence, and by that time we shall both have resigned ourselves to this present very necessary sacrifice. Good-by, poor dear!

Always your sweetheart,

NAN.

He read and reread the letter several times. It was undated. Presently, with an effort, he recovered the envelop from the waste-basket and examined the postmark. The letter had been mailed from Seattle, but the post-date was blurred.

With the letter clutched in his hand, he bent forward and pillowed his hot face in his arms, outspread upon his father's old desk. He wanted to weep—to sob aloud in a childish effort to unburden his heart, scourged now with the first real sorrow

of his existence. His throat contracted; something in his breast appeared to have congealed, yet for upward of an hour he neither moved nor gave forth a sound. At last, under the inspiration of a great hope that came apparently without any mental effort or any desire for hope, so thoroughly crushed was he, the black, tousled head came slowly up. His face, usually ruddy beneath the dark, sun-tanned skin but now white and haggard, showed a fleeting little smile, as if he grinned at his own weakness and lack of faith. He rose unsteadily and clumped out of the office-building.

Gone! Nan gone—like that! No, no! He would not believe it. She might have intended to go—she might have wanted to go—she might even have started to go—but she had turned back! She loved him; she was his. During those long days and nights up in the woods, he had fought the issue with himself and made up his mind that Nan Brent was the one woman in the world for him. Rather than the fortune for which his father had toiled and sacrificed, Donald preferred Nan's love; rather than a life of ease and freedom from worry, he looked forward with a fierce joy to laboring with his hands for a pittance, provided he might have the privilege of sharing it with her.

What, after all, was there worth while in the world for him if he was to be robbed of his youth and his love? For him, the bare husks of life held no allurements; he was one of that virile, human type that rejects the doctrine of sacrifice, denial, and self-repression in this life for the greater glory of God and man's promise of a reward in another, of which we wot but little and that little not scientifically authenticated. He wanted the great, all-compelling, omnipotent Present, with its gifts that he could clutch in his fierce hands or draw to his hungry heart.

"She came back. I know she did," he mumbled, as he groped his way through the dark of the drying-yard. "I'm sick. I must see her and tell her to wait until I'm well. The world can do what it jolly-well pleases to me, but I'll protect her from it. I will—by God!"

He emerged into the open fields beyond which lay the Sawdust Pile, snuggled down on the beach. The Brent cottage was visible in the dim starlight, and he observed that there was no light in the window; nevertheless, his high faith did not falter. He pressed on, although each step was the product of an effort, mental and physical.

At the gate, he leaned and rested for a few minutes, then entered the deserted yard and rapped at the front door; but his summons bringing no response, he staggered round to the back door and repeated it. He waited half a minute and then banged furiously with his fist upon the door-panel. Still receiving no response, he seized the knob and shook the door until the little house appeared to rattle from cellar to cupola.

"Nan! Nan! Where are you?" he called. "It is I—Donald. Answer me, Nan. I know you haven't gone away. You wouldn't! Please answer me, Nan!"

But the only sound he heard was the labored pumping of his own heart and the swish of the wavelets against the timbered buttress of the Sawdust Pile. The conviction slowly came to his torpid brain that he was seeking admittance to a deserted house, and he leaned against the door and fought for control of himself. Presently, like a stricken animal, he went slowly and uncertainly away in the direction whence he had come.

Andrew Daney had put out the cat and wound the clock and was about to ascend to his chamber (now, alas, reoccupied by Mrs. Daney, upon whom the news of Nan's departure had descended like a gentle rainfall over a hitherto arid district) when he heard slow footsteps on his front veranda. Upon going to the door and peering out, he was amazed to see Donald.

"Well, bless my soul!" Daney declared. "So it's you, Donald. Come in, lad; come in."

Donald shook his head.

"No; I've only come to stay a minute, Mr. Daney. Thank you, sir. I—I notice you're running a light track from the drying-yard down to the Sawdust Pile. Stumbled over it in the dark a few minutes ago, and I"—he essayed a ghastly smile, for he desired to remove the sting from the gentle rebuke he purposed giving the general manage—"couldn't seem to remember having ordered that track—or—suggesting that it be laid."

"Quite so, Donald; quite so," Daney answered. "I did it on my own initiative. Nan Brent has abandoned the Sawdust Pile—moved away from Port Agnew, you know; so I decided to

extend the drying-yard and squat on the Sawdust Pile before some undesirable took possession."

"Hm-m-m. I see. Well, suppose Nan takes a notion to return to Port Agnew, Mr. Daney?"

"Oh, but she's not coming back," Daney assured him, with all the confidence of one free from the slightest doubt on the subject.

"She might. I could see rather dimly into the kitchen, and it appears Miss Brent left her little home furnished."

"Yes, she did, Donald. I believe she just turned the key in the lock and went away."

"Know where she went, Mr. Daney?"

"No. She didn't even leave a forwarding address for her mail."

The young laird of Tyee lurched up to Mr. Daney and laid a heavy hand on the older man's shoulder.

"How do you know that?" he demanded, and there was a growl in his voice. "Has Mrs. Daney been asking the post-master?"

Mr. Daney saw that, for some inexplicable reason, he was in for a bad five minutes or more. His youthful superior's face was white and beaded with perspiration. Daney had a suspicion that Donald had had a drink or two.

"There has been no gossip, Donald," he answered crisply. "Get that notion out of your head. I would protect you from gossip, for I think I know my duty to the McKays. I learned that lesson a long time ago," he added, with spirit.

"You haven't answered my question, Mr. Daney," Donald persisted.

"I shall. I know, because she told me herself." Mr. Daney had not intended that Donald should ever discover that he had had an interview with Nan Brent, but his veracity had, for the moment, appeared to him to be questioned by his superior, and he was too thoroughly honest to attempt now to protect his reputation for truth-telling by uttering a small fib, albeit he squirmed inwardly at the terrible necessity for such integrity.

"Ah! Then Nan called upon you again?"

Mr. Daney sighed.

"No; I called upon her."

"With reference to what?"

"To settle with her for the loss of the Brutus."

"When did you lose the Brutus?"

Mr. Daney pulled at his ear, gazed at the porch light, rubbed his Adam's apple, and gave the exact date.

"What happened to the Brutus?"

"She just disappeared, Donald. She was tied up alongside the barge—"

The heavy hand on Mr. Daney's shoulder tightened a little.

"When did Nan leave Port Agnew, Mr. Daney?"

"Let me see, Donald." Mr. Daney tugged at his beard. "Why, she left two weeks ago yesterday. Yes; she left on the nineteenth."

"When did you settle with her for the loss of the Brutus?"

"On the sixteenth," Daney answered glibly.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars. It was more than the Brutus was worth, but I disliked to appear niggardly in the matter, Donald. I knew you and your father would approve what-

ever sum I settled for—and the loss of the little boat provided a nice opportunity for generosity without hurting the girl's pride."

Mr. Daney knelt, placed his inquisitive nose close to Donald's partly opened lips, and sniffed. Then he swore his chiefest oath. "Hell's bells and panther-tracks! He isn't drunk! He's sick!"

BE





Nan bent and laid her cool cheek against his. "Well, old shipmate," she murmured in his ear. "I'm back." "God's in—his heaven," he whispered. "All's well—with the—world."

"Yes—thank you, Mr. Daney. That was kind and thoughtful of you." Donald spoke the words slowly, as if he searched his brain carefully for each word and then had to coax his tongue into speaking it. "You settled, then, two days after the boat disappeared. Fast work. Nobody up here would steal the boat. Too much distance between ports—run short of gasoline, you know, on her limited tank-capacity—and if anybody had purchased cased gasoline around here to load on deck, you'd know of it. Hard to conceal or disguise a forty-foot boat, too." His fingers closed like steel nippers over Mr. Daney's shoulder. "Where did you hide the boat, Mr. Daney? Answer me. I'll not be trifled with."

"I scuttled her—if you must have the truth."

"I knew you wouldn't lie to me. On whose orders, Mr. Daney? My father's?"

"No, sir; it was my own idea." Daney's face was white with mental and physical distress and red with confusion by turns. His shoulder was numb.

"Why?"

"I figured that if the girl had some money to make a new start elsewhere, she'd leave Port Agnew, which would be best for all concerned."

"Why, Andrew Daney, you old hero! Cost you something to confess that, didn't it? Well—I guessed you or my father had induced her to go; so I concluded to start the investigation with you." He passed his hand over his dripping white brow before resuming what he had to say. "The Tyee Lumber Company isn't equipped to carry on its pay-roll Mr. Donald McKaye and the man who interferes in his personal affairs, even though actuated by a kindly interest. You rip up that track you're laying and leave Nan's home alone. Then you clean up your desk and hand me your resignation. I'm sick—and your damned interference hurts. Sorry; but you must go. Understand? Nan's coming back—understand? Coming back—devilish hot night—for this time of year, isn't it? Man, I'm burning up."

It came to Mr. Daney that the young laird was acting in a most peculiar manner. Also, he was talking that way. Consequently, the general manager decided to twist out from under that terrible grasp on his shoulder.

Instantly Donald, released from this support, swayed and clutched gropingly for Mr. Daney's person.

"Dizzy," he panted. "Head on strike. Mr. Daney, where the devil are you? Don't run away from me. You damned old muddler, if I get my hands on you, I'll pick you apart—yes, I will—to see—what makes you go. You did it. Yes, you did—even if you're too stupidly honest—to lie about it. Glad of that, though, Mr. Daney. Hate liars and interfering duffers. Ah—the cold-blooded calculation of it—took advantage of her poverty. She's gone—nobody knows—Where are you? I'll kill you—no, no; forgive me, sir— Yes, you've been faithful, and you're an old employee— I wish you a very pleasant good-evening, sir."

He stepped gingerly down the three wide stairs, pitched forward, and measured his length in a bed of pansies. Mr. Daney came down, struck a match, and looked at his white face. Donald was apparently unconscious; so Mr. Daney knelt, placed his inquisitive nose close to Donald's partly open lips, and sniffed. Then he swore his chiefest oath.

"Hell's bells and panther-tracks! He isn't drunk! He's sick!"

Fifteen minutes later, the young laird of Port Agnew reposed in the best room of his own hospital, and Andrew Daney was risking his life motoring at top speed up the cliff road to The Dreamerie with bad news for old Hector. Mrs. McKaye and the girls had retired, but The Laird was reading in the living-room when Daney entered unannounced.

Old Hector looked up at his general manager from under his white, shaggy brows.

"Yes, Andrew," he saluted the latter gently; "I see by your face it's not welcome news you bring. Out with it, man!"

So Andrew came "out with it," omitting no detail, and at the conclusion of his recital, the old man wagged his head to emphasize his comprehension.

"My son is not a dull man by any means," he said presently. "He knows what he knows—a man sure of himself always—and oh, Andrew man, because of the brain of him and the sweet soul of him, it breaks my heart to give pain to him. And what does the doctor say?"

"From a cursory examination, he suspects typhoid fever."

"Ah, that's bad, bad, Andrew!"

"The boy has the strength of a Hercules, sir. He'll beat through—never fear."

"Well, he'll not die to-night, at any rate," old Hector answered, "and I can do no good pottering round the hospital to-night. Neither would I alarm his mother and the girls. Send for the best medical brains in the country, Andrew, and don't quibble at the cost. Pay them what they ask. 'Twill be cheap enough if they save him. Good-night, Andrew, and thank you kindly."

He stood up and laid a hand affectionately upon the shoulder of his faithful servant and walked with him thus to the door. "My good Andrew," he murmured, and propelled the general manager gently outside, "there's no need to worry over the dismissal. When the lad's well, he'll rescind his order; so, in the mean time, do not leave us."

"But—if he shouldn't rescind it?" Daney pleaded anxiously. Although he was comfortably fixed with this world's goods and had long since ceased to work for monetary reward, the Tyce Lumber Company was, nevertheless, part of his life, and to be dismissed from its service was akin to having some very necessary part of him amputated.

"Tush, man; tush! Don't be building a mare's nest," old Hector answered and closed the door upon him. For The Laird was losing control of himself, and he could not bear that any human eye should gaze upon his weakness.

XXVIII

THE morning following Donald's admittance to the hospital, the company doctor confirmed his original diagnosis that the patient was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. The disease had evidently been two weeks incubating, for the woods boss reported that his superior had complained of being "under the weather" for ten days before yielding to the former's repeated advice to go down to Port Agnew and have the doctor look him over. As a result of Donald's stubborn refusal to acknowledge his illness, the disease had reached a fair stage of development by the time he received medical attention.

He was not delirious when The Laird and Mrs. McKaye reached the hospital that morning; however, they were permitted to see him for but a few minutes only.

"Has he a fighting chance?" old Hector demanded bluntly of the doctor. It seemed to him that his son's face already wore the look of one doomed to dissolution at an early date.

"Yes, he has, Mr. McKaye," the doctor replied gravely, "provided he'll fight. You will understand that in typhoid fever the mortality rate is rather high—as high as thirty per cent. However, in the case of Donald, who is a husky athlete, I should place the odds at about ten to one that he'll survive an attack of even more than moderate severity. That is," he added, "under the most favorable conditions."

"Well, what's wrong with the conditions in this case?" The Laird demanded crisply. "You can have anything you want, if you're shy on material to work with, and I've sent for the best physician in the state to come here and consult with you."

"The hospital conditions are perfect, Mr. McKaye. What I mean is this: It is a well-recognized principle of medical practise that a patient combating a disease of extreme severity and high mortality is sustained quite as much by his courage and a passionate desire to get well—in a word, by his morale—as he is by his capacity for physical resistance. Your son is, I think, slightly depressed mentally. That is the sole reason I see to warrant apprehension."

"Oh—so that's all, eh?" The Laird was relieved. "Then don't worry about him. He'll put up a battle—never fear. Why, he never quit in all his life. However, in case he might need a bit of encouragement from his old daddy from time to time, you'll have a room made ready for me. I'll stay here till he's out of danger."

That was a terrible week for old Hector. The nurse, discovering that his presence appeared to excite her patient, forbade him the room; so he spent his days and part of his nights prowling up

and down the corridor, with occasional visits to the mill office and The Dreamerie, there to draw such comfort from Daney and his family as he might. While his temperature remained below a hundred and four, Donald would lie in a semicomatose condition; but the instant the thermometer crept beyond that point, he would commence to mutter incoherently. Suddenly, he would announce, so loudly that The Laird could hear every word, that he contemplated the complete and immediate destruction of Andrew Daney, and would demand that the culprit be brought before him. Sometimes he assumed that Daney was present, and the not unusual phenomenon attendant upon delirium occurred.

Having demolished Mr. Daney with a verbal broadside, he would appear to consider his enemy dead and direct his remarks to Nan Brent. He would reproach her tenderly for leaving Port Agnew without informing him of her intention; he assured her he loved her, and that, unless she returned, life would not be worth living. Sometimes he would call upon old dead Caleb to reason with her in his behalf.

Thus two weeks passed. Donald showed no sign of the improvement which should ordinarily be looked for in the third week, and it was apparent to the doctors and nurses who attended him that the young laird was not making a fight to get well—that his tremendous physical resistance was gradually being undermined. His day nurse it was who had the courage, womanlike, to bring the matter to an issue.

"He's madly in love with that Nan girl he's always raving about," she declared. "From all I can gather from his disconnected sentences, she has left Port Agnew forever, and he doesn't know where she is. Now, I've seen men—little, weak men—recover from a worse attack of typhoid than this big fellow has, and he ought to be on the up-grade now, if ever—yet he's headed down-hill. About next week he's going to start to coast, unless Nan Brent shows up to take him by the hand and lead him back up-hill. I believe she could do it—if she would."

"I believe she could, 'also," the doctor agreed. "Perhaps you've noticed that, although his family have listened to him rave about her, they have never given the slightest indication that they know what he is raving about. The girl's tabu, apparently."

"The Laird appears to be a human being. Have you spoken to him about this—Nan girl?"

"I tried to—once. He looked at me—and I didn't try any more. The fact is," the doctor added, lowering his voice, "I have a notion that old Hector, through Daney, gave the girl money to leave the country."

"If he knew what an important personage she is at this minute, he'd give her more money to come back—if only just long enough to save his son. Have you spoken to Mr. Daney?"

"No; but I think I had better. He has a great deal of influence with The Laird, and since I have no doubt they were in this conspiracy together, Daney may venture to discuss with the old man the advisability of bringing the girl back to Port Agnew."

"If she doesn't appear on the scene within ten days—"

"I agree with you. Guess I'll look up Mr. Daney."

He did. Daney was at his desk in the mill office when the doctor entered and, without the least circumlocution, apprized him of the desperate state to which Donald was reduced.

"I tell you, Mr. Daney," he declared, and pounded Daney's desk to emphasize his statement, "everything that medical science can do for that boy has been done, but he's slipping out from under us. Our last hope lies in Nan Brent. If she can be induced to come to his bedside, hold his hand, and call him pet names when he's rational, he'll buck up and win out. There are no dangerous physical complications to combat now. They are entirely mental."

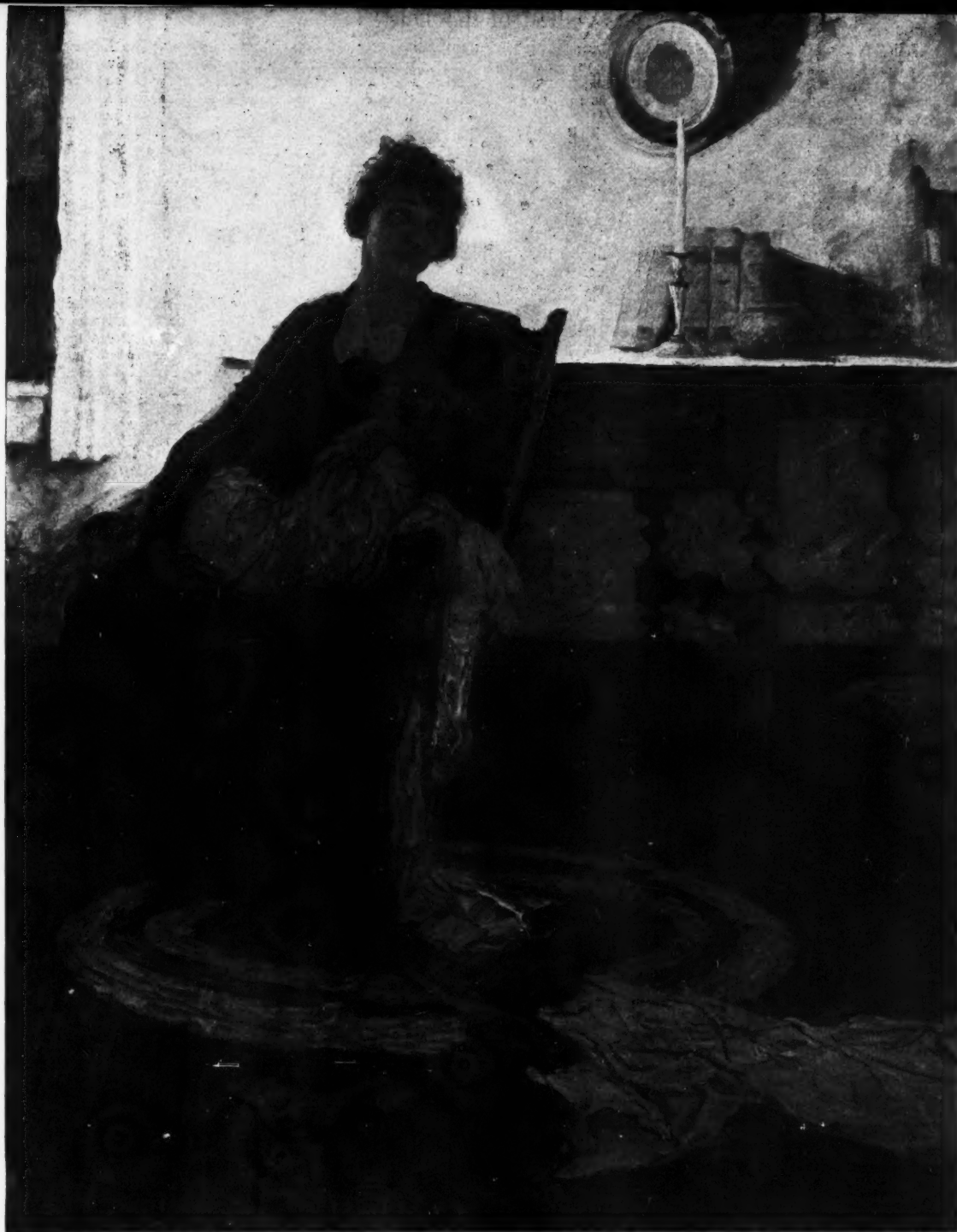
While the physician was speaking, Andrew Daney's face had gradually been taking on the general color-tones of a ripe old Edam cheese. He gripped the arms of his chair.

"O God, forgive me!" he moaned. "The Laird doesn't know where she is, and neither do I. I induced her to go away, and she's lost somewhere in the world. To find her now would be like searching a haystack for a needle."

"But you might telegraph a space ad to every leading newspaper in the country. The Laird can afford to spend a million to find her—if she can be found in a hurry. Why, even a telegram from her would help to buck him up."

But Andrew Daney could only sway in his chair and quiver with his profound distress.

"The scandal!" he kept murmuring. "The damned scandal! I'll have to go to Seattle to send the telegrams. The local office would leak. And even if we found her and induced her



Donald sick—possibly dying; she, an outcast, summoned to slink to his side in the shadows

to come back to save him, she'd—she'd have to go away again—and if she wouldn't—if he wouldn't permit her—why, don't you see how impossible a situation has developed? Man, can Donald McKaye wed Nan Brent of the Sawdust Pile?"

"My interest in the case is neither sentimental nor ethical. It is entirely professional. It appears to me that in trying to save this young fellow from the girl, you've signed his death-warrant; now it is up to you to save him from himself, and you're worrying because it may be necessary later to save the girl from him or him from the girl. Well, I've stated the facts to you,

and I tried to state them to The Laird. Do as you think best. If the boy dies, of course I'll swear that he was doomed anyhow, due to perforation of the intestines."

"Yes, yes!" Daney gasped. "Let The Laird off as lightly as you can."

"Oh, I'll lie cheerfully. By the way, who is this girl? Is she impossible?"

"She's had a child born out of wedlock."

"Oh, then she's not a wanton?"

"I'm quite sure she is not."

"Well, I'll be damned! So that's all that's wrong with her, eh?" Like the majority of his profession, this physician looked upon such a *contretemps* with a kindly and indulgent eye. In all probability, most of us would if we but knew as many of the secrets of men as do our doctors and lawyers.

Long after the doctor had left him alone with his terrible problem, Mr. Daney continued to sit in his chair, legs and arms sprawl, chin on breast. From time to time, he cried audibly:

"O Lord! O my God! What have I done? What shall I do? How shall I do it? O Lord!"

He was quite too incoherent for organized prayer; nevertheless, his agonized cry to Omnipotence was, indeed, a supplication to which the Lord must have inclined favorably, for, in the midst of his desolation and bewilderment, the door opened and Dirty Dan O'Leary presented himself.

XXIX

THANKS to the constitution of a Nubian lion, Dirty Dan's wounds and contusions had healed very rapidly, and after he got out of hospital, he spent ten days in recuperating his sadly depleted strength. His days he spent in the sunny lee of a lumber pile in the drying-yard, where, in defiance of the published ordinance, he smoked plug tobacco and perused the *Gaelic American*.

Now, Mr. O'Leary, as has been stated earlier in this chronicle, was bad black Irish. Since the advent of Oliver Cromwell into Ireland, the males of every generation of the particular tribe of O'Leary to which Dirty Dan belonged had actively or passively supported the battles of Ould Ireland against the hereditary enemy across the Channel, and Dirty Dan had suckled this holy hatred at his mother's breast; wherefore he regarded it in the light of his Christian duty to keep that hate alive by subscribing to the *Gaelic American* and believing all he read therein ament the woes of the Emerald Isle. Mr. O'Leary was also a member of an Irish-American revolutionary society, and was therefore aware that presently his kind of Irish were to rise, cast off their shackles (and, with the help o' God and the German kaiser) proclaim the Irish Republic.

For several months past, Daniel's dreams had dwelt mostly with bayonet practise. Ordinary bayonets, however, were not for him. He dreamed his trusty steel was as long as a cross-cut saw, and nightly he skewered British soldiers on it after the fashion of kidneys and bacon *en brochette*. For two months he had been saving his money toward a passage home to Ireland and the purchase of a rifle and two thousands rounds of ammunition—soft-nosed bullets preferred—with the pious intention of starting with "th' bhoys" at the very beginning and going through with them to the bloody and triumphant finish.

Unfortunately for Dirty Dan, his battle in defense of Donald McKaye had delayed his sortie to the fields of martyrdom. On the morning that Nan Brent left Port Agnew, however, fortune had again smiled upon The O'Leary. Meeting Judge Moore, who occupied two local offices—justice of the peace and coroner—upon the street, that functionary had informed Dan that the public generally, and he and the town marshal in particular, traced an analogy between the death of the mulatto in Darrow and Mr. O'Leary's recent sojourn in the Tyee Lumber Company's hospital, and thereupon verbally subpoenaed him to appear before a coroner's jury the following day at ten o'clock A. M., then and there to tell what he knew about said homicide.

Dirty Dan received this summons with outward nonchalance but tremendous secret apprehensions, and immediately fled for advice to no less a person than Andrew Daney.

However, the Fates ordained that Andrew Daney should be spared the trouble of advising Dirty Dan, for as the latter came shuffling down the hall toward Daney's office door, The Laird emerged from his old office and accosted his henchman.

"Well, Dan," he greeted the convalescent, "how do you find yourself these days?"

"Poorly, sir, poorly," Dirty Dan declared. "'Twas only yisterdy I had to take the other side av the shstreet to av'id a swamper from Darrow, sir."

The Laird smiled.

"Well, Dan, I think it's about time I did something to make you feel better. I owe you considerable for that night's work; so here's a thousand dollars for you, my boy. Go down to southern California or Florida for a month or two, and when you're back in your old form, report for duty. I have an idea Mr. Donald intends to make you foreman of the loading-sheds and the drying-yard when you're ready for duty."

"God bless ye, me lord, an' may the heavens be ye're bed!"

murmured the astounded lumberjack, as The Laird produced his wallet and counted into Dan's grimy, quivering paw ten crisp hundred-dollar bills. "Oh, t'ank you, sir; t'ank you a t'ousand times, sir. An' ye'll promise me, won't ye, to send for me first-off if ye should be wantin' some blackguard kilt?"

"I assure you, Dan, you are my sole official killer," laughed The Laird, and shook the O'Leary's hand with great heartiness. "Better take my advice about a good rest, Dan."

"Sir, I'll be after havin' the vacation o' me life."

"Good-by, then, and good luck to you, Dan!"

"Good-by, an' God bless ye, sir!"

Five minutes later, Daniel J. O'Leary was in the general store fitting on what he termed a "Sunday suit." Also, he bought himself two white shirts of the "b'iled" variety, a red necktie, a brown derby hat, and a pair of shoes, all too narrow to accommodate comfortably his care-free toes. Next, he repaired to the barber shop, where he had a hair-cut and a shave. His ragged red mustache, ordinarily of the *camp-strainer* pattern, he had trimmed, waxed, and turned up at each end; the barber put much pomade on his hair and combed it in a Mазеppа, with the result that when Daniel J. O'Leary appeared at the railroad station, the following morning, and purchased a ticket for New York city, Hector McKaye, loitering in front of the station on the lookout for Nan Brent, looked at and through Mr. O'Leary without recognizing him from Adam's off ox.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to remark that Dirty Dan was about to embark upon an enterprise designed to make his dreams come true. He was headed for Ireland and close grips with the hated redcoats as fast as train and steamer could bear him.

Now, Mr. O'Leary had never seen Nan Brent, although he had heard her discussed in one or two bunk-houses about the time her child had been born. Also, he was a lumberjack, and since lumberjacks never speak to the "main push" unless first spoken to, he did not regard it as at all necessary to bring himself to Hector McKaye's notice. Further, he could see with half an eye that The Laird was waiting for somebody, and when that somebody appeared on the scene, the imp of suspicion in Dirty Dan's character whispered: "Begorra, is the father up to some shenanigans like the son? Who's this girl? I dunno. A young widdier, belike, seein' she has a youngster wit' her."

He saw Nan and The Laird enter into earnest conversation, and, his curiosity mastering him, he ventured to inquire of a roustabout who was loading baggage on a truck who the young lady might be. Upon receiving the desired information, he with difficulty repressed a whistle of amazement and understanding; instantly his active imagination was at work.

The girl was leaving Port Agnew. That was evident. Also, The Laird must have known of this, for he had reached the station before the girl and waited for her. Therefore, he must have had something to do with inducing her to depart. Mr. O'Leary concluded that it was quite within the realm of possibility that The Laird had made it well worth her while to refrain from wrecking the honor of his house, and he watched narrowly to observe whether or not money passed between them.

One thing puzzled Dirty Dan extremely. That was the perfectly frank, friendly manner in which his employer and this outcast woman greeted each other, the earnestness with which they conversed, and the effect of the woman's low-spoken words upon the color of Hector McKaye's face. When The Laird took his leave, the lumberjack noted the increased respect—the emotion, even—with which he parted from her. The lumberjack heard him say, "Good-by, my dear, and good luck to you wherever you go." So it was obvious Nan Brent was not coming back to Port Agnew. Knowing what he knew, Mr. O'Leary decided that, upon the whole, here was good riddance to the McKaye family of rubbish that might prove embarrassing if permitted to remain dumped on the Sawdust Pile.

"Poor gurr!" he reflected, as he followed Nan aboard the train. "She have a sweet face, that she have, God forgive her! An' be th' Rock av Cashel, she have a v'ice like an angel from heaven."

He sat down in a seat behind her and across the aisle, and all the way to Seattle he stared at the back of her neck or the beautifully rounded profile of her cheek. From time to time, he wondered how much Hector McKaye had paid her to disappear out of his son's life.

The following morning, Mr. O'Leary boarded a tourist-sleeper on the Canadian Pacific, and, to his profound amazement, discovered that Nan Brent and her child occupied a section in the same car.

"Begorra, she couldn't have shucked the ould man very deep at that, or 'tis in a standard shleeper an' (Continued on page 105)

A new short story from Limehouse, that strange backwater in the current of human life which Mr. Burke has made known the world over

The Scarlet Shoes

By Thomas Burke

the prose-poet of the London slums, who wrote "Limehouse Nights" and "Twinkletoes"

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

SORROWFUL are the streets of Limehouse by day, crowded with purposeless noise and cold, unfruitful endeavor. But the evening is kind to them, and with the coming of the dark they are set a-tinkling with brilliant girl-laughter, and the moon lends grace to the most forlorn byway.

About these streets and byways walked one time San-li-po, a maiden of the land of water-lilies, whose patched garments of yellow cotton, enriched with cheap embroidery, gave vigor to the flat tones of warehouse walls and hovels. Willowy and dewlike was San-li-po, but seldom did her laughter swell the happy twilight chorus. Not since babyhood had her lips opened in merriment, for there was little in her life to warm her heart to satisfaction.

A waif, born in the Pool on an incoming tramp, and abandoned to the clustering alleys, she had found her first shelter with the wicked Lee Yip, and with him, because she was in a strange land and knew of no other shelter, she had remained these seventeen years. Hard and cheerless was her life with him; nor could the animated streets give her even a reflection of their gladness.

Lee Yip was a man of low mind and empty of all good feeling. All he desired was sufficiency of rice-spirit and onaway, and, despite all his forlorn shifts and subterfuges, never could he fully satisfy that desire. His nights were spent in drinking, his days in petulant consideration of ways and means of procuring the night's indulgence. Dirt and rags were proper to him, and he



Willowy and dewlike was San-li-po, but seldom did her laughter swell the happy twilight chorus

seemed to shed their savor wherever he walked. One room he had, over the Laundry of the Pure White Water-Lily, and in that room lived he and San-li-po. To it he would sometimes bring stranded Chinese seamen of the baser kind, who could not pay the price of the registered lodging-houses, but could give him, in return for his shelter, the few cash that would buy rice-spirit; and San-li-po would crouch unhappily upon her pallet in the corner, and sleep fearfully in this room with four or five drunken seamen.

But it is with one night in winter that we are here concerned—the night when sweet adventure came to this sad room and

stretched radiant hands toward San-li-po. At a late hour on this night, Lee Yip made his accustomed entry to their abode, fumbling and shouldering his way up the stairs, and emitting nasty noises from his mouth. San-li-po, hearing other footsteps yet on the stairs, stood by the table with blank expression, ready to receive the wretched fellows who alone would consort with her guardian.

And—lo!—there entered to her Wing Dee, a youth of fair aspect and seemly demeanor. His hair was heavily oiled. His eyes were reticent. He held himself upright in his canvas jacket and canvas trousers, and when he perceived San-li-po, his round face glowed like a lighted lantern. He did not slouch to a corner, with piglike sounds, as their other guests; he passed compliments to her, inquired if she had eaten her rice, and continued, using a courteous form of phrase above the requirements of the occasion:

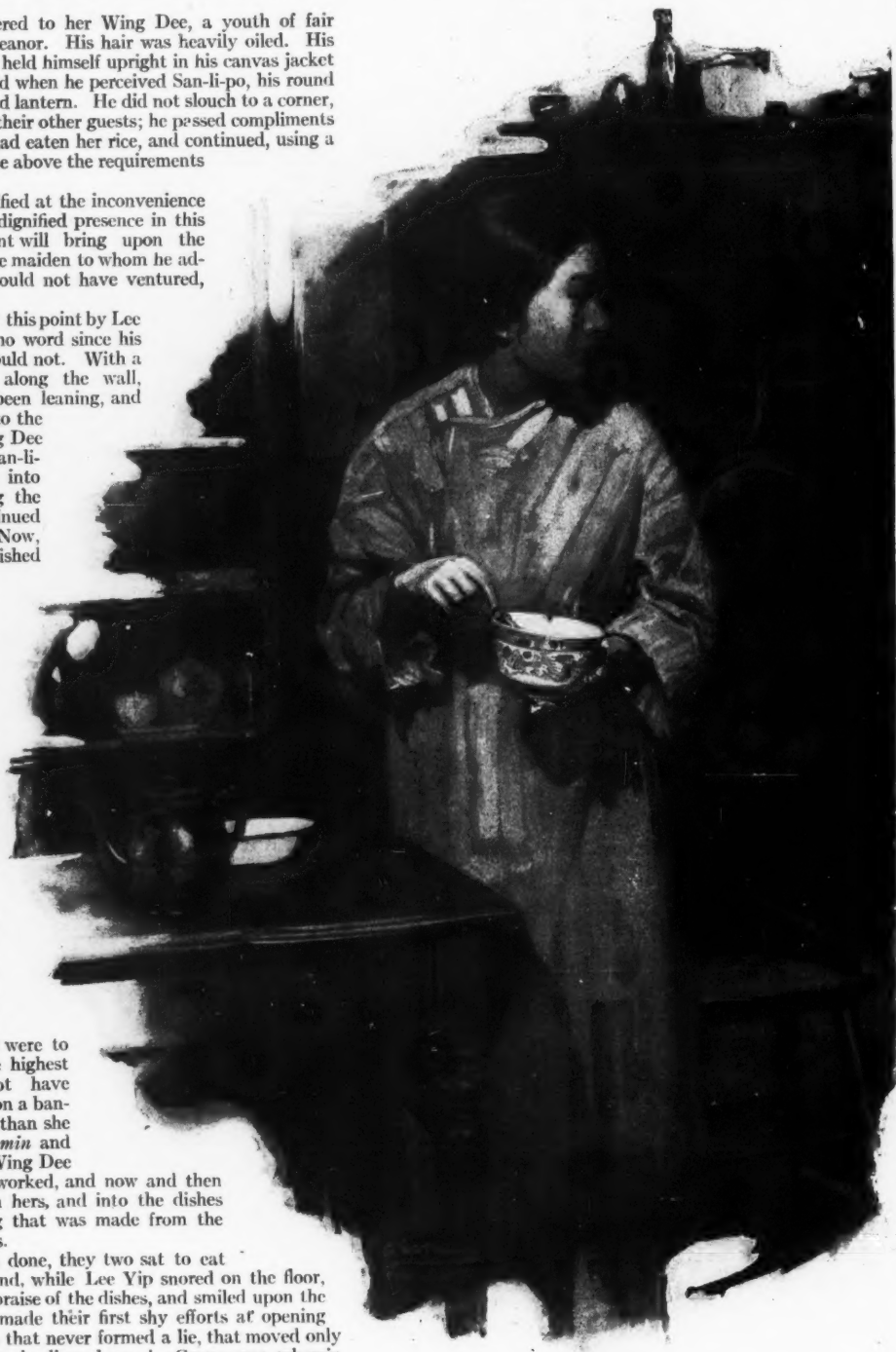
"This person is mortified at the inconvenience which he fears his undignified presence in this truly refined apartment will bring upon the honorable and flowerlike maiden to whom he addresses himself. He would not have ventured, but——"

He was interrupted at this point by Lee Yip, who had spoken no word since his entrance, because he could not. With a gentle sway, he slid along the wall, against which he had been leaning, and fell in an untidy heap to the floor, and slept. Wing Dee looked at him and at San-li-po, and trouble came into his face, then, ignoring the interruption, he continued his courteous address. Now, these were the first polished words which any visitor had addressed to San-li-po, and she shivered with delight as she heard them, while wondering grievously whether the apparently gentle youth was subjecting her to ridicule. But as he continued to speak, she knew that this was not so, and her heart leaped, and she hastened to prepare food for the honorable guest.

With Lee Yip in his drunken sleep, they were virtually alone, this man and this maid, and much joyful service did she give to the making of that poor meal which they were to share; the cook of the highest mandarin could not have pressed more care upon a banquet of forty courses than she on two dishes of *yak-min* and *sam-se*. The eyes of Wing Dee were upon her as she worked, and now and then she caught them with hers, and into the dishes went a sweet flavoring that was made from the mixing of their glances.

When her task was done, they two sat to eat in bashful intimacy, and, while Lee Yip snored on the floor, Wing Dee made neat praise of the dishes, and smiled upon the lips of San-li-po that made their first shy efforts at opening in delight. Sweet lips that never formed a lie, that moved only to gentle syllables and pleading phrases! Grave eyes, wherein nestled meditations pure and kindly! Gracious hands, busy only in service to the beast in the corner! Poor tattered clothes, so thin and worn, yet clothing so aptly that small figure that should have gone in silk and lace! Thoughts of the Great Night Lantern above fair gardens came to Wing Dee as he gazed his fill upon her until she burned and shivered and looked only at the

table, and as he wondered about her and about the room and the pig who had brought him here, and his face became suffused with the divine humility that at once shames and ennoble the youth in the presence of his first maid. She spoke little to him save single timid words in reply to his compliments, but



something more potent than words passed to and fro between them.

After the meal, she pointed to a corner, and to it he retired, and she went to her pallet. Sleep came at once to her, and, with it, gracious adventures with a fair and high-minded youth; but

Wing Dee lay awake through the long night, and the velvet voice of silence murmured from the darkness and spoke beautiful words to him. He thought of his own country—of rivers, of stars, of blossom-time, of a goodly house with many servants, and of San-li-po in costly raiment flitting about it. Then the

morning greetings with Wing Dee and served out a small portion of rice to each of them. When it was eaten, he turned to go. He passed to the mumbling and still bemused Lee Yip the number of coins previously arranged between them as the price of his lodging, and moved to the door. He made a gesture of courtesy toward San-li-po.

"This illiterate person," he said, "is totally without words with which to express his intense gratitude for the refined and elegant entertainment which he has received from his dignified and high-minded friends."

He hesitated at the door. He looked back. And—lo!—San-li-po was staring at him with rigid features and blank eyes. Maiden modesty was no longer in her bearing; her face spoke yearning and regret. She knew nothing of him, nor he of her. He had come to them out of the night. He had looked long upon her, and had spoken fair words to her. But that was all. Whence he came, whither he was going, she knew not; nor could she decently ask of him these questions. His movements were no concern of hers. Doubtless he had spoken courteously and kindly toward her because he was sorry for her situation. Yet, having had this little of him, she was anxious that he should give more.

"Honorable guest going—going away?" she murmured, and stopped with half-open lips, as though about to say more.

Wing Dee caught the restrained fervor of her voice, and rejoiced that she should thus have spoken. So would he have spoken his regret at parting—yet dared not.

"If this insignificant person might come again to-night—" he began, looking at her and at Lee Yip.

Lee Yip nodded his tattered head vigorously.

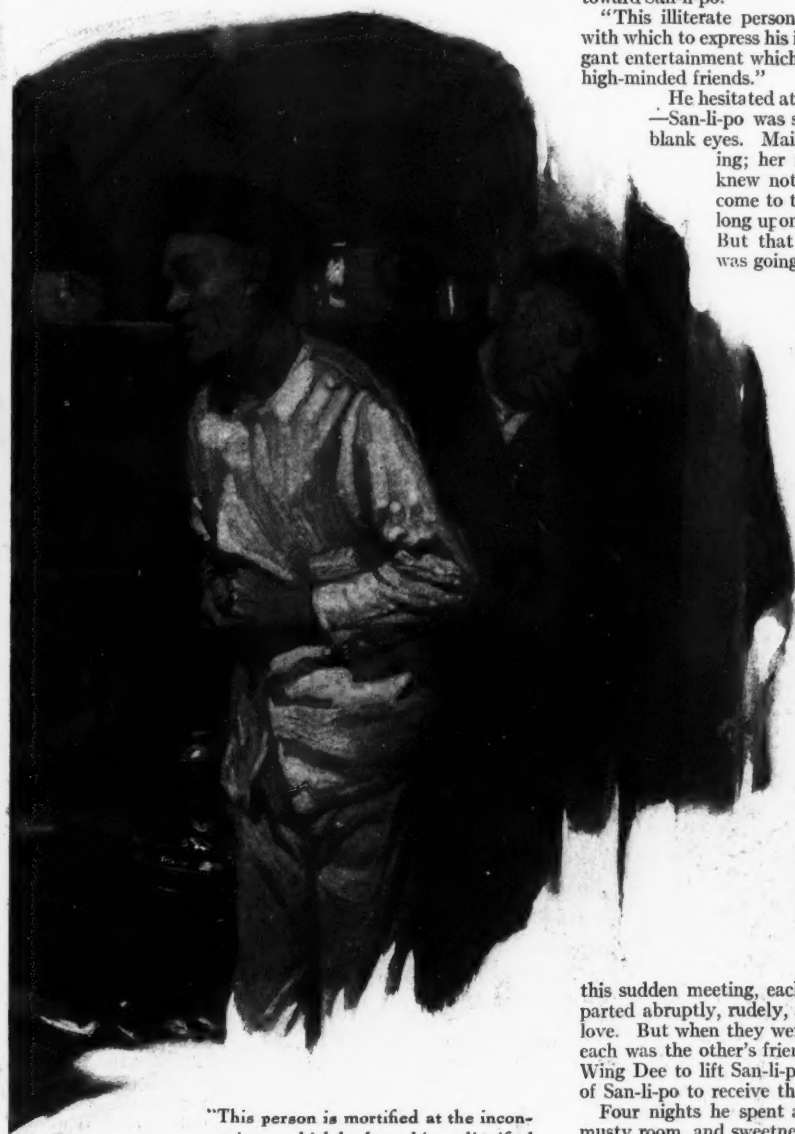
"Come every night," he grunted. "For the few cash which this person charges for his lodging, poor as it is, Wing Dee cannot find better. *Aoi!*"

So he came again that night, and, after leaving the house the following morning, he met San-li-po in the streets. There, at a corner of West India Dock Road, they talked. They told each other their stories. With awkward glances and shy hesitations, with gushes of speech and cold blocks of silence, they exchanged talk for about an hour, each delighting in

this sudden meeting, each fearful of saying too much. They parted abruptly, rudely, as is the way of boy and girl in first love. But when they were gone on their way, they knew that each was the other's friend forever; and great was the desire of Wing Dee to lift San-li-po across his threshold, great the desire of San-li-po to receive the *napi* of Wing Dee.

Four nights he spent as their lodger; and joy illumined that musty room, and sweetness passed in the air and hovered about the table as they sat at rice. All things became beautiful to him. He found delight in the narrow alley where she lived; and its stones were to him more holy than the stones of the temple. The mean life of Chinatown became to him suddenly noble and desirable, for it was the life she knew. His immediate wish was to remove her from the beast in whose charge she was held, but the wish, he knew, was futile. Hatred and loathing seethed in his heart as he thought upon the things that the maid had told him, and he longed again to lay violent fingers upon the wry neck of Lee Yip.

At the end of the week, much thought showed him the way to his desire. He would not rejoin his ship. He would stay in Limehouse and work at any toil, however base, until he had saved enough money to carry them both to his own country. There they would marry, and he would settle on his father's farm and work it for her delight. To this plan he moved, and, after some disappointment and much perseverance, he obtained employment, and employment in the Laundry of the Pure White Water-Lily, above which she lived. By sparse living and a little fortunate gambling, he contrived to gather and hold a few coins; then,



"This person is mortified at the inconvenience which he fears his undignified presence in this truly refined apartment will bring upon the honorable and flowerlike maiden to whom he addresses himself. He would not have ventured, but—"

gray of the morning fell across the colored dream, and he hid it away in his heart. He awoke to the rough room and Lee Yip's beastly noise. He rose from the chill boards and looked out upon the sunless street and its fatigued activity. He looked at the sodden face of Lee Yip and shuddered. Toward the corner where lay San-li-po, his heart forbade him to look, though great was his desire to go to her and place by her pallet goodly gifts of warm silk. But he knew that he had scarce sufficient money to procure food for the space of days that must elapse before the ship that had engaged him left London. Even the poorest offering was beyond him, for a chance game of *pek-bin* had cleared him of the bulk of his wages, and it was in that impoverished and remorseful condition that Lee Yip had found him.

Suddenly, at a movement and a grunt from Lee Yip, San-li-po awoke. Hastily gathering her robe about her, she exchanged

delicate of feeling, he slept no more in her room, but obtained lodging in a neighboring Oriental store, where he might still be near her and, in any mischance, succour her.

Each night, when his work was done, and the fat Lee Yip had gone forth to seek delight in the saloons and beer-houses about the waterside, he would go to San-li-po, and they would spend together some delicious hours.

"O San-li-po, your voice is to me as the bells of the Great Temple, and you are a garden where I gather the most dignified rest and refreshment! Soon, O San-li-po, I shall take you home, to your country that you have never seen, and there by my side you will taste pleasures of which you have never learned!"

"O Wing Dee, lord and master, your words are more intoxicating to me than the most rare perfumes! I am your slave."

As the hour grew late, he would leave her and wait in the West India Dock Road for the home-coming of her drunken protector. When he saw him bringing other drunkards to sleep in that room with his chrysanthemum, he would approach the sailors stealthily, and draw them apart from their staggering guide, and would put it to them whether it were not entirely more desirable that they should spend the night in his clean room without charge than that they should pay valuable coins to the drunken Lee Yip for the privilege of sleeping in the underground den infested with rats and drain-water to which he was conducting them. By his knowledge and use of sailor-signs, he was quickly able to convince them of the evil reputation of Lee Yip. So that this person, arriving at the door leading to his room, would be seized by vague astonishment and sharp anger on finding that the guests who had been following him had melted away, and San-li-po, waiting up-stairs, would be rid of her disquieting tremors and, smiling at her lover's ruse, would sleep tranquilly.

Now, it was not long before Wing Dee possessed sufficient cash to permit him to make his first gift of intentions to San-li-po. After much scrutiny of shop windows, he saw something that was within his means and fitting to the occasion. At a shop near Limehouse Church, his eye was taken by a hot splash of color—a pair of slippers of scarlet silk, made surely for the dainty feet of his maid. Long he looked upon them, while delicious thrills tickled his heart. They were to be the first gift he had ever made to a girl, and they were to symbolize his worship of little San-li-po and set a glowing seal upon their friendship. He looked upon the warm, suave silk that sheathed them, and the little pert bows that embellished them, and saw them upon her feet, peeping from the patched cotton robe, and thought how they would chime with and confirm her olive face and golden eyes. Then, with happy assurance, he entered the shop and ceremoniously paid the price that should secure them. Close to his heart he held

them as he walked home, and they seemed to glow against his breast and lend him warmth.

That evening, when they were alone, he made his offering. He took them from the rough paper in which they were wrapped, and, standing before her, he covered them with kisses and breathed his sweet heart into them. Then, while she trilled delightedly to him, he placed them tenderly upon her feet. Immediately she arose and pirouetted before him, and pattered up and down the bare floor of her home, and could look only from the shoes to her lover and from her lover to the shoes until, at last, she tripped into the half-circle of his arms and he knew that glory had been vouchsafed him. Gladly she came to him, and sweetly danced the hours of that evening round them.

Now vigorously and sturdily he worked in the laundry, urged by the imperious patter of little scarlet feet on the floor above him, tapping out messages of behest and encouragement. The

lamp of his soul, which he had long kept so neatly trimmed, was now lighted by love, and shone through his blunt face for all to see. So life went fairly for them for many days.

Then trouble came. One midnight, as he watched near the poor temple of his lady, Lee Yip approached, and with him were three disheveled water-rats. Lee Yip was drunk, and reeled—turning now and again to beckon his guests to follow him, and reeling at every turn. Swiftly Wing Dee noted the situation, and, as they drew near, he slipped from his hiding-place and crept between host and guests. Turning to the seamen, he muttered a seaman's

greeting, gave them a sign of warning, and hustled them into an alleyway. There he told them, with prodigal embellishment of fact, of the offensive hovel to which Lee Yip was taking them, and made them his accustomed offer of free accommodation in his own room. Some interchange of talk convinced the seamen that the offer was of fair intent, and that Wing Dee was one topside good fella chap, and the four went from the alley by the farther outlet. But Lee Yip, drunk as he was, retained yet some control of his faculties. Too often lately had evil spirits, hovering in the middle air, swooped down and removed from his custody likely guests from whom good measures of rice-spirit might have been

obtained; and when he discovered that this evening's company had also vanished, he felt that the time had come to turn his mind upon the matter. Calling upon his ancestors, he slithered across the road, looked at the doors about him and found them shut, and up and down the street and found it empty. He came to the mouth of the alley and looked down it, and he was there in time to see four dim figures disappearing at the other end. Toward them he shuffled in an angular run, and came stealthily to them. With well-nigh insufferable indignation, he recognized his guests, and heard the voice of Wing

Dee conversing affably with them on the base reputation and horrid iniquities of himself, Lee Yip.

In a state of amazement and disgust, he retired abruptly to the shelter of the alley and crouched against the wall. The



"What more is in your black heart I know not, but never shall it come out to injure me. *Hi-yah!*" Ere she could utter one word or cry, he fell upon her

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Then, while she trilled delightedly to him, he placed them tenderly upon her feet

sudden shock of this discovery drove the drink swiftly from his brain and left his faculties clear, though its poison still turned and crawled in his blood. He reviewed the situation in detail. He saw himself outraged, scoffed at, reviled behind his back by this pig of a seaman who had eaten of his rice. Seeking a motive, he suddenly remembered San-li-po, and here he saw clearly things that his bemused mind had noted without fully perceiving their import. He began to remember certain looks that had passed between San-li-po and Wing Dee in his room at evening.

He began to remember that the meals that San-li-po had cooked when the youth was present were more sumptuous and more daintily served.

And now two streams of anger broke from his breast and surged through him—one against the youth; the other, the greater, against the outcast waif, San-li-po, who had thus basely deceived him by accepting the advances of this pig who sought to rob him of his means of life. Hot was his rage against the base and treacherous thing that had subsisted on his charity these many years,

when no other would help her, and now had turned against him. He could not conjecture why these two should wish to do him harm; he only saw himself as the victim of their malicious hearts, and sorely upbraided himself for showing kindness to a woman.

Then the two streams of anger united and became one, and in their murky waters a dreadful dark thing began to grow. He faced the way that Wing Dee had gone and made cruel signs with his hand, and his mouth bristled with vile words, and his brain fed on the dark thing and gave back sustenance to it. By the time he reached his door, the thing had grown until it had full possession of him, and he stumbled up the stairs to work his wrath upon the corrupt deceiver whom he had so long harbored in his home, and, through her, upon the guest who had abused his roof.

When he entered, San-li-po was sitting on the floor, and from her tousled skirt peeped the little scarlet shoes which were tapping the floor to some secret tune of glee. His dull eye sharply noted them, for she had not yet worn them in his presence, and he guessed whence they came, and the flood of his anger threatened to break its gates. He controlled himself. With deliberate thickness of speech and with heavy countenance, he approached her.

"O San-li-po, there is one asking for you. He desires to speak at once with you. It is the young guest who lately visited our dwelling. He is at the tea-house of Ho Foo in some distress. There was a base and undignified disturbance at the Blue Lantern, and he lies wounded. I think his mind wanders and he speaks from the middle air, for he spoke much of you and requested me to bring you to him."

Sore alarm rose to the quiet eyes of San-li-po at these words, and Lee Yip noted it, and knew then that she was indeed in conspiracy with that person against him. She moved quickly to a peg where hung a loose covering-robe. This she wrapped about her, and they went out to the dark streets and into the flowing hum of London's silence. Through road and alley they went, he lumbering in his broken British boots, she in the scarlet shoes. They passed from the Causeway to Narrow Street, and so under many arches that held uncomfortable noises.

"Did I mistake, O Lee Yip? I thought you spoke of the tea-house of Ho Foo, which is in—"

Lee Yip replied with a snarl and a grunt, and, lest she offend him at this time when her presence was so much desired by another, she kept silence and followed him. Down a sloping lane of coal-dust he led her, till, at a sudden turn, they faced the broad, rough river. Then he turned upon her.

"O San-li-po, creature of corruption and deceit! O venomous snake! O female dog of the city! O pig of behavior! Your insufferable conspiracy against the one who has fed you and clothed you is known to me. The nature of your relations with the detestable and evil-minded Wing Dee is known to me. It is for some purpose which you know that he takes from me my evening guests, my only means of living. It is because of you that he has taken to labor in the clothes-cleansing business below our apartment. What more is in your black heart I know not, but never shall it come out to injure me. *Hi-yah!*"

Ere she could utter one word or cry, he fell upon her. With his curling hands he worked for some minutes what beastliness he would upon her. Then he took her by the throat, tore from her her garments, lifted her from the ground, and dropped her from the wharf to the full surging river, and the waters closed upon her.

Next morning, as Wing Dee plunged a mass of clothes into the boiling caldron and worked vigorously upon them, he listened for his morning greeting—the patter of little shoes upon the floor above—and was disappointed that he did not hear it. He continued his work with quickened ears, awaiting it, but throughout the morning no sound came from that upper room. He was disturbed, and at midday he went up-stairs to see. Neither Lee Yip nor San-li-po was there. He came down with shaded brow. In the evening, he went again to the room. It was still vacant. He inquired of people about the street for San-li-po, but none could answer him. He sought the saloons of the quarter for Lee Yip, but found him not, nor had any seen him or had word of him. When shops, tea-houses, and saloons all were closed, he returned to his room in a spirit of no-tranquillity. There he bowed before the joss, and lit a joss-stick, and burned prayer-papers; but no comfort came to him.

Empty of hope, too, was the next day. There was no sign or sound of San-li-po, and as he worked in the laundry with languid arms, his mind moved upon their happy times together. Again he went to the room, and found it still deserted, and, though he sought, he found no poor robe of hers or the scarlet shoes. She was gone, fully dressed. Now grief and dismay entered his heart and settled there; and in the evening he went to his room

and stood against its wall, empty of purpose and with no appetite for sleep. His mind wandered, and, as it wandered about their love, he remembered how, when he had presented his gift of intentions, the scarlet shoes, he had bestowed his kisses upon them and breathed into them, that they should be forever part of him, and that San-li-po should ever have something of him about her. And remembering this, he called softly upon them:

"O little scarlet shoes that I placed upon the feet of the willowy and dewlike San-li-po, if you are with her, bring her to me. Little shoes, you are part of me, for I left myself inside you when I gave you to her. Come to me, O little scarlet shoes! Carry her to me or bring me news of her."

And he bowed his head to the wall, and stood thus, while the hours crept across the face of the night. Suddenly, when the mid-hour had newly passed, he seemed to hear, through the enveloping quiet, a gentle clatter as of little feet on the pavement. With leaping heart, he looked from his window. The street was dark and void of any human figure, and no sound came up from its shadow. He turned away, and his arms dropped in dolor. But again he heard it, and this time it was a distinct sound of feet on the stair. He stood still and tense, listening. The sound drew nearer, and now pattered outside his door—it seemed to him—impudently, pleadingly.

With vague tremblings in his breast, he stole softly to the door, stretched a hesitating hand to the fastening, unlatched it, and looked out. The tiny landing was empty. His hand groped at the darkness and touched nothing, and he knew that he was deceived again. But as he moved to close the door, the silence of the stairway was shattered by a peremptory stamp of little feet on the landing. He bent close to the floor and saw nothing, but very clearly he heard the steps beating out their morning message.

Crushing down the hope that grew within him, he went into his room, saluted the joss, called upon his ancestors, and returned to the doorway. Down the stairs ran the sharp tattoo of shoes. At the bottom, they stopped. Slowly he followed them and opened the lower door. As he stepped into the street, he heard them tapping the pavement that led to West India Dock Road, and knew that this time he was not deceived; and now, in full faith, he committed himself to their direction and followed them, caring not whither they led him, confident that they would lead him to San-li-po. Across the road they went toward the Causeway, and above the sirens and the clamor of the dock-trains, his ears picked out their chattering guidance.

Clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter, they tripped before him. Lightly they kissed the pavement of that Causeway upon whose face so many brute feet had stamped and stumbled; and the pavement was responsive to their timid touch and whispered to them. And so they moved before him into Narrow Street, and from Narrow Street to a sloping lane of coal-dust, where he found himself on a wharf facing the river, and thence along a dark landing-stage. The sky was clouded; few stars were visible, and the river lacked even that dull luster thrown up at night by large waters. Groping his way, he followed the steps to a narrow ledge. Here they ceased, and he halted in uncertainty. For some seconds he stood, peering into woolly darkness, listening intently for the sound of shoes. Then he took a step forward.

And so Wing Dee came to San-li-po. The tide was at flood, and the waters rushed to receive him as he fell. They sucked him down, and beat over him, and washed him to midstream, and there they came together.

Next morning, there was trouble in the shop of a second-hand wardrobe dealer of Poplar.

"Hi," cried his wife, "what about them Chinese shoes you brought 'ome the other night, what you bought orf the Chink? 'Ow much d'you give for 'em?"

"One-and-six. What about it?"

"What about it? Why, they ain't worth tuppence. They're all worn out and fit fer nothing."

"Worn out be blowed! Why, they're as good as new. They ain't bin worn more'n once. I reckon I know me own job."

"And I reckon I know what I see. The soles is worn right through, and they're smothered all over in mud. Come an' 'ave a look."

Husband came and had a look.

"Well, I'm damned!"

"Huh! Good as new, eh? That's the kind o' thing you buy after a night at yer precious Blue Lantern."

"Well, I could 'a sworn—"

"Grrr!"

And the scarlet shoes that brought two lovers together still make domestic discord in Poplar.



Such natures as Olive's blindly seek color, action, variety, not knowing exactly what it is they are seeking, not knowing exactly what it is they want

The Other Man

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

THEY were once close friends, but there came an evil period when they were bitter enemies. The reason was crudely simple: Gaines fell in love with Hammil's wife. Then Fate tightened the situation into a malignant crux, such as only Fate could devise.

Fate had already played a hand in bringing the three together in the singular, crowded isolation of Manila. There is something morally disintegrating about the tropics. That has been said before—because it is true. Olive Hammil had come out to Manila to be with her husband during his few weeks in that port—one of those hectic jumps which largely make up the lives of navy women.

She arrived in the swift evanescent splendor of a tropic sunset. The sun, like a huge plummet of fire, had plunged into the sea behind. For a brief moment, everything looked like fairy-land—pink radiance suffusing the eastern heavens, and touching the waves, the canvas of sailboats, the fleet of ships and steamers, and the flat-stretching roofs of the town with a faint sweet flush.

Then, abruptly, the magic afterglow was gone. The stretch of shore, the gleams of stucco peering down like coquettish women

from a thick veil of greenery, the uplifting white spires of churches, the tall, velvet-robed, mist-crowned mountains—all were gulped, as it were, into the jaws of night. Then a twinkle of incandescents from the Luneta, the city's promenade, and faint strains of band-music wafting out on the gentle monsoon. A white eye far back on Corregidor blinking farewell to day and a warning to sailors. Torches of native boatmen sparkling near the shore, and stars of red, white, and green betokening bigger ships.

Olive thrilled to it all as, on deck, she awaited the launch which would bring her husband. Yet, even as she thrilled, she caught herself up and laughed. She knew something of the squalor this exotic show concealed. It made a pull at you simply because it was exotic—different. But the alluring promise didn't go deep. As soon as you found it out, you could be bored here as well as anywhere else. Perhaps more bored—because here it was harder to run away. She was anticipating that bugaboo, boredom, you see, even when she received her husband's welcoming kiss. Although she was sincerely glad to see him—she was always glad till they began getting on each other's nerves. As to Hammil's

gladness, there can be no doubt; he was genuinely in love with his disquietingly temperamental wife.

At the low-roofed, piping-hot custom-house on the quay, while he busied himself with her trunks, Olive stood listlessly watching the dismal, heterogenous scene—promiscuous piles of machinery, shaggy goats nosing about for stray largess of crude sugar, piled-up bundles of hemp, natives with their bare brown skin glistening in the murky light, and, in striking contrast to the scurrying, haggling passengers, lethargic officials who resented being roused from their chess-games or comfortable rocking-chairs merely to upset some newcomers' baggage.

At last, Olive saw her husband coming toward her.

"Here's Bayard Gaines, Olive—you remember Bide, don't you?"

Beyond her husband, Olive saw a tall, slender figure in a white uniform; even in that dim light, his uncovered head caught gleams of gold, and his eyes met hers with the quick, eager smile of a boy. Yes, Olive said; she remembered Bide.

They shook hands, and Hammil went on:

"You can't imagine what it's meant to me—running into Bide after these centuries. He'll be a godsend to you, too, in this hole—keep you cheered up."

Bide obligingly entered upon his cheering-up rôle that very night, dining with the Hammils in the place that deemed itself a cosmopolitan hotel. The three sat under a swinging punka in the steaming heat, eating greasy, undercooked food from dishes which invited a stealthy napkin, and toying with the mist-rimmed glasses brought by a soft-footed, slant-eyed boy.

Then they adjourned to the gallery overhanging the river—Manila's inevitable gallery. Bide would have said good-night, but both the Hammils urged him to stay a while. So the three of them sat in the oppressive, mosquito-haunted gloom, looking down on the Pasig at their feet, listening to the large, uneasy hush of the tropical night, and idly talking.

That is, Olive and Bide talked. For the most part, Hammil lay back in his chair, characteristically relaxed and un-stirring.

Once his wife brought him, for a second, to life.

"Ugh, these mosquitoes! Do they ever stop their whining? And see that thing up there on the ceiling!" She pointed up toward an enormous lizard.

"Oh, that's nothing," assured Bide. "Wait till some of his brothers start singing a lullaby from their cozy little homes in the shrubbery. You must acclimate yourself to the pets of Manila. Lizards, ants, six-inch spiders, a pugilistic rooster to carry about under your arm, and rats. Especially rats. Or, if you get tired of 'em, a big snake installed up in the roof to eat up the dears."

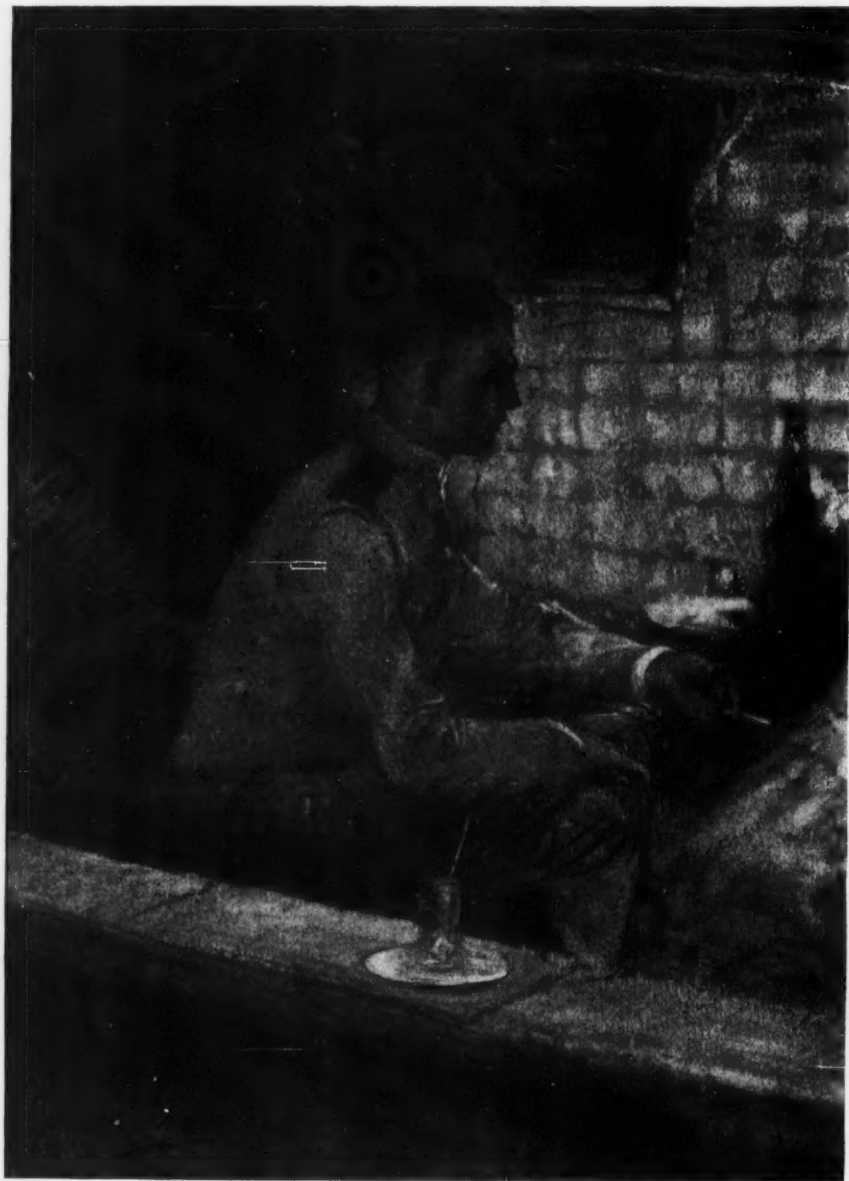
Instinctively, Olive drew in her feet; she looked accusingly at her husband.

"Why did you let me come? How can you stand such a place?"

Hammil shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly.

"I think you know why I'm here."

"I suppose you're still dreaming of your beautiful slums," she retorted.



"I don't like this whispering kind of darkness," Olive
"It's sort of alluring in a

"Well, as for beauty, it seems to me the slums balance up fairly well."

For a moment, Bide felt vaguely uncomfortable. But already the faintly ironical smile had faded from Hammil's lips. He lay back there in his chair, impassively smoking, his chin dropped on his chest, looking quietly out at the night. Olive had turned to Bide. The porch-lamp, with fitful gleams and shadows, it seemed, touched the languorous eyes and restless hands of the woman, the fair hair and eager face of the man, with a sort of furtive caress.

"I don't like this whispering kind of darkness," Olive was saying; "it makes me uncomfortable, uneasy."

"It's sort of alluring in a way, though," said Bide.

"Perhaps." She swept a white hand over her dusky cloud of hair. "But I admit I like light—plenty of a safe, comfortable kind of light. Soft light through rose-silk shades, and the blaze from a wood fire with the smell of smoke, and bright streets at night, like those in New York—that kind of light." She spoke

respect moods. They're a sort of divine providence against monotony. Yet, I suppose, the happiest people are those who are always dominated by one mood."

Olive looked away from him—far away.

"I wonder what it is that makes most of us really happiest," she murmured.

"Just existing," replied Bide promptly. "You simply can't overrate mere existence. Take to-day and what to-day offers—that's my policy. No temptation to me to rush out into the world's market-place and compete with a million other beggars, or to break my head against a wall for my 'isms.' Now, take old John there—he's a conscientious duffer, and a brick to boot, but where will his sewed-up, blazing aspirations get him? If he works himself to death, will he, in the end, be any the happier for it?"

Here Hammil, who had seemed to be hardly listening, put in a mild word.

"Do I appear to be working myself to death? Or give any evidence of sewed-up, blazing aspirations—as you put it?"

"Well, you used to have 'em." And Bide turned, as if hopeful of luring his friend into one of the old controversies.

But Hammil smoked on placidly.

"Maybe I've operated on 'em—cut 'em out," he said.

"By jingoes, I believe you have!" Bide spoke almost ruefully, regretting not so much the change itself in Hammil as the loss of an amiable beligerent. "Nevertheless, I contend," he went on, "that a man's unhappiest when he lets some higher call drive him. It's just a form of conceit. Folks who try to force things in any way make a mistake. Now, I once knew a fellow—nice old bird, too—he looked something like a surgeon. He had a theory that every living creature has a right to

live without ills or pains—thought it his individual duty to try and improve the eternal plan to this end."

Bide paused and once more looked hopefully at Hammil. But the surgeon sat there inert in the shadow, vouchsafing only a quiet smile. There was something almost too aloof in his attitude. It was, Bide thought, as if he had, in truth, operated on those fiery convictions of old, and as if he had separated himself from all the minor complexities as well as from the soaring ambitions of life. He wondered what had brought about this change. He was wondering when, after a slight pause, he added,

"But even my friend, the surgeon, seems to have seen the light."

Olive shot a quick glance at her husband, but all she said was:

"Exactly what is the light?"

"What have I been telling you? Just going about the world,



was saying: "it makes me uncomfortable, uneasy." way, though," said Bide

as earnestly as though it were such "safe" things as these she really craved. But hardly had she spoken before, with a meditative air, she amended: "Not that I don't sometimes get tired of that sort of thing, of course. Sometimes one hardly knows what one does want."

"I'm afraid you're a lady of moods."

"Well—and what if I am?" she defended. "Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" And Bide laughed lightly.

Her eyes brimmed with reproach, as though he had said something unkind. But she didn't answer at once, just looked away. She made a very pretty picture—fragile and soft.

"Well, I'm used to being laughed at," she said gently, at last.

"Heavens! I'm not laughing at you," protested Bide. "I

being friendly but never worrying, doing what the day brings to do."

"But there are always people dictating to us what we must do."

"In a way, yes," he admitted. "For instance, I have to go with the Osceola to Midi and where-not, when I get the orders. But that's just one detail. Meanwhile, I have my freedom as an individual."

"Yet no one *can* be an absolutely free agent"—with a shade of petulance. "People—"

"Oh, you're thinking of that boggy, Public Opinion! Well, that's one good thing about our life—and this kind of place. The people we come in contact with—the 'on-the-move' sort—aren't so minutely concerned as they are in 'sit-at-home' communities."

Then the two began to talk on that tack—just how much our little human games of convention help or hamper living. Probably Bide didn't mean half of what he professed—he usually didn't—and Olive admitted she didn't know what she truly believed, anyhow. However, she seemed to enjoy this hit-or-miss probing. It was pretty late before she remembered she was fatigued from her long trip; Bide was speedily proving his gifts for "cheering up."

There is a popular concept to the effect that when a man and a woman begin talking about Life with a capital L, even though superficially and to no special point, there is a germ of danger abroad. But Hammil didn't seem concerned. After all, why should he be? Bide was an unconscionable talker as well as an unconscionable gallant, but he was no philanderer; besides, he was Hammil's best friend. And Olive, though an absurd little goose in some ways and not disposed to shun masculine attentions, was as straight as a die; besides, she was his wife. Moreover, Hammil, who had once been ready to engage his loquacious friend for hours at a stretch, now seemed too inert even to talk.

Perhaps he was glad his wife was there to take his place with Bide, as well as being glad Bide was there to amuse his wife.

At any rate, when the two arranged to go sightseeing together next morning, Hammil appeared pleased to hear of the engagement.

II

At that time, something had already gone wrong with the Hammils' marriage. Nothing appreciable from the outside, nothing that would give rise to gossip—just a gradual perception of diverse ideals, mutual reservations and withdrawals, outwardly agreeable but inwardly a sense of strain.

There had been a love-match, the courtship romantically brief. Olive was a slim girl, with a cloud of dark hair, and eyes the color of a lake when the sun shines on it. She didn't smile often, but it wasn't so much because she was grave as because it was not her nature to smile. Highly volatile natures sometimes mask themselves under a seeming repose.

It is characteristic of highly volatile natures, too, though adventurous, to be unconscious and even unwitting in their pursuit of adventure. Such natures as Olive's blindly seek color, action, variety, not knowing exactly what it is they are seeking, not knowing exactly what it is they want.

Certainly, Olive Hammil would have been amazed, indignant, had any one accused her of marrying John Hammil out of a spirit of adventure. Yet life with a young surgeon recently out of the naval college did offer romantic possibilities. Vague pictures of distant, dazzling ports—exotic places, exotic people, exotic experiences. And, against this hazily fascinating background, the more vivid allurements of gallant gold-braided uniforms, dancing to the music of the ship's band, and brilliant dinner-parties in the ward-room.

Olive was only nineteen when she first met John Hammil in a propitious setting. He was in dress uniform. He was not handsome, but even at twenty-four he had a certain look of distinction. He was big, compactly built, with quiet eyes and no gift for small talk. Perhaps it was this last trait, as well as the fact he danced very badly, that helped attract Olive to him. This might seem strange, for Olive was fond of dancing, and she enjoyed compliments from men. Yet perhaps it was not so strange—there is a thrill in the conquest of a reserved man. Nor was there any doubt about the conquest. They were married within a month of meeting.

Naturally, Bayard Gaines was best man at the wedding. The two men had been comrades since their first days at Annapolis, the curiously close comradeship differentiated types sometimes achieve. It is significant of their different personalities that John Hammil was never even by his intimates called "Jack"

or "Ham," while Bayard Gaines was promiscuously addressed as "Bide." Yet they were pals. And this although they were enrolled in separate branches of the service, Bide being a prospective line-officer—an inevitable breach in the navy which is seldom completely bridged—and although their views did not agree on any point—for they argued interminably about science, religion, love, the code of life. Especially about the code of life.

Once they fell on the hypothetical subject of a man's duty if it came into his power to save the life of his bitterest enemy. Suppose the enemy were drowning in a river?

"Of course I'd jump in and get him," said Hammil. "A man has no alternative when it's a question of saving life. All personal motives become automatically non-existent."

"I agree with you on the first point," said Bide, "but not on the second. Here's a case of eating your cake and having it, too."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I'd save him all right; but I'd hate him worse than ever—and he'd hate me worse than ever, and he'd know he owed his life to me."

Bide laughed, but Hammil shook his head.

"In that case, you'd do better not to save him at all. Preserving life should be entirely dissociated from personal emotion."

"No; I reserve my right to feel, thank you," said Bide.

"But you're wrong—"

And they went on arguing, Hammil patiently and Bide enthusiastically. As a matter of fact, they were both wrong; but this they were not to find out till, years later, Fate got them in her vise in the Pacific seas.

It was logical, you see, for Bide to be Hammil's best man, and it was important, so Hammil thought, that his bride and his comrade friend should like each other. And this last came to pass naturally enough—men found it easy to be charmed with Olive, and women found it easy to be charmed with Bide. As long as you cared to play with him, he would light-heartedly play with you; he gave the effect of having nothing else to do. Olive remembered him as the life of the wedding-party; then she didn't see him for seven years. The hand of the department picked him up to set him down on the Pacific Station, and, like a flash of golden youth, he vanished over the purple rim of the world.

Olive had almost forgotten him, save as a name, when she now found him fraternally reunited with her husband, from whom she had already drifted too far apart.

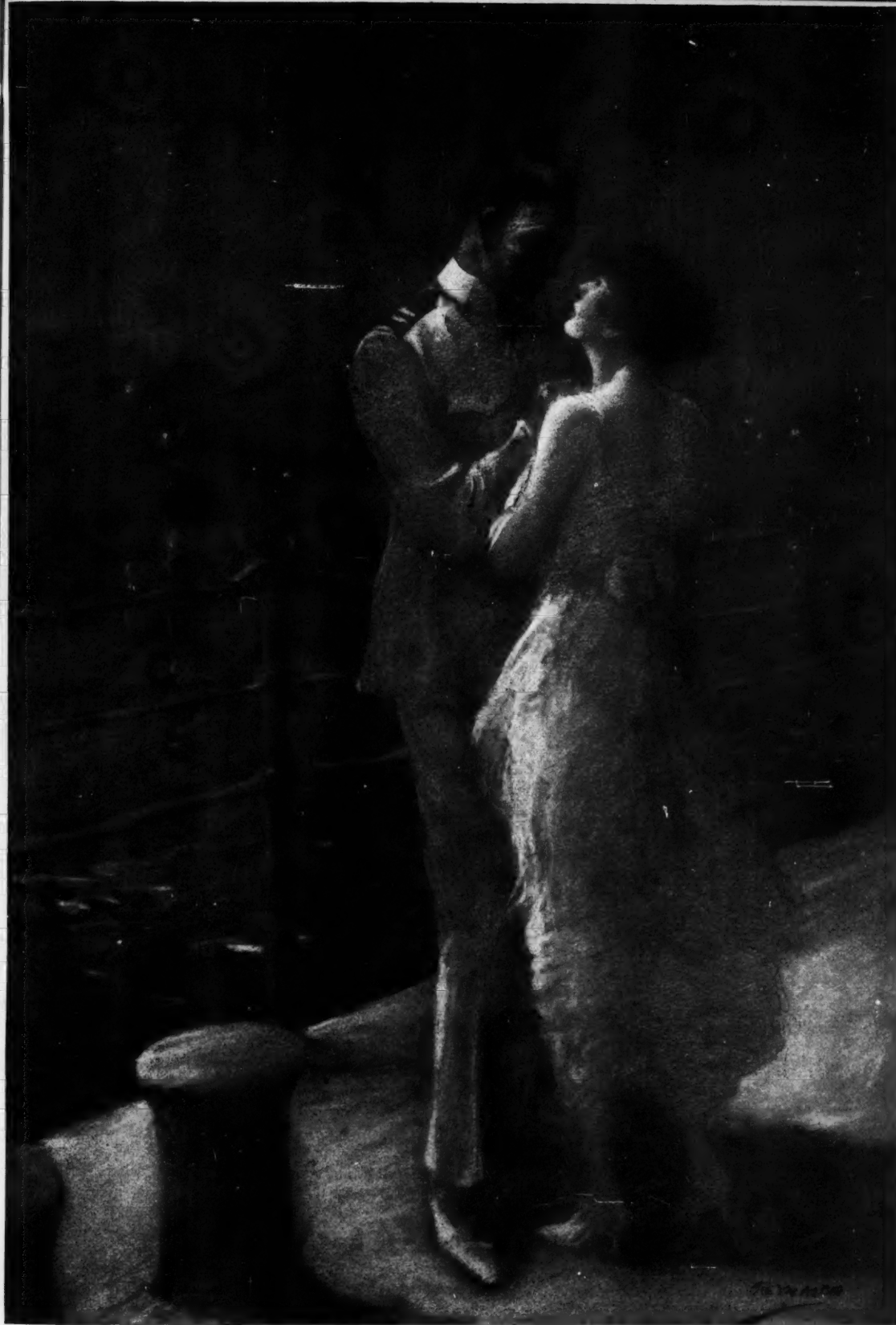
It had begun, as nearly as one can trace down a beginning in such affairs, some two of three years after they were married. Hammil had wanted to get out of the navy, out of its comparatively restricted latitude. He was a particularly able young surgeon. And coupled with his ability was a passionate ideal of service; he ached to help aright maimed, deformed lives, where maimed, deformed lives are at their thickest. It was as though some crowded, ill-smelling slum were calling him like a lover. Money had nothing to do with it, for Hammil was independently well-off. No; he regarded those trained, skilful hands of his as an instrument he was responsible for, if not to God—for Hammil wasn't especially religious—at least to God's creatures.

It was rather ironical that, by the time he began to realize this coherently, he should find himself in the somewhat narrow berth of a navy doctor. But he didn't give up his dreams; some day he would get out.

By the time he was ready to get out, however, he had acquired a wife, and a wife complicates decisions. Olive did not understand this panting desire for city clinics. She had heard something of the "dog's life" of a successful metropolitan practitioner. Of course, if he'd put his gifts to a reasonable use, his scheme might not be so bad; but by this time she knew her husband well enough to surmise a fashionable practise would never content him. No; he would choose the dog's life. And then where would she be? Might almost as well not have a husband at all. You may argue that a navy woman has long husbandless stretches, anyway; but, you see, there's a big difference between being able to flit hither and thither over the world and being tied down to one humdrum spot. Olive was still experimenting with the flittings.

Well, the ultimate result was that Hammil stayed in the navy. He assumed no martyr's rôle, but viewed his undesired environment with a clear, patient fixity, as though he had exchanged his fervent expectations for an aspiration to become reconciled with this monotonous placidity. Perhaps it was his hope that, some day, Fate would yet bring him an experience to act on his existence, but Fate seemed to have forgotten him—save to turn her back.

Even when his baby died, he was not there. God knows how often he said to himself, "If I'd been there, I could have done



As he watched, the two white figures had melted into one: the taller head had gone down to meet the other.
Olive and Bide! The woman he loved, honored—and the man for whom his heart was softest!

something—I know I could have done something!” But his competent, tortuously idle hands had been two thousand miles away. Even less competent hands, which might have sufficed to save the little life, were absent. Olive had taken the child up to her aunt’s in New Hampshire, and she had left him there while she went away to a house-party one week-end. There was a highly specialized nurse besides the aunt, and two or three female cousins; Olive had no real cause for self-reproach. Little Jack, a toddling two-year-old, strayed out into the roadway and into the path of an automobile. Nothing to do but recall Olive from her house-party and to cable across the miles to the father.

Hammil didn’t censure Olive for being away; anyway, she would have been but one more weeping, helpless female. But, sometimes, an unacknowledged feeling turns on us from within and, secretly pricking us, goads us to thicken the veneer of non-acknowledgment.

Thus, though a child’s death frequently brings the parents closer together, the Hammils were subtly yet further estranged. Had the baby lived, he might have served his purpose better, for children force parents to one inevitable meeting-ground. But Jack was dead, and there were no more children.

Hammil continued to fill up his time, if not his energy, with the routine prescribed by the department, while Olive skimmed over the world and back to meet him at various points, always telling herself that contentment surely lay just round the corner. Exactly what contentment was she never stayed still long enough to analyze. She never stayed still long enough to find out whether, if she did stay still, contentment might catch up with her. Olive was no good at waiting. And she was still in pursuit of something as elusive as it was undefined when, seven years after their marriage, she passed the rim of the civilized world and crossed eight thousand miles of sleek azure sea to meet, in the dead-hot, splendor-squalor of a tropic island, her husband—and what else?

III

THERE is not a diversity of amusements in Manila, especially in May and June. A monotonous succession of white, blistering days and of black, steaming nights is apt to throw temperate people off their poise. Even habituated whites adopt a sort of laziness as second nature—a lassitude which often spreads from the need for sleep after tiffin to a let-down more than physical.

Nothing is real but vacuous, vaporous hours, dingy walls, and weedy moats, and ponderous drawbridges suggesting an uneasy past, or mucky, conglomerate shops and greasy banana fritters at meal-time to signalize the fantastic present; gloomy buttresses, new stucco, whispering-galleries and rickety basket hovels; vegetation and flooded rice fields; lizards, rats, and roosters; punkas, mosquito-netting, and hard, cane-strung beds; translucent shell for window-panes and cloth walls instead of plaster, bespeaking typhoons and earthquakes fearfully imminent; everlasting torch-light religious processions, and everlasting band-concerts in the Luneta; the Chinese barbers plying their trade in the streets, swarms of queer human mongrels with slant eyes, flat noses, and Spanish accents, and scattering oases of whites that don’t much matter.

For, as Bide had intimated, one advantage—or disadvantage, just as you regard it—of a fluctuating white population is that it doesn’t make for a stable Public Opinion. Given a long stretch of heat, the peculiar idleness it imposes, and just a sprinkling of whites—especially if these are from that class “on the go”—something is likely to happen even to temperate humans.

And Olive Hammil was not markedly temperate to begin with.

One day, Bide took her in a launch to see the wonders inland up the Pasig. They passed the brightly pretentious villas of the suburbs, passed the ragged fringe of outlying huts, passed the inundated flats of rice fields; on beyond the last scattering vestiges of human hands, civilized or barbaric, on up to where—and a singularly short distance away, it seemed—the face of nature fairly explodes in unrestrained and spectacular beauty.

They exclaimed over it all, ate their lunch, exclaimed some more, and then faced the launch down-stream again.

On the way up, both of them had been gay and talkative, almost like irresponsible children on a picnic. But, during the homeward trip, conversation became more spasmodic. Bide seemed more and more intent on his business of steering; while Olive sat watching him—a short-sleeved, bronze-armed, glinting-haired young god—else gazed at the magnificent tangle of scenery. Once she stirred and sighed. Bide looked up.

“What are you thinking about?”

“Oh, nothing much. It’s all so like a dream.” She pointed

toward the bank. “And these past weeks seem like a dream. Hard to realize that, one of these days, I’ll wake up and find myself in the old round of bridge and servant troubles and buying fall clothes.”

There was a pause before Bide spoke.

“Don’t you want to—wake up?”

“Oh, yes, of course! But—oh, I don’t know. I think I told you once I sometimes think I don’t know what I do want.”

Another silence before, slowly, he asked:

“But you’re happy, aren’t you? Most people would think your lot an easy, pleasant one.”

“I suppose it is.” But she made a little impatient gesture.

He went on,

“You have beauty, admiration, leisure—and a brick of a husband.”

“Yes; I know I’m lucky.”

Again a silence. It was Olive who finally broke it.

“There’s no excuse for me, but—why is it I lose interest in everything as soon as I secure it—things that promise to be interesting and satisfying? I get angry with myself for being bored—but I do get bored.”

He was quiet at that, waiting to light a cigarette before he answered. Olive watched the spirals of smoke winding blue in the clear air.

“I think,” he said, at last, “that it’s because you’ve never really lost yourself in any of these things. Nothing has really touched you. Perhaps you ought to be thankful for that, but—”

He broke off and bent as if to examine something in the boat’s steering-gear.

Olive should have let the subject drop there, of course; but what woman—especially an Olive Hammil—would have done that?

“How do you mean—nothing has touched me?” she asked.

Bide straightened, hesitated, then drew a deep breath.

“Why, just that,” he replied somewhat lamely.

Olive gave a little forced laugh.

“Isn’t that a rather ridiculous thing to say to me? I’m not very old—twenty-six—but I’ve loved and married, had a baby, and lost him cruelly—” Her voice ended in a little catch.

“Yes, I know,” said Bide, still speaking slowly as if carefully choosing his words. “But it isn’t just a matter of having a full measure of experience. Now, take the matter of love, for instance. Everybody”—speaking with a fine generality as if that would make the topic excusable and safe—“everybody talks about love. And everybody experiences it—more or less. But not one person in a thousand feels it to its depths. And maybe that’s a good thing, for, if everybody did, the world would be rocked to pieces. So maybe it’s just as well—”

“Oh, there’s the sunset-guns in the bay!” Olive broke in suddenly. “We’re closer into town than I thought.”

“Yes; we’re almost in. Isn’t it marvelous how sound carries at this hour of day?”

He spoke the trite comment in a calm, ordinary enough tone. But the still air seemed to echo uneasily with some intangible vibration—a vibrant stirring that mingled soundlessly with the ghosts of the distant detonation.

At the hotel, Bide sought to slip away, but Hammil pressed him to stay for dinner. Olive was distraught during the meal, but nervous. The heat or something, these latter days, was making her nervous as a cat.

Did Hammil suspect at all what was afoot? Probably. Hammil was sufficiently observant; he was no fool. He must have noted his wife’s increasing interest in his friend. But it was not in Hammil’s character to peer for baseness. Besides, he knew something of the insidious influence of island life.

Then, you may ask, why didn’t he pack his wife off on the first home-bound steamer. The probable answer to that is many-sided. For one thing, he may have thought the spell would, in due course, break automatically, without any violent measures. If Olive was finding diversion in a harmless flirtation, why switch it into a melodramatic situation—and toward a heaven-knew-what melodramatic climax? For Hammil knew how perverse she could turn, how unwarrantably resentful and reckless; probably he dreaded to turn comparative quiescence into open, futile bickerings. For Hammil undoubtedly was not indifferent to his “little goose” of a wife, even though, just then, he seemed possessed by a singular lethargy.

This last, indeed, may have been at the bottom of his complaisance. He was disenchanted with life as a whole, you see. His flaming desire for a superactive life being dulled into inactivity, he had let a certain stupor, spiritual (Continued on page 189)



Reading Your *Dreams* To *Trace* Your Ills

The Secret Springs—in Happiness and Health: how a prominent physician is effecting amazing cures by introducing us to the veiled workings of our inner minds

By
Harvey O'Higgins
Photographic Illustrations by
A. P. Milne

THE Freudian interpretation of dreams is a bewilderingly complicated matter, about which there has been written a bewildering number of complicated books. To the ordinary reader, the orthodox Freudian seems to be pursuing his dream-divination through an intricate maze of sex-symbolism, following it round and round with the pale frenzy of a monomaniac who has become rather dizzy, though he still remains determined. He is giddily difficult to follow, and he becomes increasingly unspeakable the further he goes. Fortunately, Doctor X is not an orthodox Freudian. His interpretation of dreams is at once simpler and more printable.

Let us take an example:

One of his patients is a married woman who came to him with an apparent derangement of the heart, which her family physician had diagnosed as perhaps due to goiter. He had referred her to Doctor X as a specialist in such diseases of the internal glands. Doctor X found no goiter. He found nothing to account for the functional disturbance of the heart and the choking feeling of which she also complained. He learned, however, that she was often attacked by these symptoms at night in her sleep. He

asked her whether she could recall any dream that had preceded her awakening to the distress of such symptoms. She recalled the following nightmare:

She had dreamed that she was leaving her girlhood home in Buffalo on a steamboat. She was alone, and she was carrying an umbrella that seemed to her to be a prized gift from her mother. The umbrella slipped from her hand and fell overboard. Overwhelmed with a frantic sense of tragic loss, she plunged overboard herself, resolved to lose her life rather than lose her mother's gift. She sank. She was drowning.

Her struggles awakened her. But she woke to a choking sense of fear and despair, with her heart beating madly; and both the depression and the palpitation continued all the next day and the next. She felt as if some terrible disaster impended. On the third day, alarmed by the rapidity of her pulse, she consulted her family doctor and told him of the dream in which the symptoms had begun. He decided that the palpitation of the heart was due to a goiter and that the dream of drowning came from the difficulty in breathing caused by the heart-disturbance.

Doctor X concluded that this diagnosis put the cart before the

horse. Disregarding the Freudian symbols in the dream, he said to her:

"I should judge from your nightmare that when you left the happiness of your childhood home, you suffered a great loss. You have failed to repair that loss in spite of desperate efforts to do so, and you've come to the point where the fear of never repairing it leads you to wish for death."

She burst into tears. She confessed that what he had said was true. She was very unhappy. She had tried to conceal it from herself. She had never admitted it, even to her mother.

"It would kill my mother if she knew how unhappy I am," she said. "I think of it as little as I can. I busy myself with war-work, and try to forget."

What was the cause of this unhappiness?

"I have never loved my husband," she said, "and I have no child to love. I'm so unhappy I wish I could go to sleep and never wake again."

Now, how did the nightmare picture this tragedy?

Doctor X took the details of the dream-drama, one by one, and asked her to tell him what incident in her life each recalled.

Leaving her childhood home on board a steamboat reminded her of her honeymoon trip by water. Her childhood had been most happy. She had been stampeded into marriage by the whirlwind courtship of a domineering army officer. She had not loved him wildly, but his many good qualities had convinced her that he would make a model husband. On her honeymoon, she learned that he disliked children and was determined not to have any.

What was the most priceless gift she had ever received from her mother? It was the gift of perfect love. As a romantic girl, she had day-dreamed of giving such a love to her husband and her child, and of living in just such an atmosphere of affection as had filled her childhood home. It was a dream that could never be realized now.

What great loss by water had she suffered? Some years after her marriage, she had taken a fox-terrier as a pet. She was ashamed to say it, but she had loved this little dog more than anyone in her life except her mother. Her husband had told her that it was wicked to love an animal so inordinately. She felt that she was giving to the dog all the love that she might have lavished on her child. She used to confide her troubles to it, and it would listen to her with its head cocked on one side. She was sure it

understood. Then, one day, it disappeared. At nightfall, they found it still struggling feebly in the water at the bottom of a disused well. It was breathing when they rescued it, but it died in her arms. She broke down with an attack of nervous prostration, haunted by a picture of the little animal fighting for its life in the icy water and looking up for the help which it had never failed to get from her before. The effect on her was as tragic as if it were a child of hers that had drowned.

When did she first have the wish to die? When the dog died. And she had often wished it since. Life was a hopeless fight. There was nothing to look forward to. She still had her mother's love, but her mother was growing old and feeble. She would soon be gone. It was a thought that had to be kept out of the mind. When she went to see her

mother now, the sight of her, aged and failing, brought nothing but pain instead of pleasure.

The dream, then, had merely taken some of the stage-properties of the tragedy of her waking day and used them in a little symbolic drama that condensed the sorrows of a lifetime. The emotions that were produced by the fictitious incidents of the dream were precisely the emotions that would have been felt if she had consciously reviewed the grievous incidents of her unhappy marriage. These incidents were being kept out of her conscious thought. The attempt to repress them had also forced them to assume the disguises under which they appeared in her dream. But, though they were disguised, the emotions which they elicited were real emotions—the emotions that were being dammed up in her subconscious mind by her waking determination to think of her unhappiness as little as possible.

"From my standpoint," says Doctor X, "the dream merely provided a certain amount of needed emotional drainage. But the fact that the bodily symptoms persisted after her awakening showed the dammed-up emotions had risen to a point where they were dangerous to health. Here was a warning that, unless the emotions were released from repression, there might be serious consequences to the patient, mentally or physically."

Accordingly, he advised her that she should go to her mother and unburden her troubles instead of trying to bear them alone. He prescribed, also, that she must accept her unhappiness, adjust herself to it, and cease living a false life of pretended contentment and secret grief. Having faced her losses, she could then consider



Man's fear of woman is a great and unrecognized factor in our civilization, says Doctor X. But it is so strongly repressed that its chief expression is in unconscious ways, such as opposition to woman suffrage and the so-called "war between the sexes." This repression leads to many fear-born acts of cruelty and injustice

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what assets she had on the other side of her balance-sheet to make life endurable. She had a sound body. She had youth. She had friends. Instead of continually grieving because she had missed the great goal of her desire, she might attain a less goal of satisfied affection by bringing pleasure and happiness to others.

She followed his advice, and she is now, as Doctor X says, "well and contented within the limits of a narrower world than the ideal one of her girlhood day-dreams."

Let us take another example:

A patient dreamed that he was in the barnyard of his boyhood home. An immense horse was pursuing him. He took refuge in the barn, but the horse broke down the doors. He fled in terror, and now his wife was with him. He saw before him a stone wall. If he could climb to the top of it, he would be safe. He could easily do it if he would abandon his wife. He decided against that. By a desperate effort, he reached the top of the wall and dragged his wife up after him, but he had difficulty in maintaining his balance, and he felt that he might fall at any moment. He awoke in great anguish of mind and with a feeling of vertigo that continued throughout the day.

Doctor X said to him:

"I should interpret this dream as meaning that you have been oppressed all your life by the sense of an inexorable force that might at any time destroy you. You have held your own by a narrow margin. There is always the fear that your margin of safety may disappear."

He replied, at once:

"That is true. And the force you speak of is the power of unjust authority."

When the doctor asked him to "associate" the disconnected details of his dream with incidents and memories of his life, a complete series of symbols came to light.

A horse suggested great strength to him. A big horse suggested his father, who was a huge man. The father was also a hard and unjust man, and he had compelled the boy to work on the paternal farm at tasks that were beyond his boyish strength. This work was always associated in his memory with the big, raw-boned farm-horse with which he had plowed and cultivated. The work had not only injured his health; it had also prevented him from getting a proper education. He felt that unjust paternal authority had thus blighted his whole life.

When he finally broke away from home, he found employment under the government. He was holding this position when

Roosevelt became president. Roosevelt was at that time his ideal. There was in his mind some association between Roosevelt and a powerful horse. On his way to vote for Roosevelt for a second term as president, he passed the doors of a fire-engine house. An alarm had evidently just been rung in, for the doors of the engine-house suddenly flew open and a team of fire-horses plunged out at him just as the horse had plunged through the barn door in his dream. He barely escaped being trampled on.

Soon after election, President Roosevelt cut down the staff of employees in the department in which the patient was working. He was reduced to a lower position on a smaller salary, and he just missed being thrown out of employment altogether. It was

a great injustice to him. He had ever since considered Roosevelt as the embodiment of unjust authority.

And, ever since, times had been hard for him. He had had difficulty paid for his home. He could

have succeeded well enough by himself, but it was not easy to support a wife. He was a good workman, but he had no political influence, and it was pull, he said, not merit, that advanced a man in the government service. It was too late to go into any private enterprise. He was growing old, and always there was the fear that the next changes in his department would put him out of office and condemn him to a poverty-stricken old age. Worry had undermined his health, and he felt that he might break down any day. It was by a very small margin that he was holding his own against the menace of unjust authority.

"From this dream," says Doctor X, "we got an insight into the secret of the patient's whole problem. He was the victim of a subconscious feeling of revolt—a revolt first against his father's authority and then against all analogous authority,

against Roosevelt authority, against Church authority, and even against the authority of society itself. He was maintaining an unhappy child's attitude toward life. He was the victim of a faulty adjustment to the necessary conditions of social existence. He was helped both in mind and body by getting him to recognize the unwisdom and unreasonableness of his false emotional reactions."

And here is a third example:

A young woman, who had been married about five years, came to Doctor X with symptoms of throat-trouble that it was supposed might be due to some affection of the thyroid gland. She described these symptoms as "a sort of choking feeling." Under



Doctor X found that the repressed emotions of one of his patients, an unhappily married woman, were only partially drained off in her dreams. To release them completely, he advised that she go to her mother and unburden her troubles instead of trying to bear them alone. She was thus cured of a functional heart-disturbance

his questions, she traced them back to their beginning in a nightmare.

She had dreamed that she was in the kitchen of her home, at night, washing the dishes. She heard a noise at the outside door. It opened slowly, and a hand appeared, holding an electric flashlight. An unknown man in a black mask sprang into the room with a pistol in his hand. She screamed in terror, ran from the kitchen, and fell fainting on the stairs. She awoke in a state of panic with a choking in the throat which persisted and became chronic.

Doctor X said,

"You are doing your duty as a wife, but you live in terror of something that threatens to disturb the peace of your married life."

She was much embarrassed.

"That," she replied, "is something that I can't talk about to anyone."

On a subsequent visit, she admitted that this "something" was a thought.

"A thought," she said, "comes into my mind, and I have to fight it out. It's a wicked thought, and I'm afraid of it. It's the thought of a boy I quarreled with before I married. I didn't realize that I loved him until too late. I only want to be a good wife and make my husband happy, but this boy comes continually into my mind."

The flash-light suggested a flash-light which the boy had carried when he came to call on her in the evening at her country home. The pistol, too, reminded her of a pistol with which he had armed himself because there had been some hold-ups in the neighborhood at the time. The masked man—who was unknown to her in the dream—was the boy himself. "It is a rule," says Doctor X, "that any unknown person in a dream is someone very well known to the conscious mind. The boy appeared as an outlaw, because he represented the outlawed thought that was breaking into her mind and producing fear at each assault."

Her ideal of wifely loyalty was so high that it would not permit her to have such thoughts of another man. The compulsive power of the thought came from her opposition to it, which created a dammed-up energy that had no drainage.

"Admit to yourself that you liked this boy," Doctor X advised her. "Allow all thoughts of him to enter your mind freely. They will soon fade away. He was, for a time, a symbol of happiness to you, and your repression has fixed the idea at that level. Admit that life with him might have been romantic, and think about it without guilt. You have a good husband. You are living a good, wholesome life. You are interested in your home. Don't fight yourself. You are making yourself ill and unhappy."

As a matter of fact, as soon as she took that mental attitude, the outlawed thought lost its compulsiveness. The dreams ceased, and her throat-symptoms disappeared. "Her thoughts of the boy," says Doctor X, "have become pleasant memories that do her no harm. Instead of fighting a secret sin, she smiles over a girlhood romance of the past, and accepts her present with a pride in her sense of fulfilled duty."

And here is a fourth case:

A patient, a married woman, was very much worried about her mental condition. The circumstances of her life were apparently happy. It was true that she had been miserable with her first husband, but she had divorced him, years before, and married a man to whom she was entirely devoted. She had had a child by her second marriage, and all was well with her.

She dreamed that she returned home to find her baby girl lying in a darkened room, apparently dying. There was a small red mark, like the mark of a hypodermic needle, on the infant's neck. She felt that some one had attacked the baby in her absence. A dark, Gipsy-looking woman came into the room, and, on seeing her, the mother screamed, with a shocking oath, "I'll kill you!" At that, she woke in a state of frightened horror.

"Now, Doctor," she said, "I have never sworn like that at anyone in my life, and I have never had such a feeling—to want to kill anyone. Does it mean that my mind is becoming affected? I feel as if it were."

"No," he said; "the dream is only the draining-off of some very powerful emotion that you have repressed."

"But," she objected, "I have no repressions whatever. I'm quite happy. Do you think it could mean that some evil is threatening my baby?"

"Not at all," he said. "Your dream is too symbolic and personal for me to generalize; but if you will dismiss the dream itself from your thoughts for a moment and answer my questions, I think we can find out what it means. Tell me—who comes to your mind when I say, 'A dark, Gipsy-looking woman?'"

"My first husband's mother," she replied. She added, significantly, "But, then, he looked just like her."

"A hypodermic needle?"

"My first husband was an addict. That was what made my life with him unendurable."

"An injury to the neck?"

"My own neck. My husband choked me in his frenzy. That was what decided me to leave him."

"An innocent young girl?"

"Myself. My husband married me—an ignorant and romantic young girl—and he destroyed all my illusions. He killed something in me. Sometimes I felt I could have killed him for the way he dragged down my highest ideals."

"I think you have there the secret of your dream," the doctor said. "Your husband's actions raised a murderous hatred in you, and your self-esteem repressed it as unworthy of your better self. For years, this undrained hatred has been festering in you. You should recall, instead of forgetting, all those brutal scenes with him, and, if necessary, swear out any feelings that come back with the memory. In that way, you'll get rid of them. Better a sulphurous atmosphere in your boudoir than a seething volcano of suppressed bitterness in your heart."

Now, it is evident that all these patients might have been saved much worry and ill health if they had understood the mechanism and the functions of dreaming. A dream is a form of thinking. To most of us, thinking is that form of mental activity in which thought is used as a tool to solve problems—such problems as making income meet expenses, planning a business deal or a course of action, evaluating another's motives, arranging a vacation, and so forth. "This form of thinking, which we may call concentration," Doctor X points out, "is developed largely by school education, where the child is trained to solve a problem in arithmetic instead of musing on a wished-for pleasure such as swimming or playing baseball." But musing on a wished-for pleasure is also a form of thinking. We call it day-dreaming. "Most of us," says Doctor X, "have a contemptuous disrespect for day-dreaming or reverie. It is, however, the most natural form of thinking. It comes nearest to expressing our real selves. Its most striking quality is the high degree of interest that it has for us, and this degree of interest indicates the strength of the instinctive desire by which such thinking is always energized. Day-dreaming is concerned with the realization in fancy of our dearest ideals and most instinctive wishes, which reality has frustrated. Day-dreaming, however, is censored by our waking intelligence, which keeps fancy within the limits of possibility. In the dream of sleep, intelligence ceases to censor fancy, and our wishes have their way. We may day-dream of what we would do if we had a possible raise of salary. In the dream of sleep, the raise of salary arrives—possible or impossible—and the dream proceeds to live up to it."

The simplest dream, then, is the fulfilment of an instinctive wish that has been frustrated by reality.

But dreaming has another function. Our instinctive wishes are not only frustrated by reality—they are also blocked, in our waking hours, by our codes of conduct, our consciences, our sense of what it is right or wrong to desire. Any interference with an instinctive impulse dams up energy, and any interference with instinctive thinking produces an anxiety which we feel as worry. "The common formula for the relief from worry," says Doctor X, "is to 'forget it.' But I find that worry is always due to a fear of failure to reach an instinctive goal, and the instinctive impulse continues in spite of the forgetting. The unsatisfied instinct remains as an irritating form of energy somewhere in the mental life. The dream serves to drain this off. A recurring dream will cease as soon as the repressed emotion is allowed to enter the conscious mind freely. And I find that any incident having free entry into the waking thoughts rarely appears in dreams."

It would seem, further, that the power which repressed the instinctive thought while we were awake still operates while we are asleep, and compels the outlawed thought to disguise itself. "The jilted suitor who forces himself to forget his *inamorata*," says Doctor X, "never sees her face in his dreams, but he suffers in his dreams precisely the emotions that he would feel if he allowed the recollection of her to enter his waking thoughts. The release of these repressed emotions has to be obtained by adroit and hidden means. Hence the more powerful his repression is, the more difficult it will be to understand his dream."

The dream-mind, of course, can think only in pictures. If you feel yourself threatened by some menace, the menace will appear in your dream as a masked man at the door, as a huge horse in the barnyard, or as some other object that is associated in your subconscious mind with the idea of a menace. It is, perhaps, the secret of the popular appeal of the moving picture that it conforms to this picture-thinking of the subconscious mind. And since the dream-mind is the (Continued on page 196)



"But de mo' swifter I paddles de mo' faster he swims. So I whirls roun' wid de paddle an' bats him over de head—blam!"

Sticky Fingers

By Harris Dickson

*A new
Old Reliable story
chock-full of chuckles*

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

AT the darkest hour, just before dawn, yellow-faced Eli wriggled forward like a moccasin through the underbrush. Slowly and cautiously his crouching shape arose, standing in dense black shadows beside the road, and concealed by a rampart of briars. Behind him lay the mystery of the swamps, the tangle of snaky vines, the beards of dripping mosses, and the crooning of unseen creatures. But Eli wasn't looking behind; to the rear he had left everything quite safe. His dilated eyes were peering across the roadway into a thicker gloom which smothered the plantation home of Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode.

Northward from the city of Vicksburg, a railroad pierced the delta's fertile heart; and there, surrounded by the richest of cotton lands, any stranger could find a welcome in the rambling ells and the wide-open doorways of Sherwood House. Sheltered from a subtropical sun, the cool and commodious residence sprawled beneath its magnolias and its oaks, seemingly with no design more sinister than to stretch itself at ease and be comfortable. But, at night, its excommunicated isolation was menacing and repellent, for Eli knew that neither by day nor night would Sherwood tolerate his presence.

Yet Eli's noiseless figure flitted across the road, passed like a shadow which opened Sherwood gate, and crept along the

muffling turf. Near the broad front steps he paused, with foot uplifted like a pointer, sniffing toward the room in which Colonel Spottiswoode slept. The hall door would be unlocked; Eli knew that he need only turn its knob and walk in. But he did not mount the front steps. Eli never went directly at any proposition. He couldn't travel a straight line; so, without a sound, except a whispering to the dogs, he stealthily circled the big house.

Diligently sleeping in his room at the far end of an ell gallery, Old Reliable failed to hear the pussy-footed intruder who tiptoed to his bedside. If Eli hadn't known, he might never have guessed what manner of varmint was laired beneath the bedclothes. For old Zack, like babes and baldpates, slept with head swaddled, tied into a 'possum knot, leaving one ear and a tuft of fuzzy hair to stick out.

"Unc Zack!" the mulatto whispered warily.

The sleeper did not wake, or stir, or miss a note in his snoring. So Eli jostled the old man's shoulder.

"Sh. Unc Zack! Wake up!"

Under the quilts a violent commotion developed, like the beginnings of a bed-quake. Zack's skinny black legs popped out, and he sat up, muttering:

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; yas, suh. I'se 'wake."

"Sh. Don't make no fuss. Dis is *Eli*."
 "'Eli!'" he snorted. "What you doin' in cunnel's house dis time o' night? Cunnel order you to never show yo' face on Sherwood."

"Ain't showed it."

"Git out!" And Old Reliable began hustling Eli to the door.
 "Wait, Unc Zack; wait! I knows whar us kin grab a chunk o' mazuma."

"Shet up, Eli, talkin' 'bout white folks' money. Yo' fingers is too sticky."

"But," Eli exonerated himself, "I ain't gwine to handle none o' it. Dat's yo' job. An' it's *easy* money!"

The crafty mulatto bent closer and poured a seductive buzzing into Old Reliable's ear. Zack listened at first with irreconcilable hostility, then armed neutrality, melting into charity, receptiveness, and a final partizanship as the convincing Eli clinched his scheme.

"Unc Zack, we'se fixin' to cut dat melon; an' you gits de big-ges' slice, cause you'se de manager."

"Me! Gwine to be *manager*?"

"Sholy. You's got de 'flooence."

Of course, no colored person of Zack's influence could be complicitous to a scheme whereby Eli should handle money with sticky fingers. But where Old Reliable fondled the coin himself, a little mucilage need do no harm.

"How does you aim fer me to start?" he inquired.

"Git on de good side o' de cunnel. An' don't let him 'spicion dat I been here."

"Sholy. 'Tain't no use to rile 'im." Old Zack's cunning little eyes began to glitter with the joy of a intrigue.

"Den git busy," Eli urged him. "I'll hide in de seed-house. You jolly de cunnel, an' come tell me how de cat hops."

Having launched their great scheme, Eli sneaked across the stable-lot and disappeared into the Sherwood seed-house.

Faint premonitions of day already glowed above the tree-tops. Grim gray mists retraced deeper into the forests and withdrew from lightening spaces in the open fields. At the edge of a clearing, where the circling woodlands broke, an occasional glimmer blurred the window of a cabin, blurred it with pale light that choked and strangled in the fog. Afar off, some early negro was chopping wood for breakfast; Zack cocked his head to one side and caught the thudding strokes of an ax as it boomed dully among the deadening.

"Mighty nigh daylight," he mumbled to himself. "Time to rouse up de cunnel." So he shuffled along the gallery and entered the main hall.

At the door of diplomatic designs, Old Reliable made his reconnaissance. The planter lay asleep with face turned toward the pallid square of window through which Zack could see the abandoned shanty in which Eli was impatiently waiting for his report.

"Git on de good side o' de cunnel," he chuckled to himself. "Eli, jes watch me."

There was an indefinable atmosphere, exceeding deft and soothing, about the movements of the skilled servitor who now stood contemplating his master and seeking to forecast the mood in which the boss should awake. Old Reliable never made mistakes in reading the barometer of a white man's humor. His hunch now was that he must gently rouse the colonel and work him like creamery butter. First, he lighted a small lamp, put on a mug of shaving-water, got out his razor, and began stropping with a rhythmic flop-flop-flopping of steel against the leather. Under this hypnotic suggestion, the subject began to stir; presently he rolled over and lifted his tousled gray head.

"Zack," he yawned, "tell Jake to ring the bell."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel." Old Reliable leaned from the window and funneled his mouth with both hands, like a megaphone. "Jake Jake!" he shouted. "To-morrow's done come!"

Clang! Clang! Clang! The bell's insistent clamor went vibrating through the fog and beating against the doors of a hundred cabins where drowsy negroes listened. Upward from a hundred chimneys the sluggish smoke began to rise, and day had come to Sherwood.

Within the master's room, the tall old planter sat on the edge of his bed while Zack mixed his foamy lather and upheld his end of a jovial conversation.

"Zack," asked the colonel, "did you catch a white perch for my breakfast?"

"Dar now, Cunnel; lemme study?"

Zack suddenly remembered that he had forgot, which was a bad start for good money. He must think quick.

"No, suh, Cunnel; no, suh. It was dis way, suh: Couldn't

git nary nibble, suh, 'cause dat snake wid whiskers skeered me off."

"What? A snake *with whiskers*?"

"Sholy. I didn't b'leve it neither, suh. Sherwood niggers 'sists dat yo' swamps is full o' snakes wid whiskers. I never paid 'em no mind until I seed him wid my own eyes. Dis mornin', Cunnel, whilst I was fishin' under dat cypress stump at de fer end o' Rattlesnake Slough, I hears a splash behine me, an' sump-in' kind o' fell in my mind to glance back. Dar he wuz, Cunnel, a snake wid whiskers nigh long as my arm."

"Shucks, Zack! You've gone to lying."

"No, I ain't, Cunnel. I seen him plain as day, swimmin' to'des my dugout. So I dips de paddle deep, an' proceeds to 'rive away from dat stump. He kep' a-comin', an' 'peared like nothin' wouldn't pacify dat snake 'cept he climbed smack in de boat 'longside o' me. Lawd Gawd, Cunnel, 'twarn't no room in dat little dugout for bofe of us—not me, an' nary snake wid whiskers. I shore *done* some paddlin', 'cause 'twuz time to come home an' give you a shave. But de mo' swifter I paddles de mo' faster he swims. So I whirls roun' wid de paddle an' bats him over de head—blam! Lawd, Lawd, Cunnel, dat snake never *had* no whiskers. He coughed up de bigges' bullfrog ever you sot eyes on. Dem whiskers warn't nothin' 'cept dat frog's behine legs a-kickin' out."

That's when the colonel let out his first big laugh, and Eli heard him plumb to the seed-house. But Zack figured that one laugh wasn't nigh enough. The present business demanded several more smiles and a few snickers.

"An', Cunnel"—Zack rubbed in plenty of conversation with the lather for a velvet shave—"Unc Eph is fixin' to git married to-morrer night."

"Old Eph? Married *again*? Did he get a divorce from Aunt Mandy?"

"Didn't have to," Zack chuckled. "Sis Mandy done 'vosted her own se'f. Sis Mandy's a mighty pious 'ooman, an' she 'lowed dat Elder Swint is a heap more piouser dan what Unc Eph is. So she tuk her foot in han' an' hit de big road wid Elder Swint. Dat 'ooman's been gone nigh a munt, which 'lows Unc Eph a fair chance to marry Beulah."

"Zack," the colonel questioned, "Zack, what struck these niggers? Everybody getting married? Regular epidemic?"

"Sho' is, Cunnel. Wuss'n yaller fever. It all riz up from dis hatchet-faced preacher what gallivanted up here from Vicksburg, wid de gole specks, an' a stovepipe hat what used to belong to Lawyer Birkett. He sot dese wimmen crazy 'bout havin' weddin's in de church. Sent ev'ybody trottin' to de cote-house, buyin' a pair o' marriage licenses, so dey kin dress up in undertakers' gloves an' git married all over ag'in—same as white folks."

As the colonel laughed again, Eli's tricky eyes sparkled with satisfaction, and bent-legged Jake, at the wood-pile, stopped to comment:

"Huh! Cunnel's feelin' mighty spry dis mornin'."

Old Reliable had finished his job, a clean-cut, workmanlike job of shaving, shampooing, and jollying. Colonel Spottiswoode rose from the barber's chair in his most genial humor, while Zack eyed him shrewdly.

"Dar now, Cunnel, I nigh fergot—ef it's jes' de same to you, suh, I'd love to go to Vicksburg dis evenin'."

"Hahn't you better wait until Saturday?"

"Sad'd'y won't do, suh. Dat c'mittee craves me *right now*, to ack manager."

"Manager? For what?"

"Big peerade, suh, an' sech. For Sergeant Rapp, suh."

"Who in thunder is Sergeant Rapp?"

"Now, Cunnel." Instantly the colonel felt his ignorance, confessed his ignorance, deplored his ignorance, for Zack was gazing at him with reproachful eyes. "Now, Cunnel, you's 'bleeged to know 'bout our cullud sergeant what mopped up dem Germans. War never lasted no time attar he got dere."

"Oh, yes, yes," the colonel remembered; "I've read of Sergeant Rapp."

"Did dey print a piece 'bout him in de *Herald*?" Eagerly Zack inquired.

"Yes, and in the magazines. What's he going to do?"

"Liver his 'dress. Tell all de folks how dem niggers comdreck deyselves in de big war."

Wily old Zack saw that he had snared the colonel. As a lifelong student of the American negro, nothing would interest Colonel Spottiswoode more keenly than to get an oversea negro's viewpoint of the world war.

"All right, Zack; go along," he said. "Let me know when he comes. I should like to talk with the sergeant myself."



"You means who got up de pccrade, suh? I done it, suh. De ontire 'sponsibility is right on me"

"I sho' is glad to hear you 'spress yo'self." Old Reliable moved forward, the wrinkled black face betraying his joy at the colonel's interest. "Cunnel, dat's jes' what de c'mittee was strivin' tod'es. Dey picked me for manager so I'd 'suade you to inter-juce de sergeant."

"Oh!" The colonel was visibly taken aback. "You want me to introduce him?"

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; ef you jes' speak one good word for Sergeant Rapp, it'll make ev'y nigger in Vicksburg step high."

Colonel Spottiswoode, a splendid figure of the transplanted cavalier, represented the best there was in Southern thought. He realized how greatly the negro would appreciate his sympathetic cooperation.

"Very well, Zack; I'll do it."

COLONEL BEVERLY SPOTTISWOODE

Vicksburg's Leading Citizen presents to the People

Sergeant Rufus Rapp,

America's Famous Colored Fighting Man who will narrate his experiences in battling with the Boche.

Come one, come all!
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Thursday Night, April 24th, 8 P.M.
Seats reserved for our White Friends.
Admission 50 cts. and 25 cts.
ZACK FOSTER, Esquire, Manager.

For a week after his return to Vicksburg, Colonel Spottiswoode had been wriggling and looking the other way whenever he sighted one of these flamboyant posters. But Old Reliable harvested hay in the blessed sunshine of his patron's publicity. Washington Street radiated the glory of Zack's rosette with fluttering streamers, and "Manager" printed on a long red ribbon.

For Zack was selling tickets, selling tickets with both hands to white and black. That's why he thrust his face into the lobby of the National Park Hotel. Drummers who traveled this territory were his friends, and the lick-logs round which they gathered became his most productive pastures.

Two strangers were smoking idly in their rocking-chairs, with faces toward the door. During the past few days, Zack had cultivated their acquaintance, for in new ears he found profitable listeners to old yarns. This pair of strangers he accepted as "Mr. West," a shoe drummer from the North, and "Mr. Kelly," a lumberman. Even had Zack recognized Gallagher, of the secret service, and Blodgett, detective for the I. C. R. R., this could have made no difference in the taste of cigars with which they were so lavish, or the desirability of coins that passed as legal tender for his witticisms.

From their lazy attitudes, Zack never once suspected their anxiety in waiting for his overdue arrival. Neither detective betrayed a sign of relief as Old Reliable's broad-brimmed Panama and floppy linen breeches came shuffling through the door. Taking off his hat, the negro made a quaintly antique bow.

"Mornin', Mr. West! Mornin', Mr. Kelly!"

"Howd'y, Mr. Manager." Finn Blodgett smiled and produced the customary cigar.

"Thankee, suh," Zack grinned. "Huh! Gole band—I'll save dis'n to smoke in my big peerade." And he safely cached the cigar for public consumption.

"The parade?" Gallagher glanced up. "When does it start?"

"Jes' attar de twelve-o'-clock train pull in—prompt, or thereabouts."

"Don't give us the wrong dope, Old Reliable—I believe that's what they call you?"

"Yas, suh; ev'ybody in Vicksburg, suh, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

"Now, Old Reliable, we are strangers, and you're the man to keep us posted."

"Sholy, suh. What I don't know 'bout dis is tore out o' de book."

"You are the manager?"

"Head manager. Anybody kin tell dat by readin' my badge."

"Nice badge." Gallagher examined the ribbon and the fringing. "Here, smoke a fresh cigar?"

"Thankee, suh; thankee, suh." His grin expanded and his tongue wagged looser. "Seegyars sho is rollin' in rapid an' reg'lar."

"Fire up." Gallagher held the flaming match, and Old Reliable was applying a powerful suction to his end of the cigar when the detective most innocently inquired,

"Who planned your demonstration?"

"You means who got up de peerade, suh?"—emitting a copious smoke from his funnels. "I done it, suh. De ontire sponsibility is right on me."

"Arranged the program?"

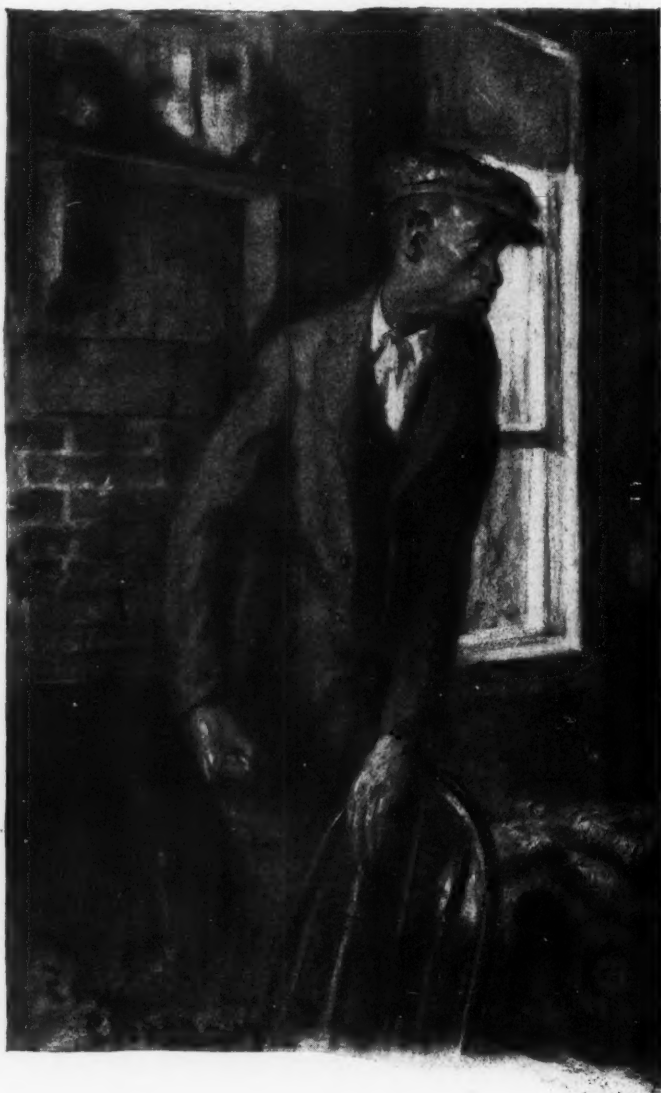
"Yas, suh—peerade, wid two bands, an' me in de lead hack."

"According to this morning's paper, Sergeant Rapp is expected to arrive on the noon train from Jackson."

"Yas, suh. Den my peerade starts from 'de depo' wid me in front. I'm de head leader."

"And Sergeant Rapp?"

"'Co'se, suh, he'll be settin' 'longside o' me. Jes' watch. You'll see me bowin' an' wavin' at all de folks, white an' black."



"See here, nigger"—Ringgold whirled and stood
I'm in a jam, you's li'ble

"Then you proceed to the court-house grounds?"

"Keerect, suh; dat's whar people lines up an' shakes hands wid me."

"And with Sergeant Rapp?"

"Nacherl'y, suh; nacherl'y."

"He'll be present at the reception, four o'clock? And deliver his address at eight in King Hiram's Hall?"

"You got it right, suh; dat's whar cunnel's gwine to speechify, wid me settin' on de platform, wearin' dis badge, an' all dem niggers lookin' at me. White folks, too."

"But Sergeant Rapp will certainly go to King Hiram's Hall?"

"'Co'se, suh; he's 'bleeged to say a few words."

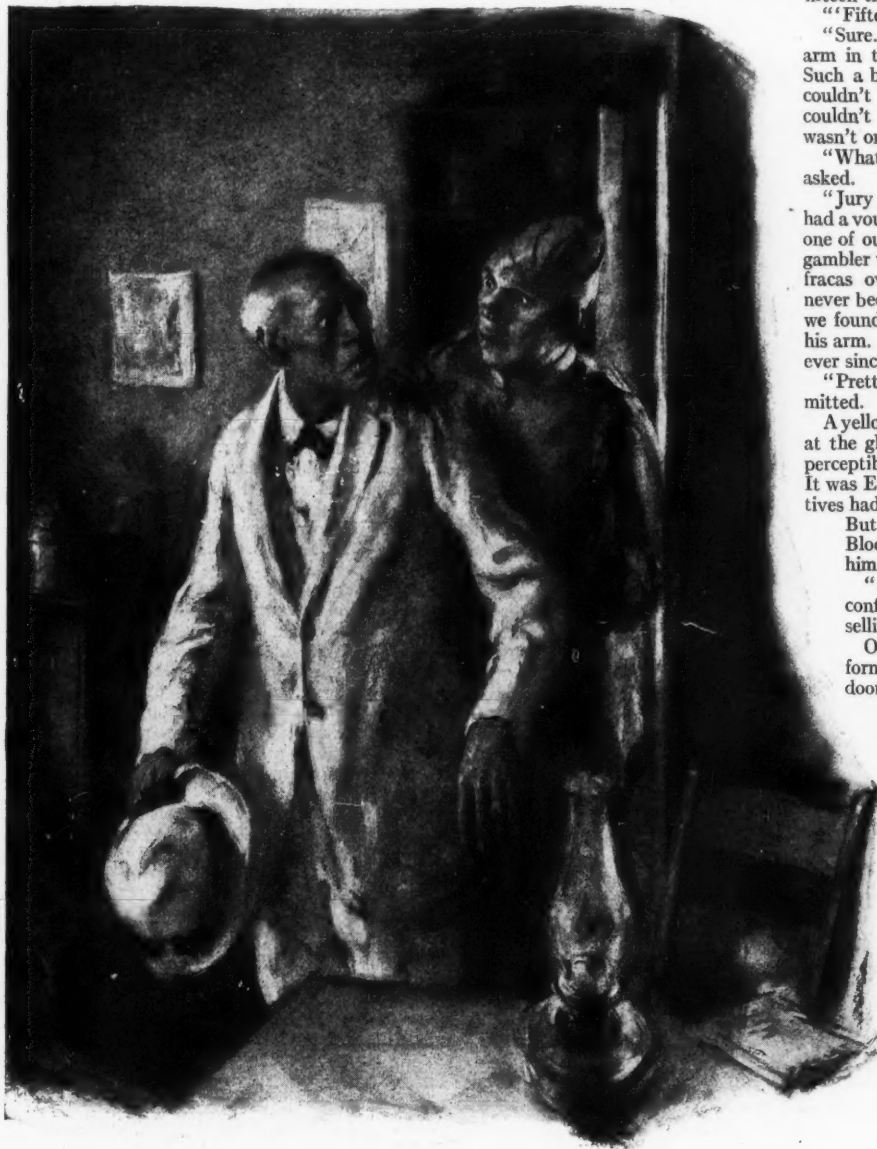
But Gallagher hadn't cinched the main point; so the squirming Blodgett butted in.

"You and Sergeant Rapp are great friends?"

"Bound to be, suh. I'm *manager*."

"And *you* induced him to come here?"

"Didn't 'quire no 'ducin', suh. Ev'y nigger fairly itches till he gits to Vicksburg."



snarling—"nigger, ef you tries to squeeze me when to git yo' thote cut"

Blodgett got irritated and demanded sharply,

"Who appointed you manager?"

"C'mittee, suh."

"Who appointed the committee?"

"I done so."

The detectives glanced at each other. Was this apparently garrulous old negro making fools of them? Day after day, these shrewd operators had pumped old Zack, bought tickets, supplied him cigars, and gabbled round in circles without unmasking the crook higher up. Now they sat back and watched him drift aimlessly to another group.

"See here, Blodgett," Dan Gallagher whispered: "That nigger's at the bottom of this whole thing."

"No." Finn Blodgett disagreed.

"I tell you he *is*," Gallagher insisted. "Your fake sergeant hasn't got sense enough to plan such a frame-up."

"You don't know Boldy Ringgold." Blodgett's mustaches began to bristle as he thought of the troublesome negro. "Ringgold is one of the sharpest criminals that ever worked a confidence game. Came devilish near putting one over on our railroad for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Fifteen thousand?"

"Sure. Sued us for the loss of his arm in that big wreck on the Valley. Such a bunch of negroes got hurt we couldn't keep track of them all, couldn't even prove that Ringgold wasn't on the train."

"What happened?" Gallagher asked.

"Jury gave him a verdict, and we had a voucher made out to pay. Then one of our operators got a line on the gambler who had shot Ringgold in a fracas over a crap game. He had never been in the wreck. Afterward, we found the surgeon who amputated his arm. Been searching for Ringgold ever since."

"Pretty slick job," Gallagher admitted. "Sho! Look!"

A yellow face momentarily appeared at the glass door, and, with hardly perceptible nod, beckoned for Zack. It was Eli, whom neither of the detectives had previously seen or suspected.

But as Zack obeyed so promptly, Blodgett sauntered out behind him.

"Sh, Unc Zack." Eli sidled up confidentially. "Tend like you's sellin' me a ticket."

Old Zack was a versatile performer, and to Blodgett at the door he seemed exclusively intent upon extracting four bits from this weak-voiced customer. Yet Blodgett sensed that something else was in the wind, for Zack's black face took on a blacker expression when Eli whispered again,

"Unc Zack, de time's done come fer you to turn over dat money to me."

"Dat money don't need no turnin' over. It's restin' easy."

"But I got to git ev'y-thing settled up when de sergeant 'rives. He plays quick tricks."

"Look here, Eli: Us 'greed dat I was to handle dat money."

"Ain't you done handled it?"

"Sho is." Zack jingled the coin in his pocket.

A pecuniary flicker crossed Eli's face.

"How much you got?"

"Percisely de same 'mount what I'm gwine to have lef' attar you makes yo' sneak."

"Don't you aim to turn it over?"

"Lissen to me, Eli: I trusts dat money to Miss Betty Spottiswoode ev'y night, whar you can't lay yo' sticky fingers on it."

Eli's sticky fingers showed their nervous disappointment, and his palm continued to itch. But he couldn't afford to raise a rookus, and he'd get the dough, anyhow, when the sergeant hit town.

"Dat's all right, Unc Zack; all right. Me an' Sergeant Rapp'll go to yo' house an' 'vide up—me an' you an' him."

"Me an' him," Zack corrected.

"But, Unc Zack—" Eli was bracing himself for a manful pro-

test when his voice dribbled to a wheeze. "Gawd A'mighty! Dar's Finn Blodgett!"

Supposedly the detective had not yet spotted him, and Eli didn't mean that he should. For Eli passed, passed casually to the corner of Veto Street, whence he dodged down the hill toward a labyrinth of shacks beside the river. Zack turned and gazed and blinked and wondered at the suddenness of Eli's vanishing until Blodgett called him from the door.

"Step here, Mr. Manager; I'll need more tickets."

Old Reliable hustled back into the lobby where Blodgett had sat down again with Gallagher,

"You wants mo' tickets?"

"Yes; how are they selling?"

"Fine, suh; fine. King Hiram's Hall is gwine to be jammed full o' niggers wid legs hanging out de winders."

"Then lemme have two more tickets, quick, before they're gone."

"Two mo'?" Zack bent over with a financial gleam in his eye. "Suttin'ly, suh. One dollar, suh. Fo' bits per each."

Blodgett tendered his dollar bill, but, instead of taking it, Old Reliable asked,

"Boss, ain't you got no change?"

"One dollar—that's correct. Two tickets, at fifty cents."

"Sholy, suh, sholy; figgers out nigh de same. But I 'quires change, which 'lows me to c'lect a dime."

"Oh! They're a dollar ten? War-tax?"

"No, suh; jes' one dollar. But I gits ten cents on ev'y dollar for bein' manager."

A new wrinkle in finance is worth acquiring; so Gallagher counted from a handful of small silver.

"Here you are—fifty—seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one dollar."

"Thankee, suh." From its concealment in his flabby breeches, Old Reliable dug up a purse in which he deposited one honest dime, the remaining ninety cents dropping into another pocket.

"Dat keeps it straight. Dime fer me, an' de balance fer Sergeant Rapp."

As all drummers took a kindly interest in Old Reliable's affairs, it seemed quite natural that Finn Blodgett should remark,

"The sergeant gets ninety per cent. of gate-receipts?"

"Gits whatever it 'mounts to, suh, after I c'lects mine."

"How many tickets have you sold?"

"Dis makes five hundred and sixty-eight, suh."

While Blodgett made this memorandum in his note-book, a pert little telegraph-boy came hurrying into the lobby.

"Hello, Uncle Zack! Here's a message."

"Fer me?" Zack inquired dubiously. "Who's dead?"

"Addressed to Zack Foster, Manager. That's you?"

"Must be me; I'se manager."

The boy strode off whistling, leaving Old Reliable to open the yellow envelop. Finn Blodgett rose and moved behind him, hoping for a glimpse. The negro seemed so puzzled that Blodgett offered help,

"What's the trouble? Can't you make it out?"

"Not 'zactly. I knows ev'y one o' dem words by deir faces. But I jes' can't call deir names widout my specks. Please suh, read it."

A glance gave Blodgett the contents, which he read aloud for Gallagher's benefit.

Got left at Jackson. Will come to Vicksburg on the five-o'clock train.

SERGEANT RAPP.

At first, Zack failed to comprehend the catastrophe as his trembling voice inquired,

"Lawd Gawd, Mr. West, dat signify he won't git here by twelve o'clock?"

"So the telegram reads."

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Old Reliable groaned. "D'ain't gwine to be no peerrade." His black face shriveled, and puckers tangled about his eyes, from which the light of gladness had died away.

"Dar now! Dar now! I won't git to ride in no lead hack."

Even before the dispirited Zack had dragged his calamity into the street, Gallagher and Blodgett did their rapid-fire planning. If this bogus sergeant had got tipped off from showing up at Vicksburg, they must nab him in Jackson, where his telegram was filed less than two hours ago. Both of them met the noon train, and learned from its conductor that a one-armed negro in uniform had dropped off at Smith's Station—fourteen miles east—and driven toward town in an automobile.

"Ringgold smelled something," suggested Blodgett; "he's got scent like a hound."

• "Come along!" Gallagher caught his arm. "Old Reliable has

got the money. That's where Boldy Ringgold will show up. Follow Zack."

Attempting to follow Zack was maddening; they couldn't tell whether the snake that made the track was going forward or coming back. He'd been everywhere and stopped nowhere; everybody had just seen him, but nobody knew where he could be found. Blodgett and Gallagher separated so as to cover more territory and pick up the trail. It was Gallagher who first glimpsed their quarry, in a mud-spattered Ford, rushing south on Cherry Street. His car had got too long a start for Gallagher to stop it; but the number registered on his mind, from which he found that it was a public taxi operated by a negro named Jesse French.

Ten minutes behind him, Blodgett and Gallagher went chasing in pursuit.

"Beat it, Jesse!" the frantic Eli waved his hand. "Hike yo' tin Lizzie, an' keep your mouf shet."

The rattly Ford had barely hesitated to dump Old Reliable at his own house, on the same block and just to the rear of Colonel Spottiswoode's. Then it skidded round the corner.

"Here, Unc Zack!" Eli grabbed him. "Git inside. Don't let nobody see you."

Such swiftness amazed the old man, jostled him, ruffled his ribbons, and jarred his sense of dignity.

"Eli, what make you ack so brief in my house?"

"Sh"—locking the door. "Here's Sergeant Rapp."

A gangling personage revealed himself in the corner, black, bullet-headed, and khakied, with overseas cap, and an empty sleeve pinned ostentatiously across his breast. Zack stared and glared and glowered, with neither the awe nor the respect upon which Eli had counted to subdue him.

The military personage skirmished forward with outstretched hand.

"Proud to meet you," he condescended.

"Sergeant Rapp"—Zack's wrath boiled over—"why warn't you at de train for my peerrade?"

The sergeant assumed a pose of wearied martyrdom.

"I'se plum wore out wid peerrades."

Eli glanced at Rapp, and set in to mollify the old fool.

"But, Unc Zack," he palavered, "de sergeant's 'bleeged to rest. Everything'll be all right, wid you settin' 'longside o' Colonel Spottiswoode on de platform, an' poundin' de table wid yo' mallet, and—" Eli piled delights upon ecstasies until Zack's stubborn lip began to waver; then both the other negroes joined in talking a blue streak, adding newer joys and raptures, while Ringgold made the purely incidental point,

"Now den, all us got to do is jes' to settle up. 'Twon't take no time. So us kin hurry down to Washington Street an' shake hands wid de people. Good ole Unc Zack, run to de house an' git de money from Miss Betty. How much she got?"

Blind and bewildered from their machine-gun arguments, old Zack answered guilelessly,

"Two hundred and seventy-seven; whilst I has six an' a half what ain't turned in yet."

"Den hurry, Unc Zack; fetch it sudden." Eli gave him a shove through the doorway and a flying start for the big house.

"See here, Eli"—Ringgold confronted him—"you oughter had dat cash, Johnny-on-de-spot, waitin' for me."

"Tried to; but dat ole nigger wouldn't lemme touch it."

"I'm makin' my gitaway de minit it comes."

"Sure." Eli had his reasons for agreeing. "Twon't do fer you to show up in Vicksburg. Finn Blodgett's here—"

"Finn Blodgett?" The gangling negro wobbled, then steadied himself, with ashy lips and bulging eyes. "Whyn't you put me wise? I wouldn't ha' come."

"Never seed Finn till dis mornin'."

"Gawd A'mighty!" Ringgold's legs began to twitch. "I'm duckyin'—money or no money."

Eli watched him cunningly as he scuttled about like a rat and searched the room. Hanging behind the door, he found a pair of Zack's overalls and a worn shirt, which he trussed in a bundle and tossed through the back door.

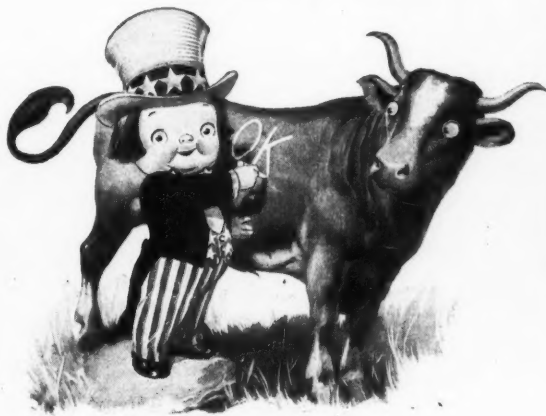
"Dey'll come in handy; I'm fixin' to shuck dese sojer clo'es."

For a burr-headed, dish-faced negro, Eli had plenty of horse sense, and it tickled him to consider that the more Ringgold got frightened the less he'd quibble over Eli's share of the swag. And thus considering, Eli proceeded to throw an additional scare into him.

"Boldy, you needn't stampede yo'se'f jes' 'cause o' Finn Blodgett. He ain't no bear."

"Ef I could jes' lay low." Ringgold mopped his sweaty

"O.K. from beginning to end
A sound and dependable friend
So forceful and able I'm sure every table
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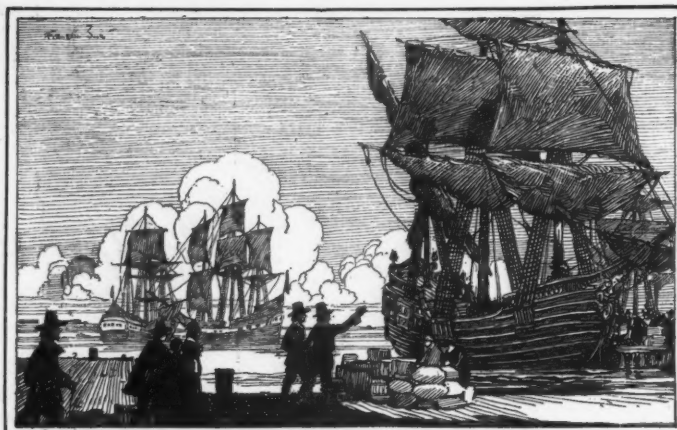
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face in dread of public appearance. "But dese niggers 'specks me to stan' up on a platform."

"Aw! He ain't goin' to pester nobody." "Finn ain't goin' to pester you, 'cause Finn ain't got nothin' on you. Wid me, it's split de dough an' hit de road."

Eli's calculating eyes gazed upward at the ceiling.

"Den us better talk financial. De c'lections 'mount up to two hundred and eighty-three dollars, which 'lows you fifty—an' I pays de 'spenses—"

"'Lows me fifty?" The sergeant stared at his accomplice.

"I said fifty for you"—with stubborn emphasis from Eli.

"See here, nigger"—Ringgold whirled and stood snarling—"nigger, ef you tries to squeeze me when I'm in a jam, you's li'ble to git yo' thote cut."

"Fifty dollars is plenty," Eli maintained.

"No 'tain't. Wid Blodgett trackin' me, I can't tarry dis side o' St. Looey."

"All right den," suggested the compromising Eli; "de c'mittee 'lows you fifty mo'—fer ridin' de railroad."

"Dat makes a hundred?" Ringgold had no time to haggle before Old Reliable flung open the door.

"Here's yo' money," he announced.

"Give it to me"—from the forehanded Eli.

"No; it's fer de sergeant."

Ringgold grabbed the wad and ran to the window, with Eli looking on as he counted. Then both negroes turned and protested together.

"Dis ain't but thirteen an' a half."

"Dat's de cash. An' dere's Miss Betty's check for two hundred an' seventy. She kep' count. I sole jes' three hundred and fifteen dollars, an' tuk out my ten cents on ev'ry dollar—" Zack was accurately detailing the items of his stewardship when Ringgold sawed him off.

"Shet up, fool! Dis paper ain't no good—"

"Dat's Miss Betty's check!" Zack flared up at the notion of having it doubted by a negro. "Jes' good as money in yo' hand. I kin take it down to de bank an' say, 'Mornin', Mr. McCoy.' He'll say, 'Hello, Uncle Zack; you's lookin' slick as a ribbon.' Den he skacely squints at dat paper befo' he speak out: 'Charlie, please give Ole Reliable two hundred an' seventy. I wish it was a heap mo'.'"

"How fer is dat bank?" Ringgold questioned hopefully.

"Not fer; little piece down de road."

The desperate Ringgold thrust his check into Zack's hand, caught his shoulders, and catapulted him through the door.

"Go fetch dat money. Hustle, ole man; hustle! I'll pay you ten dollars extry."

"Ten dollars?"

"Yes—Lawd A'mighty!"

All three negroes saw an automobile slow down at the colonel's gate—but the driver kept pointing and nodding in their direction, toward Zack's house.

"Finn Blodgett!" These were the last words of Eli, who faded out of the back door and tore his way through a weed patch. Eli had eliminated himself.

Ringgold stood paralyzed, eying the two detectives as they sprang from their car and bounded up the Spottiswoode steps. Yet they persisted in glancing his way.



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"DO you like this soft gray chintz scattered with sweet old-fashioned nose-gays? Or this silk from China?—very 'different,' with its large vivid birds on queer boughs. And for your own boudoir, madame, these filmy lengths of mauve and rose chiffon—"

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Cretonnes, silks, satins, the merest clouds of chiffon, come from these wonderful suds unharmed. No cake soap to rub in. No rubbing to get the soap and dirt out. Just pure bubbling suds that whisk the dirt away and leave the colors clear and bright.

Never let a fine fabric really get soiled

Dirt that is allowed to stay in actually cuts the tiny fibres. If you even suspect that striped taffeta slip cover or those yellow silk hangings of looking less bright, slip them into a big bowlful of the pure Lux suds. Let Lux take care of all your beautiful draperies and find out how long they can last. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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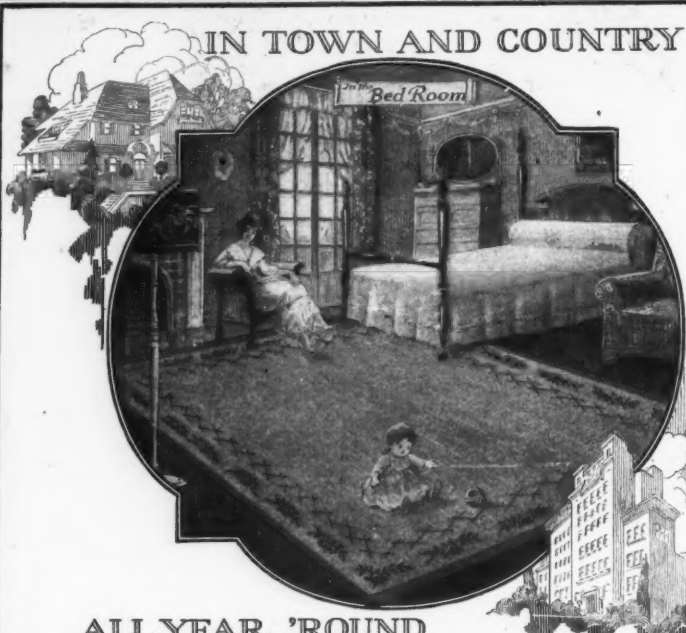
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Look for name in the edge of side binding

It's your protection and our guarantee

"Ole man"—the frightened crook dragged Old Reliable backward into his room—"ole man, how much money is *you* got?"

"Ain't got much."

"How much?"

"Bout fifteen—out o' my ten cents on de dollar."

"Cough it up—*quick!*"

"Dat's *my* part."

"But I'll leave you dis check for your part."

"Huh?"

"Check—good as gold. Two seventy—"

"You means fer me to *keep* dis?"

"Sure. Hurry!"

The swiftness of consummation made Zack dizzy in the head. He poured out money from his purse, mostly dimes, which Ringgold never counted.

"Now, lissen, cle man, an' pay 'tention: You ramble up to dat house an' keep dem cops a-talkin' jes' 'long as yo' bref holds out. Don't drap nary word 'bout me, 'cause I aims to lie down and git a nap o' sleep."

Old Reliable's belfry had already gone batty with confusion, and Ringgold further dazed him by a forcibly assisted exit, bodaciously throwing him out of the door. Then Zack heard the key turn. Maybe that's what suggested that Zack likewise do some turning. He did so cautiously, and peered round the corner of his house, where he saw that Ringgold was vanishing in Eli's wake.

"Don't dat nigger beat de Dutch!" Zack cogitated to himself. "Runnin' like a rabbit. He sho is skittish—fer sech a fighter. Good thing I got dis check, 'cause he's liable to stampe de wid dat."

Fingering his check and shaking his head, Old Reliable proceeded to the colonel's gate and fronted a fresh amazement—folks were darting through the quiet hall, slamming the dignified doors, and talking loud. Within the hallway, he recognized his two friends from the hotel—who loved to rest easy in rocking-chairs and listen to funny stories. Here they came, bulging out of colonel's front door, same as if they were galloping to a fire. And the colonel himself astounded Zack by grabbing his hat and yelling:

"Wait! Gentlemen, I'll go with you."

All of which induced Old Reliable to pause and ponder, "What kin ail de cunnel?"

Then the colonel shouted at him:

There's Zack. Oh, Zack! Come here! Have you seen Sergeant Rapp?"

"You means dat nigger sojer man?"

"Yes, yes; he's the one."

"Cunnel, I got a notion to snatch a pa'in' off yo' ence an' bust his crust. He done spiled my peerade."

All three white men swarmed round Zack, with everybody asking him at once,

"Where'd Rapp go?"

"Whar he gone? Dat don't signify nothin' to me. I ain't havin' no dealin' wid sech a nigger—"

"Has he been here?" Gallagher interrupted.

"Ought to got here in p'enty time to ride wid me in de lead hack."

"Did you see him?"

"Did I see him? Huh, mister! I speck he ain't wuth lookin' at. Reckon I mought as well travel to de bank an' cash dis check."

Every Day People Judge You by Your Nails



Have they the beauty they so easily can gain?

HOW beautifully turned out—how correct," you thought—until you caught a glimpse of her nails.

Then, "Shocking" you said to yourself.

And that one glimpse of her carelessly groomed hands left an impression that you never forgot.

Do you realize how easy it is to keep your nails so lovely that they

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You can keep your nails lovely without injuring the cuticle.

Cutex is a harmless cuticle remover. Applied to the cuticle it keeps the base of the nail smooth, firm, crescent-like.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

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“Gimme dat! Gimme dat! It's mine!”
“Here! Look at me, old man!” Roughly the secret-service agent shook him. “Who are you collecting this money for?”
“Fer Zack.”
“What right have you got to it?”
“Ought to be mine by rights, 'cause I done all de work.”
Then Blodgett cut in,
“Who gave it to you?”
“Miss Betty—an' Sergeant Rapp tole me to keep it for my part.”
“Rapp?” “Rapp?” the detectives exclaimed together.
“Yas, suh; sho did give it to me. Jes' dis minnit—at my house.”
Gallagher forgot the check, and didn't even notice that Zack had neatly reclaimed it as he and Blodgett made a swift dash toward the cabin.
“Guard the back door,” Gallagher called as he ran; “I'll cover the front.”
Old Reliable had no concern with either back or front. His mind was set on Mr. McCoy at the bank; and he began making tracks toward a paying institution when the colonel halted him.
“Hold up, Zack! Wait until they come back with that nigger.”
“But, Cunnel, dey ain't comin' back wid him. He gone.”
“Gone?”

“Yas, suh; started mighty brief, an' ef he kept dat lick, he's mighty close to N'Yawleens.”

Shouts from the cabin immediately confirmed this statement—Boddy Ringgold had gone. The officers rushed back and put Old Reliable through a whirlwind third degree, not about the parade, or the brass band, but only concerning a one-armed negro who didn't amount to shucks—how long had he been gone? How was he dressed? Which route did he take? Zack worried through their cross-examination, and they rushed off again, shouting back to the colonel,

“Hold that old negro—he hid the convict—”

“Never hid him.” Zack virtuously denied their charges. “Dat nigger come his own se'f, an' 'loped away his own se'f.”

That's all there was to it, and Zack started about his private business with Mr. McCoy.

“Here, Zack!” Once more the colonel stopped him. “Give me that check.”

“No, suh, Cunnel; dis is mine. I worked hard fer dis money.”

“We must return their money to the people who bought tickets.”

“Turn it back? Atter we got it?”

“Certainly. I must redeem every ticket.”

“An' I don't git nothin'?”

“Ought to get ten years.” The angry colonel stamped back into the house, and Zack eyed him as he tore up two hundred and seventy dollars of hard-earned money.

“Dar now! Dar now!” Old Reliable dropped in a huddle on the top step, rocking back and forth, moaning and churning his milk of human kindness into sour clabber. “Dar now! Dat's what I gits fer prankin' wid a passel o' niggers. Nary peered—nary lead hack. Handles *all* de money, an' ain't got a cent. Lord, Lord, I sho wishes I had sticky fingers like Eli!”

The next *Old Reliable* story will appear in an early issue.

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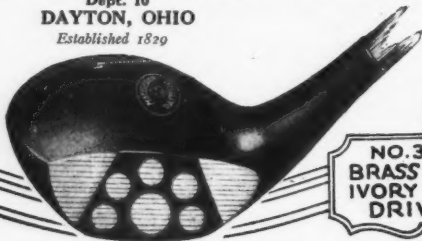
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Poor's Partner

(Continued from page 58)

to her at the shop in typewriting. It held a single sheet of note-paper, with the letter-head of Wilkerson & Smith, which was written upon in a flowing, clerly hand as follows:

DEAR OLD NELL:

I'm all through—at the end of my rope at last. I've said I was going to take a week's vacation, but I will not come back ever. You will not see me or hear from me again. I know Mr. Wilkerson is going to fire me. I'll save him the trouble. Nobody knows better than I do that you deserved better luck. Maybe you can guess how much I'd like to see little Jujie again. I know I ought not to now—and that's some punishment. Tell her—

The writing ended there, at the bottom of the page.

"His hand, I suppose," Bodet said.

"Undoubtedly," she replied. "The postman brought the letter half an hour ago. You'll see by the postmark it was mailed in Toledo yesterday. When I read it, I felt a relief. It might mean a new start for him somewhere else. I always felt him here—sort of a liability over my head, if you can understand that. I was relieved that he had gone. Mr. Wilkerson telephoned me yesterday; but I didn't know then that he had left town. I considered whether to telephone Mr. Wilkerson about this letter, but decided just to bury it. But what you tell me now—"

She was quite pale then, and she appealed to him in a hushed, plaintive cry:

"Mr. Bodet there's something wrong here. I know he clung to being square with Mr. Wilkerson. Something has happened to him. I would have been relieved if I had heard that he was dead and out of the temptations he couldn't resist. Nobody loved him as I did, or knew him as I did. Poor Teddy had that one thing—his honesty in business—squareness with Mr. Wilkerson. I know about you, Mr. Bodet; I've heard about you. I want you to find out. I want you to give the boy back this one thing—his square accounts—his good faith to Mr. Wilkerson. Somebody has abused him. Don't you let them do it—take his square accounts. I want it for my little girl, too—his daughter Jujie—Julia, you know. You find out, Mr. Bodet. I tell you Teddy was honest with Mr. Wilkerson." She put a finger up to her trembling lips as though to steady them.

From this competent, energetic business woman he had expected a businesslike interview; but there was an inconvenient fulness at the base of his throat, which he cleared slightly before replying:

"If that's the judgment of the woman who loved him and suffered him, I'm willing to bank on it. Let me keep this letter."

And when he came out on the sidewalk, a hundred and thirty feet below, he had practically a new case on his hands—a case that reached to a deeper stratum of human errancy than the one which Thomas Wilkerson had presented to him.

Going back to La Salle Street, he walked along the northern flank of the Vicker Building in order to verify the picture of it which he had in his mind. Mr. Vicker was building an addition to the eastern end of the structure. The red-steel skeleton of this addition was already up to a height of six

or seven stories, and to that height the east wall of the old building had been partly torn out. A strike had stopped building operations, however. Litter lay about, just as the workmen had left it. Canvas had been stretched over the gaping holes in the old east wall.

Bodet entered the building, took the elevator to the third floor, and stepped into the anteroom of Mr. Vicker's offices. Two stenographers and an office-boy occupied it at the moment. The detective picked out the stout, red-headed stenographer, because she looked good-natured and her machine was not in use just then.

"I'm from the Addington Typewriter Company," he said to her, in his friendliest manner. "You have two of our machines here. I'm making a report on our machines. We find that sometimes a purchaser will let a machine get in bad condition without reporting it. Then they blame the machine for not working well. Will you let me look this one over a minute?"

The stenographer good-naturedly resigned her chair to him. He sat down at the typewriter, swiftly looked it over, put a sheet of paper into it, and saw for himself how it was working.

"Seems to be all right. Thank you very much," he said, as he got up, folding the sheet upon which he had written and stuffing it into his pocket. He repeated that operation with the second stenographer.

It was then a quarter to twelve, and he repaired to his own office, or den, in the basement adjoining the premises occupied by the Clearing House Association, where he shut himself up for three-quarters of an hour. Usually, when he had a case on hand, his meals were catch-as-catch-can affairs; but to-day he went to a very good restaurant and lunched with deliberation, because he had nearly an hour to kill. After lunching, he went over to police headquarters and saw his friend, Inspector McCabe.

At a quarter to four, the office-boy in Adam Vicker's anteroom slipped into the private secretary's small office to say,

"Inspector McCabe, of the Police Department, and another man want to see you."

The office-boy was a bit excited by a police inspector. If Mr. Poor was excited, his narrow, dingily chalky face did not show it. He considered the statement an instant, and, as police inspectors are not to be denied, he nodded assent.

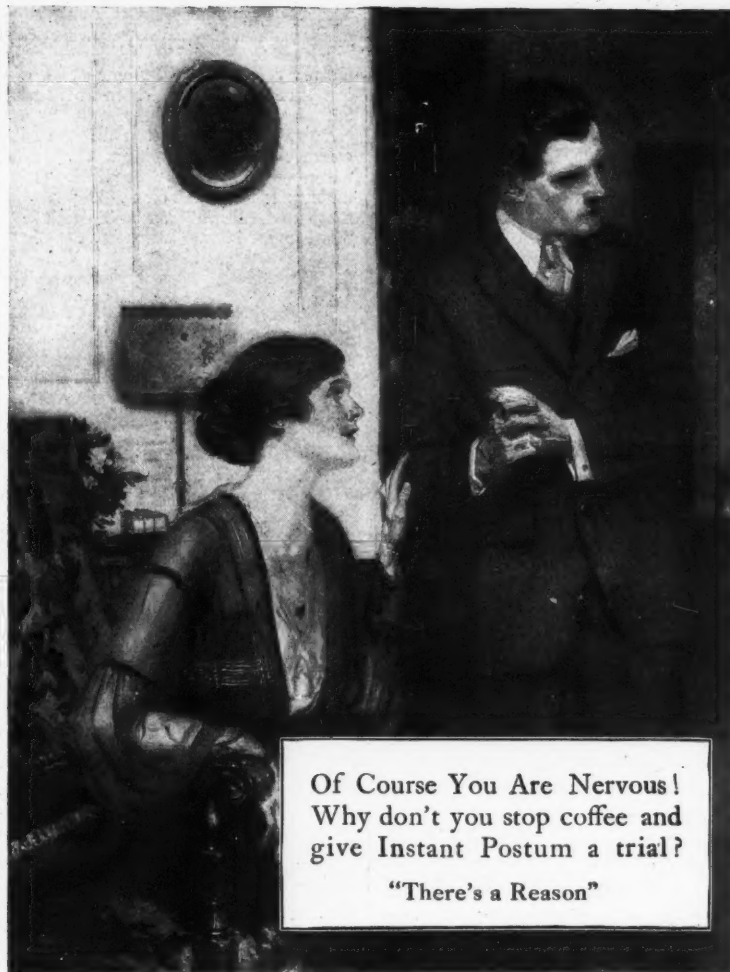
The burly, gray-mustached inspector was a stranger to Poor, and so was the inspector's baggy, undistinguished-looking companion, at whom Poor gave the merest glance, supposing him to be an underling. It was the underling, however, who started the conversation.

"Mr. Poor, Edward Maynard, of Wilkerson & Smith, disappeared Saturday afternoon with thirteen hundred and sixty-eight Dunes Improvement Company bonds that Wilkerson & Smith were holding for Mr. Vicker."

At that statement, the secretary experienced a feeling of relief. Wilkerson, he thought, had called in the police. He merely elevated his light-yellow eyebrows in a sign of slight and rather cynical surprise.

"So far as we have been able to find out," the baggy caller continued, in even, conversational tones, "you were the last man to see him. He was in Wilkerson & Smith's office about two o'clock, when you called."

That statement was more disturbing. Poor had told Wilkerson that he telephoned



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Maynard. Whether to stick to that or admit a call in person was a ticklish question. How much did these men know of his movements Saturday afternoon? Adam Vicker, at least, knew that he had been in the office Saturday afternoon.

"Mr. Vicker told me to tell Maynard he couldn't keep the appointment with him Saturday afternoon," Poor replied. "I had an errand here at the office. In passing, I stuck my head in Wilkerson & Smith's and told Maynard Mr. Vicker wasn't coming."

"Maynard was alone then in Wilkerson & Smith's?" the baggy caller asked.

"So far as I saw," the secretary answered.

"The bonds were there then?"

"There was a stack of papers on the table. I suppose they were the bonds," said Poor.

"Did you see anybody else around the building, Mr. Poor?"

"Not a soul," the secretary replied. He felt fairly round the corner then, and warmed up somewhat. "I was busy here for nearly an hour. Then I walked over to Michigan Avenue and watched the parade. But I didn't see a soul here except Maynard."

"It's very important, you see," Bodet explained. "Of course, one of two things happened. Either Maynard absconded with the bonds or he was robbed. If he was robbed, it must have been by somebody who knew more or less about those bonds and the general situation. Presumably, it would have been somebody who had facilities for disposing of bonds of that character. There isn't the slightest sign of a struggle in Wilkerson & Smith's office. If Maynard was robbed, it must have been by somebody whose presence raised no suspicion in his mind. It seems Mr. Vicker had arranged to take up these bonds Saturday afternoon. He put it off. Monday, Mr. Wilkerson asked you whether or not Mr. Vicker had taken up the bonds Saturday, and you said he hadn't. That would naturally have suggested to you that Mr. Wilkerson, on Monday, didn't know what had become of more than a million dollars' worth of bonds belonging to Mr. Vicker, and if you had mentioned that to Mr. Vicker, he would probably have started an inquiry right away. But I believe you didn't mention it to Mr. Vicker."

"I thought nothing about it," said the secretary, with some heat. "I thought," Bodet suggested, "that perhaps you had an idea where the bonds had gone and tried to follow them. You went out of town Sunday, returning Monday morning."

The secretary's face turned more decidedly chalky. He swallowed, but said nothing, gleaming at the questioner with the eyes of a cornered animal. Inspector McCabe spoke for the first time, observing, "The elevator-starter down-stairs told us that you came in quite early Monday morning, carrying a small traveling-bag."

"You went to Toledo, Mr. Poor," said Bodet, and took from his breast-pocket a letter which he laid on the desk. "Mrs. Maynard got this letter this morning. It was odd that it should consist of only one sheet, with a sentence broken in the middle at the bottom of the sheet. It was odd that, while the letter was written in longhand, the envelop was addressed with a typewriter. If the envelop had been addressed in longhand—Maynard's longhand—I should

probably have been hunting for a needle in a haystack still, even though the envelop was torn and pasted together. But you probably know that, of a thousand typewriters, no two write exactly alike. A good microscope, in the hands of one who knows how to use it, will show. This envelop was addressed on the typewriter in the anteroom out there—the one nearest your door. You took it to Toledo, posted it there, and caught a night-train back. Why, Poor?"

The chalky secretary seemed unable to move his eyes or tongue. He struggled with the latter and got out the words:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Bodet," the caller replied.

"You came in here Saturday, Poor, and saw Maynard and the bonds in an empty building. You got him to go with you—probably on a pretext of getting a peep at the parade. At the east end of the hall, on this floor, there is a vacant office. The east wall has been torn out of it and canvas stretched over to keep out the rain. The room is piled with broken plaster and like building-refuse. With this building strike, it will probably not be used again for six months or more. There is a pile of refuse against the door of the office vault. Over by the window, from which one might get a peep at the parade, and from there to the vault door, the floor is stained with blood—covered up with broken plaster and so forth. Inspector McCabe and I have had a look at it. The body of Edward Maynard is in that vault, probably the bonds, too—hidden there until you found means of disposing of them, and probably the hammer or bar with which he was killed. You have access to all the keys and combinations, Poor. Come with us now and open that vault."

The secretary snatched open a drawer in his desk and thrust his hand into it. But Bodet sprang upon him, exclaiming,

"No you don't!"

Seizing his wrist the detective began to twist it, warning, "Drop that gun!" as he twisted. With a stifled scream of pain, Poor opened his fingers, and the gun dropped back in the drawer. Bodet picked it up.

"You don't end it that way," he said to the secretary grimly. "You've got to hang."

Poor was holding his sprained wrist.

"Are the bonds in there?" Bodet demanded.

Poor nodded.

It was when Inspector McCabe stood up that the full horror of Poor's situation seemed to come upon him.

"I didn't do it," he cried; "not I myself!"

"I understand that," Bodet replied.

"You took on a partner. He's always looking for fellows like you. But your partner left you in the lurch. He usually does."

Half an hour later, he was saying to Thomas Wilkerson,

"Tell her the boy's accounts are square."

When he walked back to his lodging, he felt a deep satisfaction and justification in his calling. Men would never be done with debating: What is truth? What is justice? What is right? Around those questions, their thoughts and emotions would spin endless webs for all time to come. But he was devoted to the very simple, elementary proposition that those who slay and rob against the law shall be overtaken and brought down. Poor, errant Maynard's slayer must answer to the law. Bodet felt a deep satisfaction and justification.

The Perfect Plan, relating the next adventure of Ben Bodet, business detective, will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

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Kindred of the Dust

(Continued from page 68)

not a tourist she'd be riding," he reflected, "What the devil's up here at all, at all, I dunno."

Dirty Dan saw her enter a taxi-cab at the Grand Central Station in New York.

"I wonder if the young laddybuck himself'll meet her nere," Mr. O'Leary reflected, alive with sudden suspicion, and springing into the taxi-cab that drew in at the stand the instant the taxi bearing Nan and her child pulled out, he directed the driver to follow the car ahead, and in due course found himself before the entrance to a hotel on lower Broadway.

Dirty Dan hovered in the offing until Nan had registered and gone up to her room. Immediately he registered also, and, while doing so, observed that Nan had signed her real name and given her address as Port Agnew, Washington. With unexpected nicety, Dirty Dan decided not to embarrass her by registering from Port Agnew also, so he gave his address as Seattle.

For two days, he forgot the woes of Ireland and sat round the stuffy lobby, awaiting Nan Brent's next move. When he saw her at the cashier's window paying out, he concealed himself behind a newspaper, and watched her covertly as the clerk gave instructions to the head porter regarding the disposition of her baggage. The instant she left the hotel, accompanied by her child, Dirty Dan approached the porter and said, with an insinuating smile, "I'd give a dollar to know the address the young leddy wit' the baby bhoys give you f'r the delivery av her trunk."

The porter reached for the dollar and handed Dirty Dan a shipping-tag containing the address. Mr. O'Leary laboriously wrote the address in a filthy little memorandum-book, and that afternoon made a point of looking up Nan's new habitation. He discovered it to be an old brownstone front on lower Madison Avenue, and a blue-and-gold sign over the area fence indicated to Mr. O'Leary that, from an abode of ancient New York aristocracy, the place had degenerated into a respectable boarding-house.

Having, as he judged, followed the mystery to its logical conclusion, Mr. O'Leary was sensible of a sudden waning of his abnormal curiosity in Nan Brent's affairs; so he presented himself before the proper authorities and applied for a passport to visit Ireland.

Now, while Daniel J. did not know it, one of the first questions the applicant for a passport is required to answer is his reason for desiring to make the journey, and during the great war, as everybody of mature years will recall, civilians were not permitted to subject themselves to the dangers of a ruthless submarine war without good and sufficient reason. Mr. O'Leary had a reason—to his way of thinking, the noblest reason in all the world; consequently he was proud of it and not at all inclined to conceal it.

"I'm goin' over there," he declared, with profane emphasis, "to kill all the damned English I can before they kill me."

His interlocutor gravely wrote this reply down in Mr. O'Leary's exact language and proceeded to the other questions. When the application was completed, Dirty Dan



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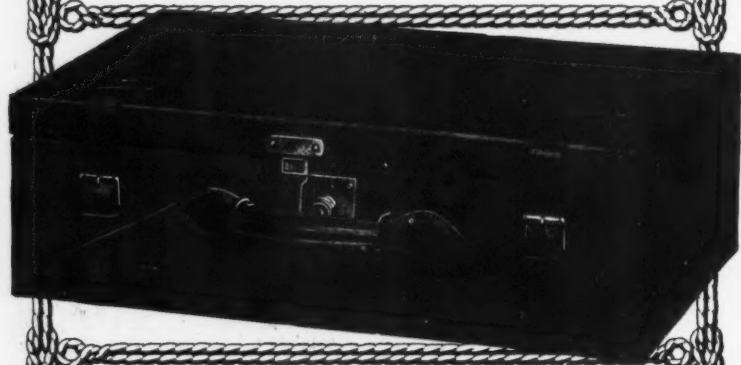
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certified to the correctness of it, and was then smilingly informed that he had better go back where he came from, because his application for a passport was denied. Consumed with fury, the patriot thereupon aired his opinion of the government of the United States, with particular reference to its representative then present, and in the pious hope of drowning his sorrows, went forth and proceeded to get drunk.

When drunk, Mr. O'Leary always insisted, in the early stages of his delirium, on singing Hibernian ballads descriptive of the unflinching courage, pure patriotism, and heroic sacrifices of the late Owen Roe O'Neill and O'Donnell Abu. Later in the evening, he would howl like a timber-wolf and throw glasses, and toward morning he always fought it out on the floor with some enemy. Of course, in the sawmill towns of the great Northwest, where folks knew Mr. O'Leary and others of his ilk, it was the custom to dodge the glasses and continue to discuss the price of logs. Toward Dirty Dan, however, New York turned a singularly cold shoulder. The instant he threw a glass, the barkeeper tapped him with a "billy;" then a policeman took him in tow, and the following morning, Dirty Dan, sick, sore, and repentant, was explaining to a police judge that he was from Port Agnew, Washington, and really hadn't meant any harm. He was, therefore, fined five dollars and ordered to depart forthwith for Port Agnew, Washington, which he did, arriving there absolutely penniless and as hungry as a cougar in midwinter. He fled over to the mill kitchen, tossed about five dollars' worth of ham and eggs and hot biscuit into his empty being, and began to take stock of life. Naturally, the first thing he recalled to mind was The Laird's remark that Donald planned to make him foreman of the loading-sheds and drying-yard; so he wasted no time in presenting himself before Donald's office door. To his repeated knocking there was no reply; so he sought Mr. Daney.

"Hello, Dan! You back?" Daney greeted him. "Glad to see you. Looking for Mr. Donald?"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

"Mr. Donald is ill in the company's hospital. We're afraid, Dan, that he isn't going to pull through."

"Glory be!" Mr. O'Leary gasped, horrified on two counts. First, because he revered his young boss, and, second, because the latter's death might nullify his opportunity to become foreman of the loading-sheds and drying-yard. "Sure what's happened to the poor bhoys?"

Before Daney could answer, a terrible suspicion shot through the agile and imaginative O'Leary brain. In common with several million of his countrymen, he always voiced the first thought that popped into his head; so he lowered that member, likewise his voice, peered cunningly into Andrew Daney's haggard face, and whispered,

"Don't tell me he tried to commit suicide, what wit' his poor broken heart an' all!"

It was Andrew Daney's turn to peer suspiciously at Dirty Dan. For a few seconds they faced each other like a pair of belligerent game-cocks. Then said Daney, "How do you know his heart was broken?"

Dirty Dan didn't know. The thought hadn't even occurred to him until ten

seconds before; yet, from the solemnity of Daney's face and manner he knew instantly that once more his feet were about to tread the trails of Romance. He winked knowingly.

"Beggin' ye're pardon, Misther Daney, an' not m'anin' the least offinse in life, but I know a lot about that young man—yis, an' the young leddy, too." He tried a shot in the dark. "That was a clever bit o' wurrk gittin' her out o' Port Agnew."

Andrew Daney's hands closed about Dirty Dan's collar, and he was jerked violently into the latter's office, while Daney closed and locked the door behind them.

"You cunning mick, you!" he cried. "I believe you're right. You do know a lot about this affair."

"Well, if I do, I haven't talked about it," Dirty Dan reminded him with asperity.

"You knew the girl had left Port Agnew and why, do you not?" Daney demanded.

"Of course I do. She left to plaze The Laird an' get rid o' the young fella. Whether Th' Laird paid her to go or not, I don't know, but I'll say this: If he gave her anythin' at all, 'twas little."

"He didn't give her a red cent," Daney protested.

"I believe you, sir," Mr. O'Leary assured him. "I judged so be the way she traveled an' the hotel she shtopped at."

Daney made another dive at the returned prodigal, but Mr. O'Leary evaded him.

"Where did she travel, and what hotel did she put up at?" the general manager demanded.

"She traveled to the same places an' put up at the same hotel that I did," Dirty Dan replied evasively.

Daney sat down and said very quietly, "Dan, do you know where Nan Brent may be found?"

"Faith, I can tell you where she *can* be found—but I'll not."

"Why not?"

"Because 'tis her secret, an' why should I share it wit' you, m'anin' no disrespect, sir, at that?"

"Your sentiments do you honor, Dan—a heap more honor than I ever thought you possessed. If Mr. Donald's life should happen to be the price of your silence, however, you'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

"I would."

"Thank you, Dan. Give me her address."

"Number One-eighty-five Madison Avenue, Noo Yorrk city," Dirty Dan replied promptly. "More I do not know. Am I on the pay-roll agin?"

"You bet! I'll pick out a good job for you as soon as I find time to think about it."

"Could I have a dollar or two in advance—" the wanderer began, as Daney hastened toward the door.

"Certainly." The door slammed, and Dirty Dan could hear the general manager shouting in the general office. "Dirty Dan is back. Give him some money."

Mr. O'Leary sighed contentedly.

"Oh ho, 'tis the great life we live," he murmured, and hastened outside to present himself at the cashier's window, while Andrew Daney continued on to the Tye Lumber Company's hospital, tiptoed down the corridor to the room where the young laird of Port Agnew lay dying, and rapped



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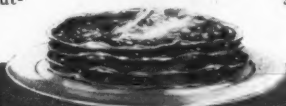
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lightly on the door. A nurse came out and closed the door after her.

"Well?" Daney demanded.

"No change. Any news at your end?"

"Yes; I have the girl's address. She's in New York. Is his father inside?"

"Yes."

"Ask him to step into the reception-room for a few minutes, please."

The Laird appeared promptly in response to this message, and the two men walked slowly down the hall to the reception-room. Daney closed the door and resolutely faced The Laird.

"The doctors and the nurses tell me things, sir, they're afraid to tell you," he began. "Ordinarily, the boy should be able to fight this thing through successfully, for he has a splendid body and a lot of resistance, but the fact of the matter is, he isn't crying. He doesn't want to get well."

The Laird's face went white.

"They believe this?" he cried sharply.

"They do. His subconscious mind clings to the memory of his loss. He keeps calling for her in his delirium, doesn't he? Now that he is assured she has dropped out of his life forever, he doesn't give a snap whether school keeps or not—and the doctors cannot cure him. If the girl were here, she might." He paused a moment. Then, "I know where she can be found."

The Laird raised his haggard face, and though his stern gray eyes were dull with agony, yet Daney saw in them the light of an unflinching resolution.

"I have left my son's honor and his life in the hands of God Almighty. I have made my bed and I'll lie in it," he panted.

"But if the boy should die—"

"Rather that, then—than—"

"But you're not going to take a chance on his pulling through, in the face of the advice of the doctors that only the girl's presence can stimulate him to a desire to live?"

"God's will be done, Andrew. If I asked her to come back and save my lad, I'd have to surrender him to her, and I would be derelict in my duty as a father if I permitted that. Better that he should pass out now than know the horror of a living death through all the years to come. God knows best. It is up to him. Let there be no talk of this thing again, Andrew." Abruptly he quitted the room and returned to his vigil by the side of the son, who was at once the light and the shadow of his existence.

The nurse came stealthily to the reception-room entrance and looked in inquiringly. Daney shook his head; so she came into the room and pointed at him a singularly commanding index-finger.

"If that old man is permitted to have his stubborn way, Donald McKaye will die," she declared.

"So will old Hector. He'll be dead of a broken heart within the year."

"He's sacrificing his son to his Scotch pride. Now, his mother is far more bitter against the girl than The Laird is; in her distress, she accuses the Brent girl of destroying her son. Nevertheless, Mrs. McKaye's pride and resentment are not so intense that she will sacrifice her son to them."

"Then give her this address," Daney suggested weakly, and handed it over. "I'm caught between the upper and nether millstone, and I don't care what happens to me. Damn the women, say I. They're

THE SECRET TROUSSEAU

A Story That Is Too Good to Keep

By ELEANOR HARRISON

Illustration by Will Greffé

BOB and I are back from our honeymoon and living in the dearest little house in Maywood. Mother and father were out to spend the evening with us last night and while father and Bob were enjoying their after-dinner cigars in the den, mother suddenly said:

"Eleanor, I have a secret. Let's go up in that cozy back room and be comfortable while I tell you about it."

So we went upstairs and sat as we used to at home—mother in a big, upholstered rocker and I on a low Turkish chair at her feet.

When we were comfortably settled, the first thing Mother did was to put her hand inside her waist and taking out something, she smiled and laid it in my hand. When I looked down, I saw it was a crisp, yellow \$100 bill!

"No, mother," I said, handing it back to her. "I don't want you to give me that! You have already given me too much and I know how easily you can use the money yourself. No, I couldn't take it and feel right!"

"But it's really yours, Eleanor," she protested. "And that's only part of my secret!"

But wait—I'm getting ahead of my story. Bob and I had planned to be married last May, but a few weeks before the date we had set his savings were swept away by the failure of a private bank and we had to start all over to save for our little home.

I kept my position at the office and also opened a savings account—with mother—toward the purchase of my trousseau. At noon or other times when I could spare an hour or two, I would meet her by appointment at Harper's and she would help me decide which suit, dress, coat or other garment I wanted. Then I would run back to my work and leave it to mother to pay the bill, see that alterations were made and that the package was properly addressed for delivery.

I had decided to buy all my clothes ready-made. There were no good dressmakers nearer than Chicago and since I was buying "piece-meal" as I accumulated the money, this would have meant a trip to the city for fittings or some other purpose every few days. So we confided in Mrs. Merritt—head of the ready-to-wear department at Harper's and an old friend of mother's. She was more than helpful and I really thought I was doing very well.

WELL, we were married three weeks ago. When the wedding day arrived, my trousseau was complete with attractive, stylish and becoming dresses, suits, waists and lingerie. I was delighted with everything! They seemed so much prettier at home than they had in the shop—not the least bit of a "ready-made" look about them when I tried them on in my room.

All the girls told me that my wedding dress was the prettiest thing they ever had seen. And when I had shown them all the new dainty things that made up my trousseau they couldn't believe that I had bought everything ready-made right in town. On our honeymoon, too, I could not help observing the admiring glances cast on my gowns and suits.

So—to come back to last night—when mother said the \$100 was really mine, I felt sure that some mystery about my wedding clothes was going to be cleared up. But I had absolutely no idea of the real truth when mother drew my head close to her and began to tell me her secret.

"In a way I suppose I deceived you, Eleanor," she said, "but I prefer to call it a 'surprise.' Not one mother in a thousand could do what I did and really keep it a secret, because less than one girl in a thousand would ever be too occupied to attend to her own wedding finery. Several times I was sure you would guess my secret. But if you suspected, you never let me know. So I'm going to confess at last. I made every dress, suit, skirt, waist and piece of lingerie in your wedding chest myself!"

I knew of course that mother was telling me the truth—and yet I could scarcely believe it!

"But, mother, you never told me you could sew at all—let alone sew like that! Those are the most wonderful clothes I ever had! Why have you always let me think you couldn't sew any more than I could?"

"Well, I couldn't, dear," she smiled mysteriously, "until last Fall. I had never made anything more difficult than an apron in my life! But I had wished so many times that I could make pretty, stylish dresses for you and for myself! Of course at my age I couldn't go into a school or shop to learn.

"But one evening I sat in the library at home, reading a magazine when I ran across

the story of an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a new and practical method by which any woman or girl—no matter where she might live—could learn right at home to make her own clothes and hats.

"That night before retiring, I filled out the coupon at the end of the story. I figured it wouldn't cost me anything but the postage. And it meant merely that I wanted more information. Next day I mailed it on my way downtown, wondering whether there could really be a home-study plan by which a woman as ignorant about sewing as I could learn to 'design, draft, cut, fit, make, drape and trim even the most elaborate dresses.' That was what the article promised.

"**W**ELL, in just a day or two the postman brought me a handsome booklet, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the success of thousands who had already joined the institute—wives and mothers, business women, girls at home or in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. It also contained many voluntary letters the institute had received from them praising its work and telling how much their courses had meant to them! Many of these letters were from mothers who expressed their delight in finding that they could learn in their own homes, at their own convenience, to plan and make stylish and becoming garments of all kinds for themselves and their children. And they could have them at a mere fraction of what such clothing would cost if bought in any other way.

"Many others wrote that the Institute had made it possible for them to succeed in dress-making or millinery as a business. Lots of these women, I found, were older than I and others were girls of fifteen or sixteen years. Their homes are in all parts of the world. The majority, of course, live in some part of the United States but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dress-making or millinery at home just as successfully as if they were together in a schoolroom! Yes, and many others are learning cooking—the selection, preparation and serving of healthful, appetizing food at one-third less cost—which the Institute is teaching by the same proven methods.

"In the face of all the evidence, I couldn't help believing that I could do what thousands of other women had done so successfully!

"So, without telling anyone, I joined the Institute and took up Dressmaking. I could hardly wait until the first lesson came. And when at last it was in my hands, I went upstairs to my room and opened it almost breathlessly—like a girl with her first love-letter! I turned a few pages and looked at the wonderful pictures. There are nearly 2,000 of them in the dressmaking course alone and they illustrate perfectly every step that could possibly cause anyone difficulty. I learned eighty-three different stitches and seams in the first two lessons."

"**W**HAT did father think of the plan?" I interjected.

"That is one of the few things I ever kept from him," said mother. "I didn't want him to say 'I told you so' if it didn't work out all right.

"I kept my lessons and my work hidden in my bedroom closet and studied them only while you and father were at business. But the course can easily be finished in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. I found I couldn't help making rapid progress. The teachers take such a deep personal interest in your work! And it must be pretty hard to make mistakes, for the textbooks foresee and clearly explain everything.

"The delightful part of it is that almost at once you begin actually making garments. Why, after the fourth lesson I made that pretty waist you thought I bought in Chicago!

"And so it went all the way through the course. I learned how to copy models I saw in shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things which I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do, were perfectly easy for me! Best of all—the lessons taught me how to develop style in a garment and add the little touches that make all the difference between ordinary clothes and those of becoming charm and distinction!

"**W**ELL, one day, the idea of proving the skill my course had given me, flashed into my mind. I had just completed the lesson giving complete directions for planning and making a bride's entire trousseau. I had plenty of time and wanted to do it for you as a complete



They seemed so much prettier when I tried them on in my own room

surprise. I wouldn't have thought it possible myself at the time—to save so much money on just your wedding clothes!

"The very first day we went shopping, I made up my mind how I could do what I had planned and keep it a secret from everyone at home. But I would have to let one person share it with me—Mrs. Merritt. She has been in charge of the ready-to-wear department at Harper's for years and we have been friends from girlhood. After you had gone, I told her about it. She agreed to try on you whatever garment you selected and fit you. Then after you had rushed away as you always did, I enlisted her aid in buying right there in the store the duplicate materials and trimming necessary to exactly copy the model.

"So I began work in earnest—and I didn't have the slightest trouble! Just once I got confused about your wedding dress. But I wrote to Mrs. Picken, Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute, who had been so considerate all through my course, and she gave me just the help I needed on the point that bothered me.

"And so," mother finished, "that is my 'surprise,' Eleanor! I made every stitch of your trousseau myself, bought every bit of material and trimming and actually saved \$100 on your outfit alone! Furthermore I have saved nearly \$75 more by making over into garments of the latest mode, a lot of out-of-date dresses and suits of my own—all through my membership in the Woman's Institute! Isn't it wonderful!"

"**W**ONDERFUL!" I exclaimed, "why mother dear, it's simply miraculous! No ready-made clothes in all the world ever looked like those you made for me! And you have spoiled me—I shall never again be satisfied with the ready-made kind!"

So I have told you mother's secret—just as she told it to me. I've already arranged to join the Institute myself. And surely, what mother did—in saving \$100 on just my wedding clothes—any woman can do over and over again on clothing for herself and her family!

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the ones that do all the talking, set up a cruel moral code, and make a broad-minded, generous man follow it."

"Thanks for the compliment," the nurse retorted blithely. "If I had time, I'd discuss the matter with you to your disadvantage, but, fortunately, I have other fish to fry. My job is to keep Donald McKaye alive for the next five or six days until Nan Brent can get here. She'll come. I know she will. She'd lie down in the street and die for him. I know it. I spent two days with her when her father was dead, and let me tell you something, Mr. Daney: She's too good for them. There! I feel better now."

"What a remarkable woman!" Mr. Daney reflected, as he walked back to the mill office. "What a truly remarkable woman!"

XXX

As a wife, it is probable that Nellie McKaye had not been an altogether unqualified success. She lacked tact, understanding, and sympathy where her husband was concerned; she was one of that numerous type of wife who loses a great deal of interest in her husband after their first child is born. She was always abnormally concerned over what the most inconsequential people in the world might think of her and hers. She had a passion for being socially "correct." Flights of imagination were rarely hers; on the few occasions when they were, her thoughts had to do with an advantageous marriage for Jane and Elizabeth, who, it must be confessed, had not had very good luck holding on to the few eligible young bachelors who had seemed, for a brief period, to regard them with serious intent. The poor soul was worried about the girls, as well she might be, since the strides of time were rapidly bearing both into the serene and yellow-leaf period of life. For her son, she had earnest, passionate mother love, but since, like all mothers, she was obsessed with the delusion that every girl in the world, eligible and ineligible, was busy angling for her darling, she had left his matrimonial future largely to his father. Frequently her conscience smote her for her neglect of old Hector, but she smoothed it by promising herself to devote more time to him, more study to his masculine needs for wifely devotion, as soon as Elizabeth and Jane should be settled.

Her son's acute illness and the possibility that he might not survive it had brought her closer to The Laird than she had been in twenty years; the blow that had all but crushed him had not even staggered her, for she told herself that during this crisis she must keep her feet and her head. A wave of pity for her husband and a tinge of shame for her years of neglect of him revived more than a modicum of the old honeymoon tenderness, and, to her mild amazement, she discovered that she was still, in old Hector's eyes, young and beautiful, her breast, her lips still had power to soothe and comfort.

In those trying days, she was The Laird's greatest asset. With maternal stubbornness, she resolutely refused to entertain the thought that her son might die. She could understand the possibility of some other woman's son dying, but not hers; she, who knew him (Continued on page 114)

LEADERSHIP

LEADERSHIP is assured only by conspicuous superiority

In the year 1902, Mr. H. W. Gossard President of The H. W. Gossard Co., introduced to the world a new idea in corsetry; the front lacing principle. In the face of long established practices and the cherished prejudices of many centuries, Gossard Corsets steadily gained a commanding ascendancy, perhaps best evidenced by the scores of imitators that have followed and are still following in the wake of their success.

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You will find Gossard Corsets at those stores you like best; those stores that safeguard their prestige by offering only merchandise of unquestionably superior quality. Every corsetiere handling Gossard Corsets takes pride in selling them and will take a personal interest in your satisfaction.

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GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS



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THE subtle magic that changes a house into a home where you love to dwell, is found largely in two arts, music and furniture. When you choose your phonograph, choose it for what it can give of both.

A phonograph's value as a musical instrument can be measured only by its realism. Thomas A. Edison spent three million dollars in research work to develop a phonograph so realistic that its reproduction of an artist's singing or playing cannot be detected from the original, when heard in direct comparison. The result is the New Edison, "The Phonograph With a Soul." It literally RE-CREATES music and the United States Government has given Mr. Edison the exclusive right to use the word "RE-CREATION" in connection with the reproduction of all forms of music.

THE absolute realism of this new phonograph has been established by tests with fifty different artists before three million people, who were unable to detect a difference between any artist's voice or instrumental performance and the New Edison's RE-CREATION of it. These remarkable tests have been reported in more than five hundred of America's leading newspapers.

The new Edison not only gives you the literal RE-CREATION of an artist's voice or instrumental performance, but it also adds to your home an exquisite piece of period furniture.

If you love music, you probably appreciate fine furniture.

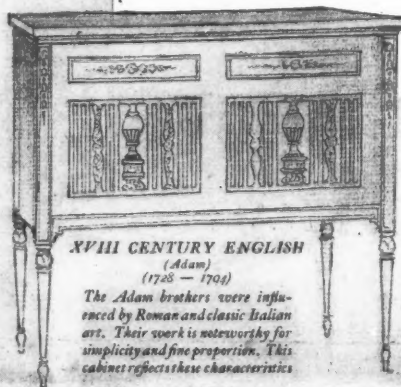
Furniture enjoyed its Golden Age in the 18th Century. Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and their contem-

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"Instead of the usual dentil-like looking cabinets, Mr. Edison's designers have succeeded in putting the character and feeling of the best periods into his phonograph cases. These graceful and artistic productions will be hailed with delight by all who can afford them, and will cause Mr. Edison's new phonograph to be received in many houses where less worthy machines have not been welcomed heretofore."

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XVIII CENTURY ENGLISH

(Adam)
(1728 - 1798)

The Adam brothers were influenced by Roman and classic Italian art. Their work is noteworthy for simplicity and fine proportion. This cabinet reflects these characteristics.

poraries were then creating what are today known as the period designs. These masterpieces have stood until this day as the highest expression of furniture art.

THERE is, then, only one way through which a phonograph can enrich the decorative art of your home. Its cabinet design must be derived from a pure period source.

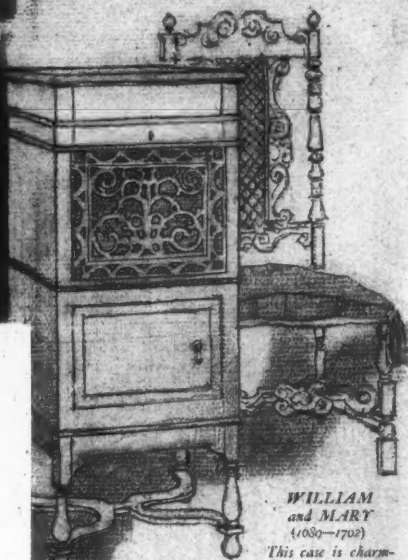
This is precisely the viewpoint from which Edison's designers created the cabinets for the New Edison. They went to the original sources of every representative period and chose its finest examples. They established seventeen different designs in all.

The entire wealth of furniture's Golden Age is yours to choose from. You can have a New Edison cabinet which expresses the dignity of England's best periods, or the elegance of France in its most luxurious days, or the esthetic beauty of Italy's inspired furniture art.

WHICHEVER cabinet you select, your choice will have the endorsement of Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Lady Randolph Churchill. In the minds of these two women, considered the greatest furniture authorities in the world, the New Edison stands supreme. Stray period motifs are easily borrowed; but Edison cabinets preserve entire the characteristics and feeling of the Old World's master designers. The workmanship embodied in these Edison cabinets is a monument to the beautiful craftsmanship of the eighteenth century.

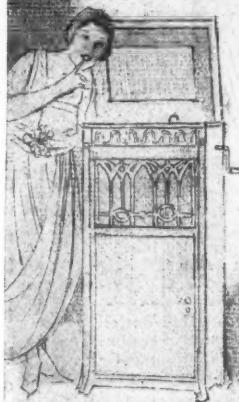
The New Edison gives all that is in music and all that is in furniture art. May we send you, with our compliments, our interesting book on music and furniture?

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED, ORANGE, N. J.



**WILLIAM
and MARY**
(1680-1702)

This case is charmingly expressive of the taste and delicacy which distinguished English furniture in the days of William and Mary.



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prima donna contralto of the
Metropolitan Opera Company

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MISS ELSIE de WOLFE
America's foremost designer
of household interiors

"From the characteristically diminutive and graceful Heppelwhite to the costly replicas of historic pieces, the superior furniture value of Edison cabinets can scarcely fail to impress the lover of good furniture."

The NEW EDISON

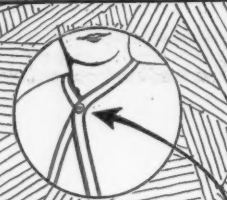
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This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N.Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's Garments: \$2.50, \$4 and \$5
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"Button One, Trimless One"

TO divide responsibility is to destroy it. Where half a dozen men are each doing only a part of one job, there are times when each expects the other to do a little more than he actually does. Omissions and confusion inevitably follow.

There is no division of responsibility in the

HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUIT

There is no working at cross purposes, no pulling in one place and gapping in another. Just one perfect, even fit from neck to knee or ankle, for the one master button, in just the right place, does all the work that a row of nine or more used to do so inefficiently.

Gone, too, is all the annoyance of lost buttons or torn button holes, for even the best of union suits show signs of wear and tear after a few trips to the laundry. Even if the one master button should work loose from its sturdy moorings, no time need be lost in repairs, for there is an extra button hole into which an ordinary collar button can be slipped.

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Albany

New York

so well (or thought she did, which amounts to the same thing), met with gentle tolerance and contempt the portentous nods and anxious glances of doctors and trained nurses. 'Fraid-cats—every last one of them! She told old Hector so, and, to a considerable extent, succeeded in making him believe it.

After The Laird's interview with Andrew Daney, he came home that night to The Dreamerie, and, to please Nellie, he pretended to partake of some dinner. Also, during the course of the meal, he suddenly decided to relate to his wife and daughters as much as he knew of the course of the affair between Donald and Nan Brent; he repeated his conversation with Nan on the two occasions he had spoken with her, and gave them to understand that his efforts to induce Donald to "be sensible" had not been successful. Finally, his distress making him more communicative, he related the cunning stratagem by which Daney had made it possible for Donald to be separated from the source of temptation.

Elizabeth was the first to comment on his extraordinary revelations.

"The girl has a great deal more character than I supposed," she opined.

"She played the game in an absolutely ripping manner!" Jane declared enthusiastically. "I had no idea she was possessed of so much force. Really, I should love to be kind to her, if that were at all possible now."

The Laird smiled, but without animus.

"You had ample opportunity once, Jane," he reminded her. "But then, of course, unlike Donald and myself, you had no opportunity for realizing what a fine, wholesome lass she is." He lowered his gaze and rolled a bread-crumbs nervously between thumb and forefinger. "They tell me at the hospital, Nellie," he began again presently, "that her absence is killing our boy—that he'll die if she doesn't come back. They've been whispering to Daney, and this afternoon he mentioned the matter to me." Three pairs of eyes bent upon him gazes of mingled curiosity and distress. "Have you heard aught of such talk from the doctors and nurses?" he continued, addressing them collectively.

"I have," said Mrs. McKaye meekly, and the two girls nodded.

"I think it's all poppycock," Jane added.

"It isn't all poppycock, my dear," old Hector rebuked her. He rolled another bread-crumbs. "Andrew has her address," he resumed, after a long silence. "She's in New York. He asked me to wire her to come immediately, or else permit him to wire her in my name. I refused. I told Daney that our boy's case was in the hands of God Almighty."

"Oh, Hector!" Mrs. McKaye had spoken. There was gentle reproach and protest in her voice, but she camouflaged it immediately by adding, "You poor dear, to be called upon to make such a decision!"

"His decision was absolutely right," Elizabeth declared. "I'd almost prefer to see my brother decently dead than the laughing-stock of the town, married to a woman that no respectable person would dare receive in her home."

Old Hector looked up in time to see Jane nod approval of her sister's sentiments, and Mrs. McKaye, by her silence, appeared also to agree with them.

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Why?

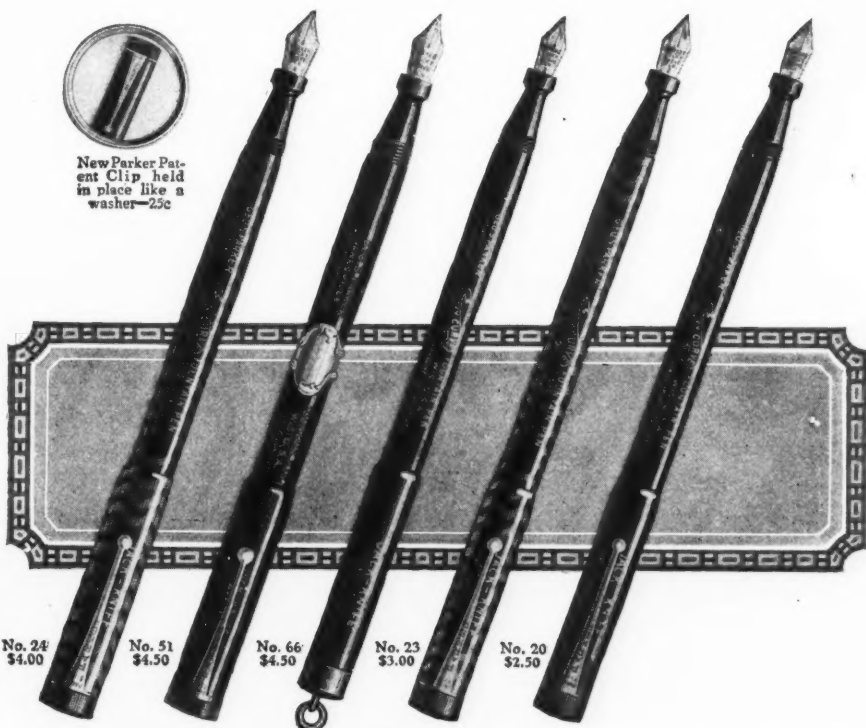
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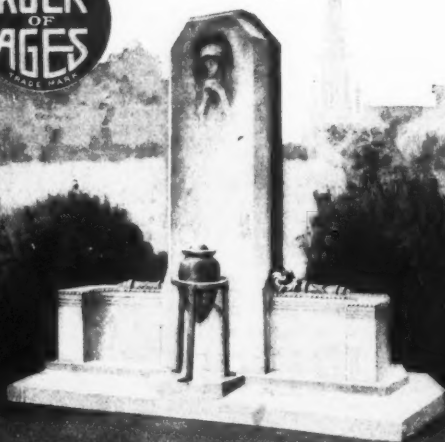
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"Poor Nellie!" he murmured affectionately. "'Tis hard to stand between our love and duty, is it not, lass? By God, sweetheart, I had to do it. I couldna stand to see him wedded wie a lass that any man or woman could throw mud at." His voice shook with the intensity of his emotion; his flashing glance swept the board in pitiful defiance. "I have a right to protect my honor and the honor of my house!" he cried sharply. "Is not Jesus Christ the embodiment of honor? How can he blame me if I trust in his power and discretion. I've prayed to him—och, mon, how I've prayed to him!—to keep my son from making a fule o' himself——"

"Now, there you go again, Hector dear," his wife soothed. She rose from her place at table, came round to him, put her arms around his great neck, and laid her cheek against his. "An open confession is good for the soul, they say, Hector. I'm glad you've taken us into your confidence, because it permits us to share with you an equal burden of this heart-breaking decision. But you mustn't feel badly, father. Haven't I told you our boy isn't going to die?"

"Do you really think so, Nellie?"

"Silly old Hector! I know so." And this time there was in her voice such a new note of confidence and in her eyes such a gleam of triumph that she actually did succeed in comforting him.

"Ah, well; God's will be done," he said piously, and attacked his dinner again, while Mrs. McKaye slipped out of the room and up-stairs. Once in her bedroom, she seized the extension telephone and called up Andrew Daney.

"Andrew," she said softly but distinctly, "this is Nellie McKaye speaking. Hector and I have been discussing the advisability of sending for the Brent girl."

"I—I was going to take the matter up with you, Mrs. McKaye. I had a talk with your husband this afternoon, but he was a bit wild——"

"He isn't so wild now, Andrew. He's talked it over with the girls and me. It's a terrible alternative, Andrew, but it simply means our boy's life for the gratification of our family pride——"

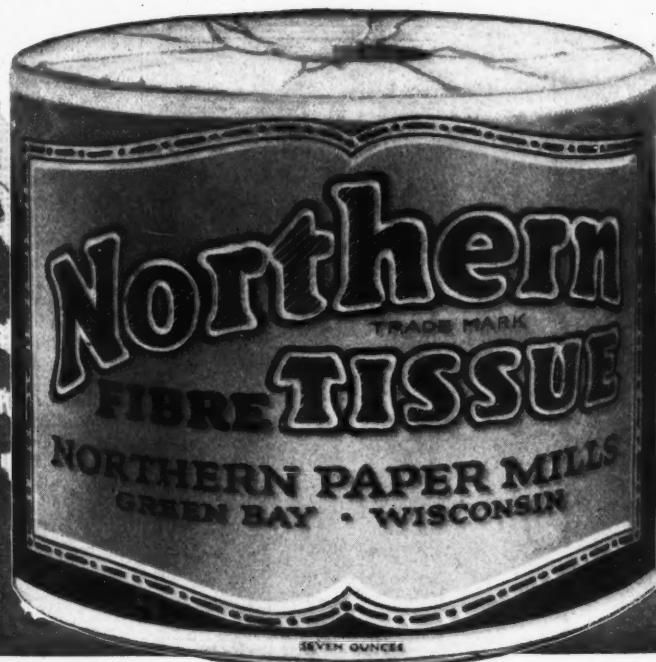
"Exactly! Exactly! And though I understand just how you feel, Mrs. McKaye, after all, now, it's only a nine days' wonder, and you can't keep people from talking anyhow, unless you gag the brutes. The boy has been raving, and some of the hospital attendants have talked, and the gossip is all over town again. So why not send for her? She doesn't have to marry him just because her presence will revive his sinking morale——"

"Certainly not. My idea, exactly, Andrew. Well, Andrew, suppose you telegraph her——"

"No, no, no! I'll telephone her. Remember, we have a transcontinental telephone service nowadays. She might not realize the vital necessity for speed; she might question her right to come if I tried to cover the situation in a telegram. But, catch her on the 'phone, Mrs. McKaye, and you can talk to her and convince her."

"Oh, that's perfectly splendid! Place the call for me immediately, Andrew, please. And—Andrew, don't mention to Hector what I've done. He wants to do it, poor man, but he simply cannot bring himself to the point of action."

"Don't I know it?" Daney's voice rose



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triumphant. "The blessed old duffer!" he added. "I'll put in a call for New York immediately. We ought to get it through in an hour or two."

XXXI

It was Mr. Daney's task to place the call for Nan Brent in New York city, and while he did not relish the assignment, nevertheless, he was far from shrinking from it. While the citizens of Port Agnew had been aware for more than two years that transcontinental telephoning was possible, they knew also that three minutes of conversation for twenty-five dollars tended to render silence more or less golden. As yet, therefore, no one in Port Agnew had essayed the great adventure; wherefore, Mr. Daney knew that when he did, his conversation would be listened to eagerly by every telephone operator in the local office and a more or less garbled report of same circulated through the town before morning unless he took pains to prevent it. This he resolved to do, for the Tyee Lumber Company owned the local telephone company, and it was quite generally understood in Port Agnew that Mr. Daney was high, low, and jack in the game, to use a sporting expression.

He stood by the telephone a moment after hanging up the receiver, and tugged at his mustache reflectively.

"No," he murmured presently; "I haven't time to motor up-country forty or fifty miles and place the call in some town where we are not known. It just isn't going to be possible to smother this miserable affair; sooner or later the lid is going to fly off, so I might as well be game and let the tail go with the hide."

He turned from the 'phone and beheld Mrs. Daney, alert of countenance and fairly pop-eyed with excitement. She grasped her husband by the arm.

"You have a private line from the mill office to The Dreamerie," she reminded him. "Have the call run in on your office telephone, then call Mrs. McKaye, and switch her in. We can listen on the office extensions."

Upon his spouse Mr. Daney bent a look of profound contempt.

"When I consider the loyalty, the love, the forbearance, and Christian charity that have been necessary to restrain me from tearing asunder that which God, in a careless moment, joined together, Mary, I'm inclined to regard myself as four-fifths superman and the other fifth pure angel," he declared coldly. "This is something you're not in on, woman, and I hope the strain of your curiosity will make you sick for a week."

He seized his hat and fled, leaving his wife to shed bitter, scalding tears at his cruel words.

He went directly to the local telephone office and placed his New York call with the chief operator, after which he sat in the manager's office and smoked until ten o'clock, when New York reported, "Ready."

"You young ladies," said Mr. Daney, addressing the two young women on duty, "may take a walk round the block. Port Agnew will not require any service for the next twenty minutes."

They assimilated his hint, and when he was alone with the chief operator, Mr. Daney ordered her to switch the New



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York call on to Mrs. McKaye at The Dreamerie. Followed ten minutes of: "Ready, Chicago." "All right, New York. Put your party on the line"—a lot of persistent buzzing, and sudden silence. Then, "Hello, Port Agnew!"

Mr. Daney, listening on the extension in the office of the manager, recognized the voice instantly as Nan Brent's.

"Go on, Mrs. McKaye," he ordered. "That's the Brent girl calling Port Agnew."

"Hello, Miss Brent. This is Donald McKaye's mother speaking. Can you hear me distinctly?"

"Yes, Mrs. McKaye; quite distinctly."

"Donald is ill with typhoid fever. We are afraid he is not going to get well, Miss Brent. The doctors say that is because he does not want to live. Do you understand why this should be?"

"Yes; I think I understand perfectly."

"Will you come back to Port Agnew and help save him? We all think you can do it, Miss Brent. The doctors say you are the only one that can save him."

"There was a moment of hesitation."

"His family desires this, then?"

"Would I telephone across the continent if we did not?"

"I'll come, Mrs. McKaye—for his sake and yours. I suppose you understand why I left Port Agnew. If not, I will tell you. It was for his sake and that of his family."

"Thank you. I am aware of that, Miss Brent. Ah—of course you will be amply reimbursed for your time and trouble. Miss Brent. When he is well—when all danger of a relapse has passed—I think you realize, Miss Brent, all of the impossible aspects of this unfortunate affair which render it necessary to reduce matters strictly to a business basis."

"Quite, dear Mrs. McKaye. I shall return to Port Agnew—on business—starting to-morrow morning. If I arrive in time, I shall do my best to save your son, although to do so I shall probably have to promise not to leave him again. Of course, I realize that you do not expect me to keep that promise."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, my dear girl, that I cannot say 'No' to that. But then, since you realized, in the first place, how impossible—"

"Good-night. I must pack my trunk."

"Just a minute, my girl," Andrew Daney interrupted. "Daney speaking. When you get to Chicago, call up the C. M. & St. P. station. I'll have a special train waiting there for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Daney. I'm sorry you cannot charter an air-plane for me from New York to Chicago. Good-night, and tell Donald for me whatever you please."

"Send him a telegram," Daney pleaded. "Good-by." He turned to the chief operator and looked her squarely in the eyes. "The Laird likes discreet young women," he announced meaningly, "and rewards discretion. If you're not the highest paid chief operator in the state of Washington from this on, I'm a mighty poor guesser."

XXXII

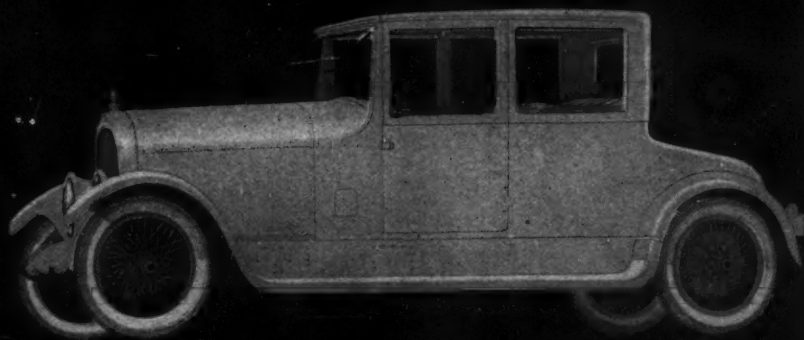
DONALD, trembling on the brink of Beyond, not from his disease but from the exhaustion incident to it, was conscious when his father entered the room and sat down beside his bed.

"Well, lad," he greeted the boy, with an assumption of heartiness he was far from

MARMON 34

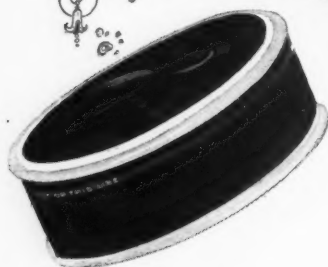
A motor car built to a new degree of accuracy—so smooth in operation, so immune to trouble and wear as to be an entirely new experience for the motoring world. A motor car that truly reflects the great lessons we learned in building aircraft engines for the government—that is the new series Marmon 34.

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1. Cleanse face and neck thoroughly with a good cold cream.*

2. Before removing cream, gently pinch face all over. This will bring superfluous oil out of pores and help circulation. Don't pinch so hard that it hurts.

3. Remove cream with a soft face cloth wrung out of very hot water.

4. While skin is still moist, apply Combination Cream Jonteel. Pat skin gently, especially under chin. Occasionally dip finger-tips into warm water—lastly into cold. Notice how refreshed your face feels. Notice how eagerly the skin drinks in the cream,

how velvety smooth it makes the flesh.

5. When cream is thoroughly absorbed, lightly apply Face Powder Jonteel. Add a touch of Rouge Jonteel where color is needed.

Thousands of beautiful women use Combination Cream Jonteel daily, to beautify and heal the skin, to protect it against weather. It leaves such a uniform surface for powder to cling to, and keeps powder from lodging in the pores to form black-heads or pimples. Take home a jar of Combination Cream Jonteel today.

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Odor Jonteel Concentrate, \$3

How to use Face Powder and Rouge Jonteel



Face Powder Jonteel, 50c

Take great care always to use the right shade of powder. In sunlight, too light a powder gives a ridiculous, unbecoming effect. Face Powder Jonteel comes in three natural shades—Flesh, White, and Brunette. Never apply powder directly to the skin—it tends to clog up the pores. Always use cream first.



Face Powder Compacts Jonteel, 50c

A dainty box, containing a disc of this fine, adherent powder and a puff. Slip readily into purse or bag. Flesh, White, and Brunette. Also a fascinating new shade, especially for day-time use, "Outdoor".



Rouge Jonteel, 50c

Select your shade with extreme care, apply sparingly, and the illusion of natural, youthful color will be perfect. Rouge Jonteel comes in three shades, so carefully chosen that any woman can find one which blends perfectly with her complexion. Use where color would come naturally. Study your face.

Lip Stick Jonteel, 25c
Eyebrow Pencil Jonteel, 25c

feeling, "and have you no good news for your old father this morning? Tell me you're feeling better, lad."

"Read the telegram," Donald whispered, and old Hector, seeing a telegram lying on the bed, picked it up. It was dated from New York that morning.

Due Port Agnew Friday morning. Remember the last line in the fairy-tale. Love and kisses from your

SWEETHEART.

"God bless my soul!" The Laird almost shouted. "Who the devil is 'Sweetheart'?"

"Only—have one—Scotty. Sorry—for you—but do you—happen to know—last line—fairy-tale? Tell you. 'And so—they—were married—and lived—happy—ever—after.'"

Fell a long silence. Then, from The Laird, "And you're going to wait for her, my son?"

"Certainly. Foolish die—now. I'll try—to wait. Try hard."

He was still trying when Nan Brent stepped off the special train at Port Agnew on Friday morning. She was heavily veiled, and because of the distinctly metropolitan cut of her garments, none recognized her. With her child trotting at her side, she walked swiftly to the company hospital, and the nurse, who had been watching for her, met her at the door. The girl raised a white, haggard face, and her sad blue eyes asked the question. The nurse nodded, led her down the hall, pointed to the door of Donald's room, and then picked up Nan's child and carried it off to the hospital kitchen for a cooky.

The outcast of Port Agnew entered. Hector McKaye sat by the bed, gazing upon his son, who lay with closed eyes, so still and white and emaciated that a sudden terrible fear rose in Nan's mind. Had she arrived too late? The Laird turned and gazed at her an instant with dull eyes, then sprang to meet her.

"Well, lass," he demanded, and there was a belligerent and resentful note in his voice, "is this playing the game?" She nodded. "Then," he whispered, "you didn't mean that—about the last line of the fairy-tale?"

Her head moved in negation, but she did not look at him. She had eyes only for the wreck of the man she loved.

"I heard you needed me—to save him, Mr. McKaye. So I'm here—to save him, if I can—for you—nothing more."

He bowed to her, deeply, humbly, as if she were, in truth, the grandest lady in the land, then left the room hurriedly. Nan approached the bed and leaned over Donald, gazing at him for several minutes, for he was not as yet aware of her presence. Suddenly she began to sing softly the song he loved: "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny," and her hand stole into his. The little grin that crept over his face was ghastly; after the first bar, Nan bent and laid her cool cheek against his.

"Well, old shipmate," she murmured in his ear, "I'm back."

"God's in—his heaven," he whispered. "All's well—with the—world."

What will Nan do, now that she has the better of her opponents in this situation? She announces her decision very positively in the next instalment of *Kindred of the Dust* in *May Cosmopolitan*.

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Ex-President of the American Association of Public Accountants

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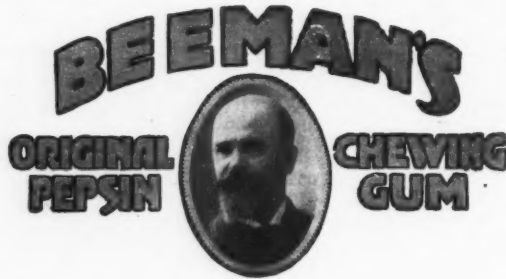
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Good Men for Bad

(Continued from page 61)



Common Sense and Digestion

The routine use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal aids digestion by stimulating the flow of saliva which is so essential for the proper digestion of food.

Business men and business women often attribute to other causes a decrease in their efficiency, when it is really due to a slight indigestion resulting from hasty mastication and insufficient saliva.



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prison wardens, bulwarked in their belief by tradition, hold that the men committed to their care are sent for the primary purpose of undergoing punishment for their sins against society. Their lives are purposely restricted by abnormal regulations designed to impress them with the stigma of their condition. The results of the punishment system are that they see themselves as combatants, justifiedly at war with their fellow men. This is the state of mind of the average man discharged even from the so-called "good" prisons, where the hideous brutality still existent in many institutions is not permitted. Prisons of the latter class breed men as wantonly brutal as the treatment they have been forced to endure.

Being a shrewd, hard-headed business man, Governor Bamberger admitted the facts that confronted him. He conceded the old penal system had proved a complete failure as a crime-deterrent; to this, he added the conviction that a prison which breeds criminality instead of curing it is an inconceivably costly and inexcusable social blunder on the part of those whose taxes pay its up-keep. In consequence, he completely reversed the accepted theory of penal management, and named George Storrs to give the new system an adequate test. The result is Utah's penitentiary as it is to-day—a prison that is not a prison within the usually accepted meaning of the word, a prison that has absolutely abolished punishment in all forms, a prison in which inmates are practically their own guards, and a prison which, its statistics show, is actually making good men of bad faster than they ever were made before.

The new warden began his campaign of education with the prison guards. He told them he expected each to aid, by attitude and example, in making all prisoners as quickly as possible what he hoped to see them—free men and good citizens.

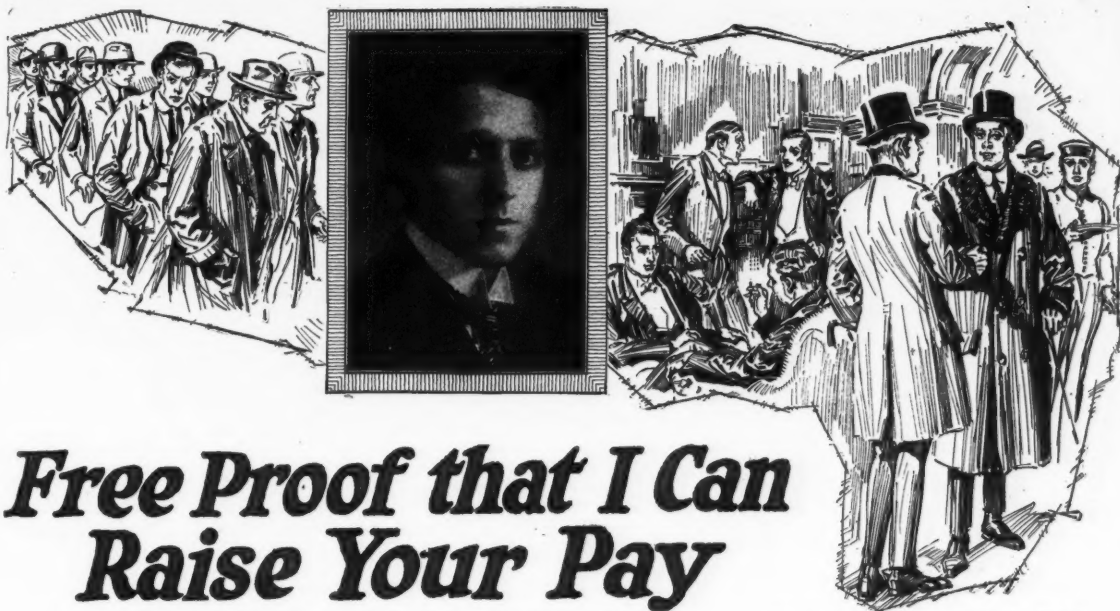
"Any guard who strikes a prisoner had better resign without wasting his time and mine with explanations, unless he can prove conclusively that he did so solely to defend himself," he told them. "Any guard who curses a prisoner for any cause whatsoever has automatically tendered his resignation. There are circumstances under which a guard might be compelled to strike a convict justifiably. There are no conceivable circumstances under which he could possibly be right in swearing at one."

Storrs then announced that he intended to run his prison without punishment of any description.

"Either punishment is wrong or I'm wrong," he declared. "Results will determine that question. Meanwhile, this prison is going to get along without punishment in any form."

The guards received this announcement with open misgivings. Such a thing never had been done and, they were quite sure, it never could be. They foresaw riot and tumult and disaster. Warden Storrs listened to their well-intentioned warnings, smiled, and sent for the prisoners one by one, and had a let's-get-acquainted, heart-to-heart chat with each.

"Getting personally acquainted—that's



Free Proof that I Can Raise Your Pay

No matter how much you are earning now, I can show you how to increase it. I have even taken failures and shown them how to make \$100—\$200, and in one case as high as \$2,000 weekly. I am willing to prove this entirely at my risk and expense.

LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that

day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes.

Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as \$2,000 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then

A Few Examples

Personal Experiences
Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U.S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britz; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Well Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Constructi Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan. E. T. Meadwith, Secy. of agriculture and many others of equal prominence.

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"The book has been worth more than \$15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

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"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth \$100,000 today. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milano, Tex.

Salary Jumped from \$150 to \$300

"Since I read 'Power of Will' my salary has jumped from \$150 to \$300 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

From \$100 to \$2,000 a Month
"One of our boys who read 'Power of Will' before he came over here jumped from \$100 a month to \$2,000 a month and won a \$250 prize for the best salesmanship in the state."—Private Leslie A. Still, A. E. F., France.

you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help you out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our wills—because we continually how to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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FOR HUSKY THROATS

the big thing—the biggest of all," he told me, his eyes sparkling with quick enthusiasm. "You can't take a hundred men, lump them, treat all alike, and get results. No two are to be reached in the same way. Each is an individual problem to be treated separately. Well, I talked to the boys one at a time, man-to-man fashion."

From the men themselves I learned what the warden had told them. He announced frankly that he had abolished punishment. He told them he intended to make them their own jailers—in other words, that good conduct meant freedom as soon as they had earned it; bad conduct, continued imprisonment. He assured them that neither money nor political influence would aid them toward a parole.

"Freedom is as near or as far away as you choose to make it," he said. "When I think you'll make good, I'll put you to work outside the walls without guards. When I can trust you still further, I'll let you sleep outside the walls behind unlocked and unguarded doors. Any man who is square with himself and with me—which is the same thing—will soon be mighty close to the front gates and complete freedom, for I intend to see that every man in this prison gets a parole as soon as he's earned it."

"And when you had talked to them, what happened then?" I asked.

The warden lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair, thoughtful and a bit solemn.

"They didn't believe me—they couldn't—not at first," he answered. "I had to convince them I really meant what I said. I began by making their living-conditions as nearly normal as possible. To make a man think normally, you must let him live normally. A man who's locked in a dark, unsanitary cell fifteen hours out of each twenty-four can't possibly have the same point of view as a free man living in the sunshine."

Outside the window of the warden's office, a half-dozen men were playing baseball. The warden indicated them with a gesture.

"Amusements are vitally essential," he said. "We organized a prison baseball team, built a swimming-pool, bought a moving-picture machine, and in every way possible duplicated within the walls the life of an ordinary man outside. I abolished all those harassing little prison regulations which are no possible aid to discipline and which keep perpetually in a prisoner's mind the fact that he is a prisoner and on a different plane from other men. And then, as their friendship and confidence increased, I probed each man's hopes, ambitions, and his inclinations in the line of employment."

"One by one, the men responded as I knew they would," he continued. "They soon learned that their best interests and mine are identical—that any act by one of their number that injures me or the prison injures each of them. It took time to convince them all of this, but now—" The warden paused and pressed a button.

"If Jim's around, send him in to me," he said to the man who answered his summons. And then, to me: "I want you to meet Jim and look the prison over from top to bottom with him before we discuss the results of the prison system we're trying here. Jim's a man who'll interest you, and here he is."

Permit me to interpolate a word about Jim, whose last name isn't essential. He's

A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules*. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.



DO you want to know why your skin is not always clear? Look at the cloth after cleansing your face with a cream prepared especially for cleansing. The dust will make you realize that a dull looking skin is often nothing more or less than a skin not thoroughly cleansed.

The only means of keeping the skin clear of the dust that gets lodged deep within its pores is the cold cream bath. For this, Vanishing Cream will not do, for Vanishing Cream has no oil. At night cleanse the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. The formula for this cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power.

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Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

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WHEN you powder, do it to last. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—not to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little

Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



CHAPPING is a sign of carelessness. So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.

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Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream to day at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.



Catch the little lines before they grow big

YOU can keep your face free of the wratched little lines that will keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines. Massage from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required for a perfect massage cream.

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the son of a fine old family whose home is in the Mississippi-valley region. As a youngster, he enlisted in the United States army and served in the Philippines during the campaigns that made General Funston famous. He made a conspicuous record for bravery, which culminated in a thrilling rescue which won him official recognition and in which he saved the life of his pal, leader of a party which had been cut off and surrounded in the jungle by a hostile band of Moros. He was discharged from the army with a brilliant record and the highest military honors. Disaster followed. He was caught by the undertow of San Francisco's night life and found himself, eventually, penniless and hungry, in Salt Lake City. He resolved to hold up a street-car. During the attempted robbery, the motor-man felled him with a blow from his controller. The conductor drew a revolver and snapped it again and again in the face of the soldier robber, but it missed fire. Jim drew his own weapon and shot twice, each bullet killing one of the car-men.

He was captured, tried, and sentenced to death. His age, then, was twenty-four.

For two years, Jim lived in the death-cell of the Utah Penitentiary, his life hanging in the balance while his attorneys carried an appeal through the higher courts.

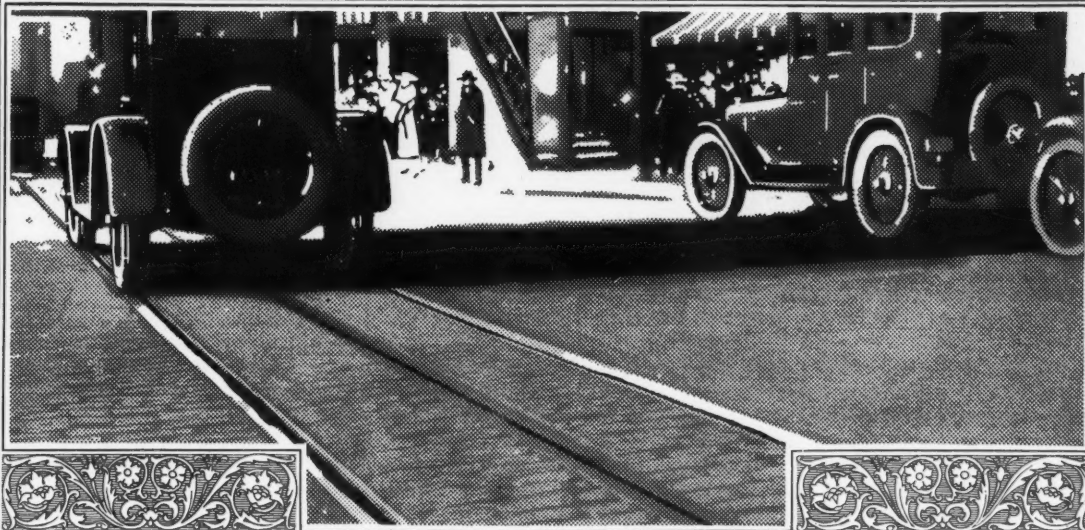
The governor finally commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, an act of clemency which roused public opinion to the point of threatened lynching. At twenty-six, after his two years in the death-cell, Jim's hair was snow-white. For twelve years, he served time in the Utah prison under the old régime—a prison no better, and little, if any, worse than most of our prisons to-day. And then, three years ago, Warden Storrs took charge of the penitentiary.

"Jim will take you through the prison," said the warden. "He knows more about it than I do."

One who did not know would never have suspected Jim of being a prisoner. He was dressed in well-tailored civilian clothes bought, I learned later, with his own privately earned money, for Jim is a writer whose work is beginning to sell. Every line of his face expresses character—character which has been developed and strengthened and refined in the purifying crucible of a regenerating mental rebirth. He's keenly intellectual, a forceful talker, and a logical thinker whose conclusions upon prisons and their effect upon men are based upon personal experience under both systems, the old and the new. For the purposes of this article, Jim is the most interesting and illuminative person in Utah, for he is living proof of what may and may not be done within prison walls.

He showed us the prison from end to end—a prison in which there was not a single man behind a locked door. The day's work was done, and the men were amusing themselves. Some were playing baseball on the prison diamond. Others, mostly smiling, white-toothed negroes, were jigging happily to the twanging music of a banjo. Some were playing cards, some checkers, and others lay in their electric-lighted cells reading books drawn from the prison library. The cell-house was immaculate, cheerful, sanitary, and well ventilated. The kitchen and dining-room were as spick and span as an old-fashioned New England spinster's. The swimming-pool, in which the men take a plunge each evening, was

Go to a Legitimate Dealer and Get a Legitimate Tire



THIS year the American people will spend more than \$900,000,000 for automobile tires.

Tires are one of the largest items in the motorist's budget.

The cost is making even careless buyers think and inquire.

And the more they inquire the smaller will grow the influence of hearsay and the irresponsible tire dealer.

* * *

We have all met the man who takes his opinions ready-made.

He tells everything he knows. He knows more about every car than the man who made it, where to buy the cheapest truck—how to get the biggest bargain in tires.

Every time you drive your car along a track or a rut in a country road you are taking some life out of your tires.

Worn frogs and switches often cause small cuts, which are rapidly enlarged by the action of gravel and moisture. Ruts and track slots pinch the tire, wearing away the tread where their edges strike it.

It is well to avoid such places as much as possible.

He always arouses a certain amount of wonder in the unknowing. They never think to ask him where he gets his secrets.

"Somebody says" and "Everybody does" are responsible for more wrong impressions about tires than anything else you can think of.

* * *

It is on the people who come under the influences of these phrases that the irresponsible dealer thrives.

You generally find him

with the name of a standard tire displayed in his windows to give an impression of quality.

But when you get inside the first thing he begins to talk about is price and substitution.

What the thoughtful motorist is looking for today is better tires.

He goes to a legitimate dealer and gets a legitimate tire.

The quality idea—the idea of a quality tire, of a dealer who believes in quality—is commanding a greater respect from a larger portion of the motoring public all the time.

It is the idea on which the United States Rubber Company was founded—on which it has staked a greater investment than any other rubber organization in the world.

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More than 20,000 Bell telephone employees went to war; some of them never returned. For eighteen months we were shut off from practically all supplies.

War's demands took our employees and our materials, at the same time requiring increased service.

Some districts suffered. In many places the old, high standard of service has been restored.

In every place efforts at restoration are unremitting. The loyalty of employees who have staid at their tasks and the fine spirit of new employees deserve public appreciation.

They have worked at a disadvantage but they have never faltered, for they know their importance to both the commercial and social life of the country.

These two hundred thousand workers are just as human as the rest of us. They respond to kindly, considerate treatment and are worthy of adequate remuneration. And the reward should always be in keeping with the service desired.



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clean and cool and irresistibly enticing. The hospital was empty. There are few sick men in the Utah Penitentiary nowadays.

I did not see a sullen face or a hopeless one, for the men in the Utah Penitentiary now are looking forward, not backward. There was not a guard within sight anywhere inside the prison enclosure—incidentally, it is worth mentioning here that, under the new system of increased liberty at this prison, the warden has reduced his pay-roll more than twenty thousand dollars a year.

I missed something in this penitentiary that I have never failed to find in any other of the many institutions I have visited in the past few years. I mean that intangible but perfectly obvious spirit of antagonism and suppressed hatred that usually exists between convicts and the authority that denies them their liberty. Though Warden Storrs may not know it, the unity of thought and interest he has created between himself, representing the power of organized society, and his prisoners, representing the convicted enemies of that power, is the most remarkable and outstanding of his achievements. I mentioned this to Jim with frank surprise as we rested outside the execution-room before which numerous men in the past have faced the guns of a legal firing-squad.

"You're right," Jim answered. "There isn't a man here now who isn't better for having been here. There isn't a man here who doesn't face his future hopefully. You won't always find the men good-natured and smiling, however. Sometimes you'll find them as grim-faced and sullen and bitter as all of us used to be always."

"When? Why?" I demanded.

"When they get word that some one has broken faith and escaped from one of the road-camps. Since Warden Storrs came, every man in the prison takes the news of an escape as a personal and grievous injury. It doesn't sound possible, I know, but it's true. How different it used to be! When a man escaped, then it was the occasion of a frenzied, unanimous jubilee. Not even the certainty of punishment could stop us from singing and shouting the whole night through."

"What sort of punishment did they have here in the old days?" I asked.

Jim pointed to closed steel doors just behind us.

"When Warden Storrs came here, the punishment-cells were just inside those doors. I was with the warden when he first saw them—pitch-dark cement tombs in which men were strung up to manacles bolted into the walls and left dangling for hours—sometimes days—with their toes barely scraping the floor. The warden looked at the dark, sound-proof cells, the wrist-rings in the walls, and the old blood-stains that discolored them. Without a word, he walked out and telephoned the governor and Board of Pardons to come out to the prison. When Governor Bamberger saw those cells, he exclaimed: 'Is it possible that such barbarity as this has been going on in our state without the knowledge of men like ourselves who have lived here all our lives? Tear out those old cells at once, Warden.'"

"What are the former punishment-cells used for now?" I inquired.

"They are the workshops now, where men are taught trades by which they can

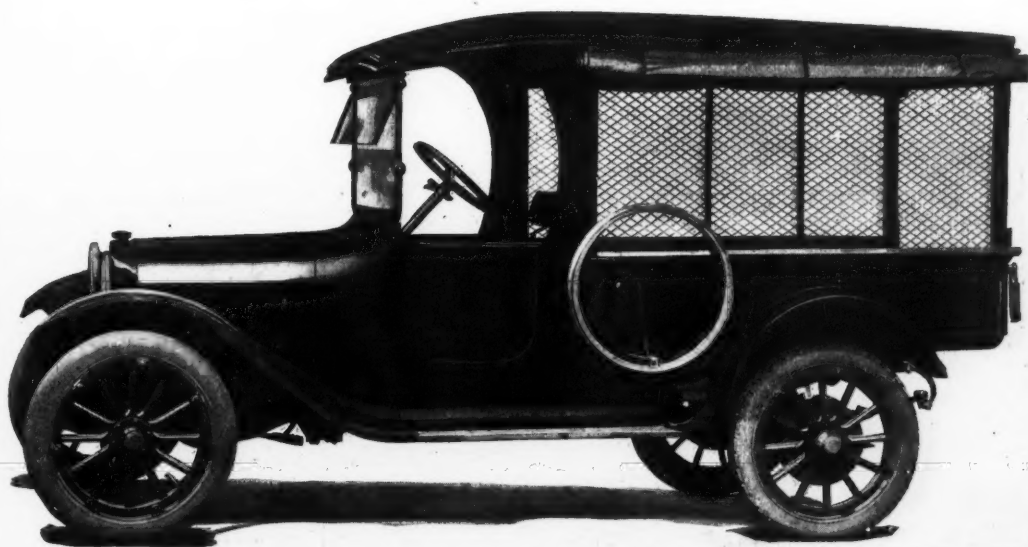


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earn an honest living after they leave here. There's an electrical shop, a carpenter shop, a blacksmith shop, and the like."

He paused, looking out over the sunlit baseball diamond with thoughtful eyes.

"The change in the use to which this old building has been put symbolizes the change in the entire prison," he added. "Under the old system, they strung men up here and tortured them. When those men completed their sentences, they were as inhuman as the treatment they had endured. Men were treated like beasts and became something worse than beasts. I know, for I was here then. Twelve years under the old system of punishment left me as bad—or worse—as when I came. I hate to think of what I might have become on the outside if I had completed my sentence before Governor Bamberger was elected and Warden Storrs took office."

"And now?"

"My name is the only thing about me that hasn't changed. I'm a different man, a reborn man," replied Jim, with simple sincerity. "In Warden Storrs, I found a true friend who had more faith in me than I had in myself. His friendship has changed me from what I was to what I am."

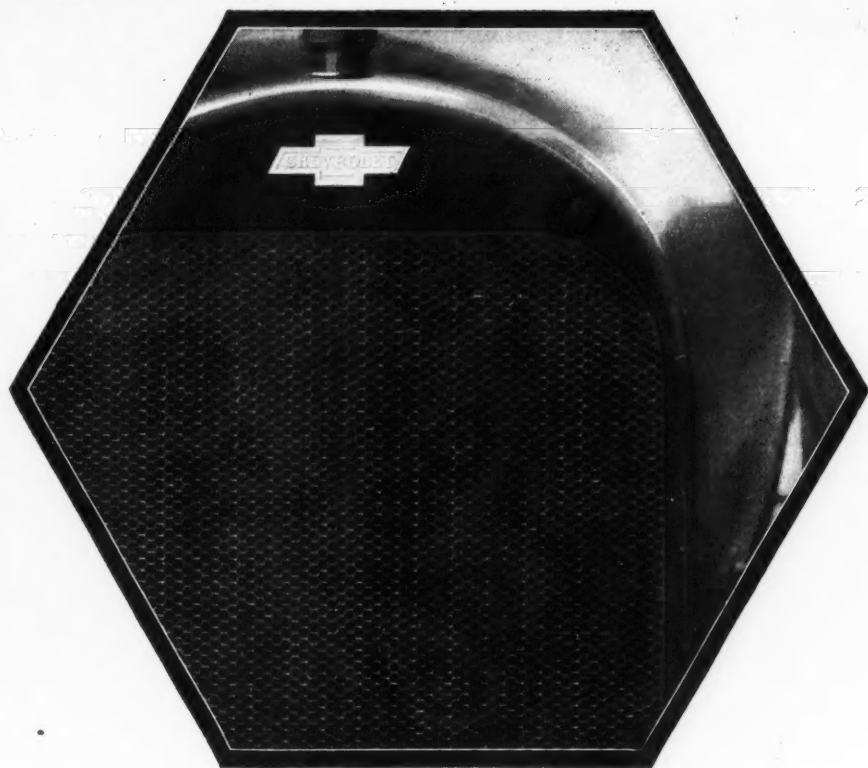
Approaching night had thrown the jagged peaks of the Wasatch range behind the prison into sharp relief against the skyline as we passed out of the gates and down to the bluff which overlooks the gardens and orchards and farms which are worked by prisoners who no longer require guards. Under the trees, a dozen or more men, their day's work done, lolled contentedly at ease. Behind them, half a block away, a street-car bound down-town rattled past. Before them, without even an intervening fence, lay the fertile, farm-dotted valley that stretches away like a vast and wonderfully painted canvas from the foot of the mountains to the Great Salt Lake. The only guard I had seen during the day had gone to dinner. There was nothing to prevent any or all of these men from immediately walking away from the prison—no physical barrier, I mean. At night, they sleep in unlocked dormitories outside the walls. All of them have acquired the habit of work. Civilians mix with them freely and without supervision. Except that they may not change their place of employment, they are, in all essentials, free men.

When men have made good under such conditions, is the world safe in restoring them to actual freedom? I asked this question of Warden Storrs.

"It certainly is," he answered. "No man should be kept in the penitentiary longer than is necessary to make of him one who will become a law-abiding, productive asset in the outside world. You can't punish a man into being a good citizen. You must educate him into it, and these boys of mine"—the warden waved his hand toward the crowd on the lawn outside—"have earned their diplomas. They've earned the right to go back into the world. They're not the same men now who committed the crimes for which they were sent here," he concluded, repeating almost exactly what Jim had told me of his own regenerated self.

"Do your prison statistics show that this moral rebirth lasts after the men leave the prison?" I asked.

"There are two kinds of statistics—mathematical and human," the warden replied. "Our prison records show, as far as figures



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and percentages can, what results we have accomplished. Examine those for yourself and draw your own conclusions. And then I want to show you personally the other kind of statistics—the human kind. I mean the letters and the records of boys who have been here, some of whom have made good and some of whom haven't—yet. They'll give you real proof, I think, of whether or not the work we are trying to do is worth while to the citizens of the state whose money keeps the prison."

I went over the records. Briefly summarized, Warden Storrs' three-year experiment in conducting a Golden-Rule prison shows the following results:

Number of men cared for in the prison . . . 555
Losses by escape . . . 10

(Slightly less than two per cent.)

Percentage of released men convicted of new crimes . . . 7

(This shows that of each hundred men released under Warden Storrs' régime, ninety-three have abandoned lives of crime for lives of honesty. Under the old system at this prison, the records show that a fraction less than twenty-five per cent. of the released men were returned to prison within a year. The difference between seven and twenty-five per cent. represents, in figures, the difference between the results of the two prison systems.)

Decrease in number of prisoners in penitentiary . . . 66 2/3%

(Warden Storrs credits this remarkable falling-off in crime convictions more largely to prohibition than to the new penal system.)

Number of days' work done by prisoners on state roads during 1917-18 biennial period . . . 39,802
Value to state of prisoners' work at \$3.00 per day . . . \$119,406
Total cost to state of prisoners' road-work . . . \$48,414
Profit to state from prisoners' road-work . . . \$70,992

The total value of the farm-produce—vegetables, hay, grain, milk and butter, hogs, and chickens—raised with prison labor is not shown in dollars and cents, as a large percentage of it is used in the upkeep of the prison itself. Figures showing a comparison of present and past production are not available except in bushels, barrels, and tons of the various commodities. These show a marked increase over all previous records.

Saving in salaries of guards no longer required under the new system, per year . . . \$20,000

"Now let me give you some of my human statistics," suggested the warden, as I completed my list of arithmetical records. "For instance, read this letter from Billy

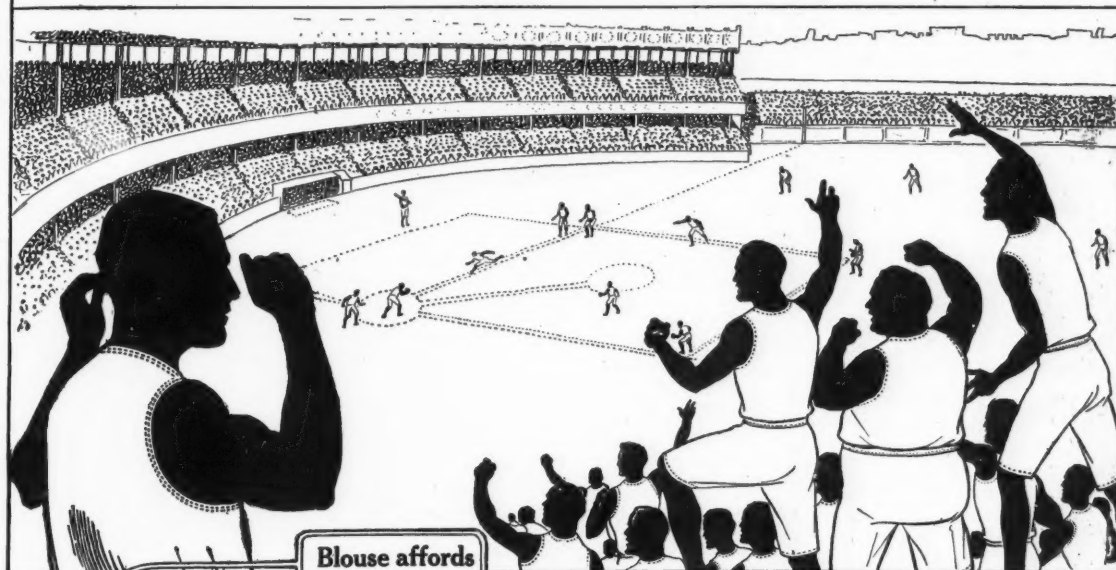
He was one of my 'failures.' I put him to work at a road-camp, and he escaped. Our efforts to recapture him failed. Months passed, and we entered him on our books as one of our 'losses.' Then one day I received this letter."

The warden searched out the following letter from among a pile that lay before him. It was written from Pueblo, Colorado, and signed by the escaped prisoner.

Since I broke faith with you and escaped from the road-camp, I have been working for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in this

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Athletic Underwear for Men & Boys



Blouse affords unusual freedom of action

Seat and crotch closed exactly like your trousers

Opens on the side. Adjusted in a jiffy

"Kittle Srunk" Unshrinkable
All cotton suits guaranteed never to shrink

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from the very first year that Rockinchair was introduced.

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Underwear
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city. I have been working steadily and have kept out of trouble, but I haven't had a moment's peace. I can't help thinking, day and night, of the dirty deal I gave you after the square deal you gave me. Warden, I'm coming back to your prison to serve out my time as soon as I get my next pay-check. This seems to me the only way to prove to you how sorry I am.

"Did he really come back?" I asked Mr. Storrs.

"He did," said the warden, rereading the letter with eyes filmed with a mist of emotion. "That boy is one of my 'successes' now."

Warden Storrs came across a time-faded telegram. It was the pitiful appeal of an aged mother, critically ill, whose one remaining hope in life was that she might see her son before she died. That son is Jim, the life prisoner who showed me over the prison.

"Tears streamed down Jim's face as he read that telegram in my office," said the warden. "I'd give ten years of my life to look into my mother's face again," he said hopelessly.

"You shall," I told him. "Get ready to leave on the afternoon train."

"Jim's home is fifteen hundred miles or more from Salt Lake. I told him to be back on the fifteenth day. He came. On the afternoon of that day, he called me up by telephone from the railway station and said, 'Warden, I'm back, and I'll be out at the prison as soon as a car can get me there.'"

"Another man, a commissary clerk at one of our road-camps, left his camp to look for a fellow prisoner who had escaped. The clerk, too, failed to return. He was gone for ten days or more. And then he came back. He had been to Denver on the trail of the missing fugitive. With such records as these before me—scores of them—do you think I am wrong in trusting these boys of mine as I do?"

I admitted I did not.

"Another of my boys was paroled by our Utah Board. I knew he was cured and ready to go out and become a good citizen," Storrs continued. "A position was ready for him, and then word came from California that he was wanted there to complete an unexpired sentence at Folsom Prison. I called him in and told him the bad news. The old, sullen, resentful look I had not seen in his eyes for months returned.

"If only one man comes for me, he'll never get me into the state of California," the boy said. I had him sit down, and we had a heart-to-heart talk. When the officer arrived to take him back, I told him not to use handcuffs or any other precaution against escape on the journey. I assumed full responsibility. He did as I asked, even letting this boy get off the train and wander unescorted about a city in Nevada where the train was delayed for an hour or two. That lad's in Folsom Prison now. Here's a letter from him that came to-day."

In and between every line, that letter breathes righteous resolution and limitless fidelity and gratitude to Warden Storrs.

Things are hard here, but I'm not complaining. Since my talk with you, I know I've got the nerve to live through these hard days and go out when they release me and make good as I would be doing in Utah now if they hadn't brought me back here.



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His was not the step-by-step advancement which means years to reach the big jobs. He won quick promotion by getting the training which equips a man to carry responsibility—to give instructions to others—to be a real factor in a great organization.

He saw that specialized knowledge is what counts when a man must be chosen for an important position—and he got that kind of knowledge. He trained for the work ahead of him.

He was ready for the positions higher up when the men above him stepped on or out. He improved his spare time getting the expert knowledge that made him selected for promotion.

The man who will not train must stay at his humdrum work. Business today does not "play favorites"—it can't afford to. The men who are advanced are those with highly specialized knowledge.

Today this specialized knowledge is available to every man. The LaSalle experts have already trained over 185,000 ambitious men for higher efficiency in business. They train over 35,000 every year. If there is a job you want to step into—stop merely hoping—train for it—make yourself the man who can fill it best—make it yours.

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You know the opportunities that are opening every day for the expert business analyst.

These are high pressure times. Profits are made by knowing where a business stands every minute, stopping leaks here, expanding there, cutting out "deadwood," getting the utmost out of every man and every machine.

Shiftless, haphazard methods have gone into the discard, along with the type of men who tried to hold jobs without using their brains and becoming bigger men.

Some man in every organization must know how to analyze conditions, must know all the time how every department is running in regard to cost and profit. He must know how to present reports which will be as clear to officers and directors as a road map. Without such information business would be like a ship without a compass.

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information. He shows where waste can be eliminated, where it will pay to spend money for development, what will be the bases for tax reports, what the profits are here and the losses there. It is his knowledge which guides the organization in its policies. A man with this ability if not employed on a salary can command high fees as an independent consulting expert accountant.

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Present Position.....
Address.....



Warden Storrs has hundreds of such letters, hundreds of such instances to support his unflinching faith in his work, even when one of his trusted men goes wrong and criticism showers down upon him.

"It isn't the criticism that hurts. I can stand that," he said. Then, sadly, "But I can't help lying awake nights wondering whether some fault of mine caused the escaped lad to go wrong."

In that simple straight-from-the-heart statement, Warden George Storrs gives one a better idea of the man he is than any words of mine ever will do.

"What is required to make other prisons like this?" I asked.

"Wardens who believe in men," answered Storrs unhesitatingly. "Also parole boards willing to parole men whenever they have earned it. It's as bad a blunder to keep a regenerate man in prison as it is to turn an unregenerate one out. And, lastly, employment for each man who is discharged. This seems to me a warden's most important duty. Every man who goes out through these gates has a job ready for him."

A few days later, I asked Tom Tynan, warden of the Colorado Penitentiary and a man who is doing for his state what Storrs is doing for Utah, the same question. He answered almost exactly in the words of his brother Golden-Rule warden.

But if I, personally, were asked to answer the same question, I would add this to the reply of the two wardens:

To make good men of bad a warden is required who not only believes in men but who makes men believe in him—and, through him, in themselves. Warden Storrs sees only the good in men. He judges them by himself and, so judging them, all but forces them, by the sheer psychic power of his faith and confidence, to become what he thinks them. It takes men like Storrs and Tynan to make prisons like theirs a real success.

And now to return, in conclusion, to the all-important question with which I began:

Does all this pay from the standpoint of the man who pays taxes and, if so, how and why?

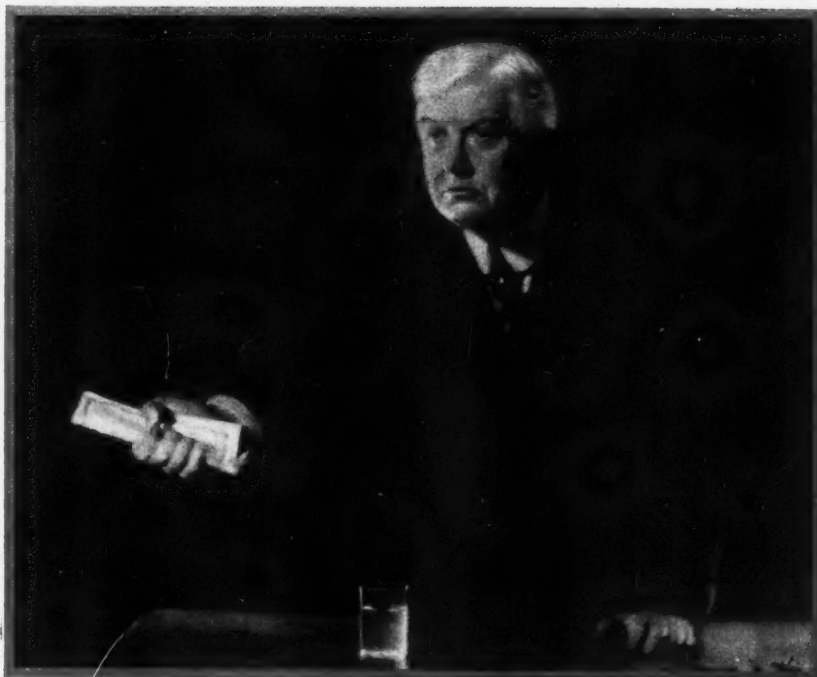
Few citizens realize how much it costs in taxes to send a man to the penitentiary. The municipal, county, and state machinery required merely to place men within prison costs an average of from three to five thousand dollars for each man committed, not to mention the tax-cost of prison up-keep itself.

In other words, each man who is delivered at the penitentiary gates represents an expenditure of from three to five thousand dollars of good citizens' money. If a state conducts its prison under such methods that men, upon release, go out with unaltered criminal tendencies, they turn again to crime, are rearrested, retried and resented, all of which represents another expenditure of public money. In short, a man with criminal tendencies is a perpetual and almost unbelievably expensive charge. The capital mental operation which makes good men of bad is without doubt the most profitable industry within the power of society.

By the way, what kind of men are turned out into your community by the prison of your state?

Have you ever thought it worth while to investigate?

"You read this for yourselves
and then you'll agree with me"



The Southern Goliath

HE was an important business man of Alabama whose power extended far beyond his own city. As president of the School Board he had stood against Automatic Sprinklers for two years to "Keep down expenses."

Suddenly he changed.

Standing before the Annual School Board meeting with a pamphlet in his hand, he said, "this was handed to me by a Boy Scout. That boy was a David, this booklet was the pebble and," with a good natured smile, "I reckon I'm the Goliath."

"Last July I read about the University fire over in Selma. I happened to be in Birmingham that Saturday night and saw Tuggle Institute burn to the ground. A few weeks later I heard details concerning the orphanage fire in Huntsville in October - but it took this book sent out by the U. S. Commissioner of Education to show me why we have these fires so steadily! And the only thing that's going to stop it is installing Automatic Sprinklers."

Several men were on their feet in a second.

"The town can't afford it," one of them shouted.

"Nothing of the kind", shot back the President—"You don't

know what's in this book. Every page shows the necessity of protecting the lives of our school children. How would any one of us feel if just one child burned to death in a school fire here?"

He carried the meeting unanimously because he knew conditions and knew the cure. That town equipped the basement and other danger spots of its schools with Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems just as Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Erie, Binghamton, Waterbury and scores of others have. They followed the Waterbury plan of safeguarding several of the most hazardous schools first and then equipping one school every year until ultimately all the school children will be protected by this best known type of fire fighting equipment.

If you are an official in any orphanage, school or hospital, use your influence to have Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems installed. They safeguard human life as nothing else can because they are on duty day and night. Whenever the fire starts—the water starts.

Or if you are just a father or mother, and want to gain a victory over any Goliath that opposes sane protection for the helpless of your city, we will send you a copy of the same book that the U. S. Bureau of Education is distributing. Write today to Grinnell Company, Inc., 282 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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Fashionable

because its fragrance is in
delightful evidence where
ever beauty gathers.



TALC 35

FACE
POWDER
50¢

The newest VIVAUDOU Success—"Mai d'or"—Ask for it at any toilet goods counter.

The advertisement is framed by a decorative border. Inside the border, several illustrations show people using the product: a woman cleaning a round table, a woman cleaning a patterned floor, a woman cleaning a high-backed chair, a man cleaning a car, a man cleaning a chest of drawers, a woman cleaning a piano, and a woman cleaning a staircase. In the center, a large white oval contains the product name and descriptions. At the bottom center, there are two cans of the product, one labeled 'PASTE' and the other 'LIQUID'.

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All Around the House**

EVERY room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Prepared Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum—preserve the original finish—and give your home that bright, well-groomed appearance.

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Paste - Liquid - Powdered
PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts an artistic, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability. It forms a thin, protecting coat over the finish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It does not show finger-prints—dust and lint cannot adhere to it. Takes the drudgery out of dusting. Prevents checking and cracking. Johnson's Prepared Wax has a form for every use:

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Liquid—For polishing Furniture, wood-work, leather goods and automobiles.

Powdered—For perfect dancing floors.

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don't accept a substitute.
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Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



Your Children

Neglect nothing—not even the smallest detail that may have a bearing on their health and well-being.

Even the apparently unimportant item of toilet paper is worthy of your careful selection.

Too many people accept the first roll that somebody's clerk hands out to them.

Buy the Standard Toilet Papers and protect their Health—

CHOOSE One of These Five

A. P. W. SATIN TISSUE

is of light but firm texture—the finest tissue we know how to make—comes in a 2500-sheet roll that saves you the trouble of frequent replacements. It costs more per roll, but is cheaper per sheet than the poorest paper you can buy.

FORT ORANGE

is slightly heavier than Satin Tissue—is made of pure, clean stock and is preferred by a great many people.

CROSS CUT

is a little larger sheet, but the same weight as Fort Orange—dissolves quickly and easily.

PURE WHITE

is a rich crepe tissue—softer than worn linen—yet strong and firm—each package protected by an outer covering of germ and dust-proof tissue.

ONLIWON

is first-grade toilet paper, machine cut and folded—comes in a compact 1000-sheet package, ready to slip right into the attractive cabinet that protects each sheet from dust and germs, serves just two sheets at a time and prevents waste and littered floors.

Careful Mothers and Home Keepers have for years purchased one of the five STANDARD brands of Toilet Paper that are known as the

A.P.W. QUALITY TOILET PAPER PRODUCTS

Each of these five brands differs from the others in texture, weight and size of sheet. They are all high grade—made of selected, pure, clean stock in a model factory, under the most sanitary conditions.

A. P. W. QUALITY PRODUCTS

are sold by dealers who display the Agency Sign shown at the top of this advertisement.

Right on the counter you will find one of these TAKE ONE stands with some FREE Folders that describe each of the A.P.W. Papers and show actual samples so you may select just the type of paper you prefer—then ask for it by name.

If your Dealer does not have the Samples

Write us giving his name and we will send you one of the folders and samples of the papers in a plain sealed envelope, and also tell you the name of our nearest Dealer-Agency.

A. P. W. PAPER CO.,

Dept. 17, Albany, N. Y.



The Animal That Laughs

(Continued from page 30)

askance that Suzanne's eyes were gray and soft, like the wolves'. And how like women were to peacocks, too!

He turned away and drifted aimlessly along the paths, Suzanne dogging his steps. When they found themselves in front of a building entitled "The Reptile House," she decided that he was also several kinds of reptile.

He entered the dreadful asylum, hoping to punish her with a review of its shuddery inmates, but she was in a humor for just that sort of thing.

Inside the door, they came first upon a glass show-case of young copperheads, wriggling among autumn leaves and strangely akin in color. Like all snakes, they were beautifully patient with one another. The dreamers made no protest at the restlessness of the wakers; they did not mind being crawled over or under, braided or unbraided.

In another cage was a timber-rattlesnake, with a hollow for a forehead, and the little poison-pits like dimples. This fellow looked as if a Japanese had spent a lifetime making him of lacquer. There was a green frost upon him here and there, like a patina of verdigris. It was fascinating to watch his postures.

But there was a little too much hatred and death-threat in this room for the two lovers. Imagination kept whispering, "What if something should release a cobra, a diamond-back, a copperhead, to lash and stab, and end your beautiful days upon this world?" One thrust of a hollow needle, one jet of searching fire—and pain, terror, distortion would bring to a hideous conclusion life and beauty and love.

Before this vision, their grievances against each other grew unimportant to the last degree. Schuyler wondered what he would do if a snake attacked Suzanne. He hoped that he would kill it before it struck. But would he be brave enough?

Suzanne was having a wide-eyed day-mare of just such a crisis, and it set her heart aflutter. She wished she had not started this quarrel. She thought she had made too much of a little fickleness. After all, he had come back to her. He must prefer her to the other woman.

If they had been alone in the reptile-house, their primeval terror might have driven them into each other's arms, but the noble gloom of their mood was ruined by the untimely feat of a great turtle that laid an egg as big as a toy balloon and walked away as proud as any hen, but without her racket.

This achievement caused acute embarrassment to both the lovers and put to flight any temptation to parley.

They wandered dumbly past the pools where alligators floated like logs, half alive. Here were coops of flying squirrels, too, and mice of many sorts. They were held by the astonishing gyrations of the waltzing mice. A placard explained their insanity: "This mouse is bred with a view of degenerating that part of the brain involving the sense of balance or equilibrium."

Schuyler had a witty thought that the same legend would explain the character of women—of the whole world, indeed, in its dancing-mania. But he was afraid to tempt that temper with an epigram.

They went forth into the open, still unreconciled, and sauntered the winding walks in an elegiac humor. They were like Adam and Eve on their way out of Eden, passing the animals in review and seeing no way to regain paradise.

They passed on through to Baird Court. They would have found the huge unhappy cats of the lion-house in a congenial humor. Their own souls were raging at the incarceration of their problem, but a perverse spirit in their feet led them into the primate-house.

Neither of them knew what "primate" meant. They were disgusted to find that it seemed to mean monkeys. They quickened their steps.

But these little brothers of us poor humans held them by the studious sympathy in their quizzical eyes. They came forward to ask inarticulate questions. They seemed to be examining the visitors as if they, and not the visitors, were outside the bars.

The manners of some of them were atrocious. The immemorial altruism that leads the simian tribes to hunt each other's cooties had taken on a new dignity since the war had brought upon millions of men and women the maddening plague of lice. Both Suzanne and Schuyler had learned in France what these shaggy citizens were enduring, and they felt both kin and kind.

The white-handed gibbon entertained them by exercising on his horizontal bar, and pausing now and then, like a vaudevillian, to ask their applause.

The pig-tailed macaques and the red-faces from Japan, the ring-tailed sapajou and the pensive chimpanzees pondered them and seemed to be heart-broken for words, as they were themselves.


They seemed to be in a world of caricature, and since caricature is always more real than photography, because of its selective salience, they found their own moods personified or monkeyfied. They found themselves belittled, too, yet amused in spite of themselves. It was all they could do at times to stifle the onsets of uproarious laughter. The only thing that saved their dignity was their grudge against each other. Grudges and giggles are incompatible.

Here were quarrelers and practical jokers, thieves and Sisters of Charity, kindly mothers and vicious, teachers of bad habits and martyrs of patience, garulity over nothing, and philosophic meditation in silence.

Suzanne and Schuyler felt a parental relation to these small persons. They were contemporary, yet thousands of years older. These first drafts of mankind were like the Bushmen, the Igorrotes, the defectives who retain the customs of aboriginal eras, yet reveal all the grand emotions and impulses of love, hate, sacrifice, cruelty, family devotion, fickleness, jealousy, bravery, cowardice, sloth, industry.

But it was the orang-utan that finished them. He was abominably human, and almost naked of hair. He wandered about his cell like a cheerful convict, a dwarf negro who did not know just why he was in jail and did not care much.

He was a born comedian, a very low comedian, with a genius for solemnity. He was making a great ado over a bundle



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ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

of straw. He gathered it about him with long sweeps of his arms till he was sunk in a deep well of it. He found a loop of twine and passed it up and down his arms, up and down his body. He fashioned it into a bonnet for his silly head.

He was a glutton for admiration, too. After every trick he looked out of the corner of his eyes to see how his act was going. He pursed his lips and thrust them out with the deadly earnestness of an acrobat who tells the band to stop and warns the audience that something great is about to happen.

Comedy is the solvent of all human poisons, and Schuyler and Suzanne found their hearts easing and their wounded dignities growing strangely comfortable again. They leaned against each other, and either did not know it or did not feel up to the resentment of moving aloof.

The orang-utan prepared a master-stroke finally. He massed the straw into a heap and got his right arm under it. Then, with his left hand and his two hind hands, he gripped the bars and climbed slowly and solemnly, hoisting the haycock with him, and balancing it deftly till he had it at the level of the shelf along the wall. And there he pitchforked it, pushing it over with his own mannish back and rolling into it with justifiable pride.

And then, most humanly, having got it up with great pains, he proceeded to throw it down again. Carefully, tuft by tuft, he distributed it below till it made a profound cushion. And now, with many a promissory glance, he called attention to the death-defying high dive he was about to make for the delectable terror of his patrons.

Suzanne and Schuyler stood spellbound with laughter about to boil over. There was another spectator to all this, however—a whiskered chimpanzee, a contemptuous cell-mate whose pride was offended by this cheap clown.

And just as the orang-utan poised for his supreme *tour de force*, the chimpanzee, like the original of all critics, ran round behind him and pushed him overboard.

The outraged artist flopped into the straw on the broad of his back, his masterpiece ruined, his artistic integrity violated. He rose and demanded the life of the vandal. There was a wild scamper until the critic found shelter on a ledge of journalistic privilege, and the circus was over.

The tragedy of Suzanne and Schuyler had resisted every other strain, but it could not withstand buffoonery. No tragedy can avail against farce, and even the green sickness of jealousy was purged by the ancient and honorable and infallible delight in seeing somebody sit down hard unexpectedly.

We can give a thousand reasons for grief, wrath, and righteous indignation, but nobody ever yet gave a good reason for laughter. The why of this has made a fool of every philosopher who ever wrestled with the mystery. Laughter is; it tastes good, and that must be enough.

All of us animals lie and love, but laughter is a human monopoly. The other poor beasts know what fun is and make odd noises of felicity. But that is not laughter. They have been spared, it seems, the terrible faculty of remorse and repentance that make a man his own hell, but

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Send for Color Card and Sample Panel

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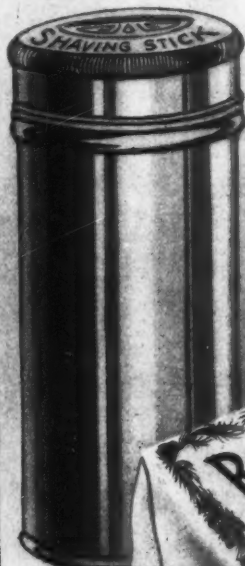
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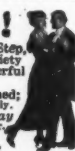
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phy and religion and art. They rate tragedy higher than comedy, and gloom than gleam. But so do the morose rattlesnakes and the deadwood alligators. The clownish monkeys are far wiser, for they come very close to laughter.

Herbert Spencer wondered why we laugh when we think of Gibbon, as bulky as his own history of Rome, falling on his knees to propose marriage, and too fat to get up when the lady refused him. It does not matter much why. Laughter is its own reward.

Suzanne and Schuyler wondered why they laughed so helplessly at the decline and fall-off of that idiotic orang-utan. What was he to Hecuba? They were fools to laugh, and they knew it; but that did not save them from yelping and clinging to each other to keep from toppling over.

The main thing was that they found themselves clinging to each other. And it was mighty comfortable clinging. Laughter, like a prehensile tail, caught a branch of the tree of life and saved them from falling out of it altogether. And saved thereby the future generations that would have been denied existence and love and laughter, and the laughter of their children, if that quarrel had gone on to its logical and romantic ending in a divorce of love.

Perhaps that is the way of laughter. It is a minor madness that saves us from an onset of despair, relieves us from the vanity of reason. Reason keeps us patrolling this cage of existence frantically, endlessly, trying to reach through the bars and get out. If we can laugh at our own defeats, our hearts are flushed of the poison of despair. We are in the zoo, but we are making the best of it.

And so it was now—not that the lovers forgave each other, atoned for their mutual wrongs, and, promising reform, replighted their troth. It was simply that laughter wiped the whole infernal problem off the slate.

Suzanne's hand slid back to the handle of the hamper. It felt nice and warm against Sky's hand, and he graciously returned her her privilege of carrying half the freight.

Suddenly they were hungry again. They wanted to eat, and be strong for life and love. They found a sheltered table and made a feast, and afterward got them a boat and rowed about the beautiful, long, slim lake.

By and by, she pretended to take her handkerchief out of her hand-bag, and under its cover clutched the venomous post-card and crumpled it to a pellet and dropped it in the lake as if it were a deadly cottonmouth. Schuyler saw it sink and pretended not to. And both of them rejoiced that Miss What's-her-name was drowned in oblivion.

And when they found a lakeside nook where a friendly tree spread its branches down in a great fan that rippled the mirror, the two lovers leaned together and kissed with all solemnity. They could understand the rapture of that, but they could never fathom the celestial wisdom of their laughter. And neither could the poor orang-utan.

The Kicker, a two-part story by Rupert Hughes, will begin in May Cosmopolitan.

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AS a word, a trade-name "Kodak" is simply an arbitrary combination of letters. It is not derived from any other word. It was made up from the alphabet, not by lucky chance, but as the result of a diligent search for a combination of letters that would form a short, crisp, euphonious name that would easily dwell in the public mind.

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Star-Dust

(Continued from page 42)

She quivered, and it was a full second before she was able to continue.

"I know, Albert, to you it sounds—worse probably than it is. But think how much worse, how degrading it would be for me to stay here—in your house—hating! I'll make it so easy. It's done every day; only, we don't happen to hear of it. That's what makes our kind the marrow of society. We're too immorally respectable to live honestly. We build a shell of conventionality over the surface of things and rot underneath. Nature doesn't care how she uses us. It's the next generation concerns her. She has to drug us, or we couldn't endure. We're drugged on respectability. On a few of us, the drug won't react. I'm one. Let me go, Albert. To Chicago. I was there once with mamma and papa. Or, better still, New York. That's the field for my kind of work. Many a girl with less voice than I has gotten on there. Albert, won't you let me go?"

He was like nothing so much as a cornered bull, trying to lash his bewildered head through the impenetrable wall of things. Little red threads had come out in the whites of his eyes; he was sweating coarsely and feeling the corners of his mouth with his tongue.

"You won't ruin my name—you won't ruin my name!"

"I'll take the blame. You'll have a clean case of desertion—"

Suddenly he took a step toward her, with the threat of a roar in his voice, and again she found relief in the rising velocity of his anger and practically thrust herself forward in the hope of a blow.

"What are you that I am married to?" he cried. "A she devil? What have I got to do? Treat you like one? Huh? Huh?" He stopped just short of her, the upper half of his body thrust backward from restraining his impulse to lunge. "Be careful," he said. "By God, be careful when I get my blood up! The woman don't live that can touch my respectability. If you go, you go without a divorce. You're trying to harm me, ruin my life—that's what you are!"

And suddenly, before the impulse to strike had traveled down his tightening arm, he collapsed weakly, his entire body retched by the dry sobs that men weep. He could so readily rouse her aversion that even now, with a quick pity for him stinging her eyeballs, she could regard him dispassionately, a certain disgust for him uppermost.

He turned toward her finally with the look of a stricken St. Bernard dog, his lower lids salt-bitten and showing half-moons of red flesh.

"What is it, Lily? What have I failed in? For God's sake tell me, and I'll make it right."

"That's the terrible part, Albert. You haven't failed. You're you. It's something neither of us can control any more than we can control the color of our eyes. It's as if I were a—a problem in chemistry that had reacted differently than was expected and blew off the top of things."

"Bah! The trouble with you women to-day is that you've got an itch that you don't know how to scratch. Well, it's high

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"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

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time for you to learn a way to scratch yours by settling down like a respectable married woman has to." His voice raising and his wrongs red before him: "I wish to God I'd never laid eyes on you. I thought you were more sensible than most, and I find you're a crazy woman."

"Then, Albert, you don't want a crazy woman for your wife?"

"Ah, no, you don't! No, you don't! I've worked like a dog to get where I am. I'm a respected member of this community, and I intend to stay one. No woman gets a divorce out of me unless over my dead body. I'm a leader of a Bible class and an officer in my lodge. I wore a plume and gold braid at the funeral of the mayor of this town. I'm first assistant buyer, and I propose to become general manager. I'm a respectable citizen trying to settle down to a respectable home, and, by God, no woman tomfoolery is going to bamboozle me out of it!"

She sat with her eyes closed, tears seeping through them.

"Oh, Albert—Albert—how can I make you understand—"

"Lily," he interrupted explosively, reaching out and closing over her wrist. "I know! You—you're not well! You're ailing. Women aren't—are't always quite themselves—at times. You—Lily—could it be—"

"No! No! No! I'll go mad if you, too, begin to insinuate that! I'm myself, I tell you—never more so in my life."

He regarded her through frank and even tender tears, his voice humoring her.

"Of course, you're high-strung, Lily, and a high-strung woman is like a high-strung horse—has to be handled lightly. Don't exert yourself. If—if I'm embarrassing to you, talk to mother—these are the times a girl needs her mother. You go ahead and pick on me to your heart's content. I—I'm a pretty slow kind of fellow about some things. Never been around women enough. Come; it's ten-thirty-six. You need all the sleep you can get. Come Lily—why—I—I've been thick-headed—that's all."

She suffered him to kiss her on the cheek as she turned her face from him.

"Have it your own way," she said, limp with a sudden sense of futility, and as if all the reflex resiliency had oozed out of her.

"We're all right together, Lily. Just don't you worry your head. We'll get adjusted in no time. You and—mother talk things over to-morrow—I've been a thick-headed old fool. Pshaw—I—pshaw!"

She moved to the dresser, removing pins until her hair fell shinningly all over her, brushing through its thick fluff and weaving it into two heavy braids over her shoulders. He laid hesitant and rather clumsy hands to its thickness.

"Fine head of hair!"

She jumped back as if a pain had stabbed her.

"Don't forget, Albert, to lock the downstairs windows."

He was full of new comprehensions.

"I understand. Take your time to undress, Lily; I'll be about fifteen minutes locking up. Everything all right?"

"Yes."

"You don't need to keep the light burning."

"I won't."

He opened his lips to say something, but,



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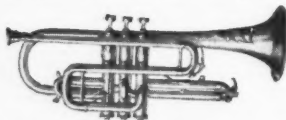
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instead, turned and went out, the closed half of his collar drenched in perspiration.

When he returned, after a generous fifteen minutes, the room was in darkness except for a thin veil of whiteness from the arc-light in the street. Between the sweetly new sheets, the long, supple mound of Lily lay along the bed, her bare arms close to her body. Her breathing was sufficiently deep to simulate sleep. He undressed in the darkness and the silence.

Half the night through he tossed, keeping carefully to the bed-edge, and often she heard him sigh out and was conscious that he mopped continually at the back of his hands. Once he whispered her name.

"Lily—awake?"

She deepened her breathing slightly.

About four o'clock, he dozed off, swooning deeply into sleep, his lips opening and a slight snore coming.

She lay with her eyes open to the darkness, letting it lave over her as if it were water, and she had drowned in it with her gaze wide. Once she propped herself on an elbow, gazing across the street to the blank front of her parents' house. They were sleeping behind that middle upper window, their clothing folded across chairs, as if waiting. How eagerly they would greet their new day of small duties, small pleasures, and small emotions! What gave them the courage to meet the years of days cut off one identical pattern, like a whole regiment of paper dolls cut from a folded newspaper? She began to count. Uncle Buck, five hundred. Grandma Ploag, one hundred. Mamma and papa, one hundred and fifty. Seven hundred and fifty in the bank in her name. Her own little checking-account. The tan-bound check-book. The new tan valise, monogrammed "L. B. P." The stack of music marked "Repertoire." New York! She fell to trembling, forcing herself into rigidity when the figure beside her stirred. She was burning with fever and wanted to plunge from the cool sheets. She could have run a mile. Instead, she lay the long night through, her mind a loom weaving a tapestry of her plan of action, and dawn came up pink, hot, and cloudless.

XIV

At seven o'clock, her husband awakened with an ejaculation that landed him sitting on the bed-edge. She lay with her eyes closed, wanting not to blink. He dressed silently, but she could hear him tiptoeing about, and finally lay with her hands clenched against the gargling noises that came through the closed door of the bathroom. At last she was conscious that, fully dressed, he was standing beside her, looking down. She could tell by the aroma of mouth-wash.

"Lily?" he said, in a coarse whisper. She continued to simulate sleep. "Lily?"

She did not employ the deception of a start, but opened her eyes quietly.

"Lazy!" he said. "It is twenty-six minutes past seven."

"So late?" she said, twisting into a long, luxurious yawn. He kissed her directly on that yawn between the open lips.

"You stay in bed this morning. Rest up."

"I think I will, Albert."

"You turn right over and have your nap out. I'll be home at six-forty-six."

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Miss Evelyn Gosnell
in "Up in Mabel's Room"

Are You a Blonde?

The Secret of Making People Like You



Wallace Reid
Star in "The Valley of the Giants"
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blonde has an entirely different temperament than a brunette—that to get along with a blonde type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunette?

When you really know the difference between blondes and brunettes, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits, you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

PAUL GRAHAM was a blonde, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blonde and those of a brunette did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and **YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU:** Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blonde or brunette. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blonde and those of a brunette as there is between night and day.

You persuade a blonde in one way—a brunette in another. Blondes enjoy one phase of life—brunettes another. Blondes make good in one kind of a job—brunettes in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well-liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well-liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blonde and a brunette could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to **PLEASE YOU.**

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a

foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he is a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple, seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

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"Good-by, Albert," she said into the crotch of her elbow.

He kissed her again on the ear-lobe and the nape of her neck.

"Good-by, Lily, and if I were you, I'd have a little talk with mother if I found myself not feeling just right. I'm sending Joe up with a pair of granite scrub-buckets and that stopper for the bathtub. All right?"

"Yes."

After a while she could hear him below, the tink of breakfast cutlery and the little passings in and out of Lena through the swinging pantry door. Then the front door closing gently, and on its click she swung herself lightly out of bed, standing barefooted behind the Swiss curtains to watch the square-shouldered figure swing across the street toward the Page Avenue car. Her energy to be up and doing suddenly unstoppered, she turned back to the room, jerking out a dresser drawer until it flew out to the floor.

At nine o'clock, she was still in her night-dress, sloughing about in an engagement gift of little blue knitted bedroom slippers. There were the new valise and an old suitcase tightly packed and shoved beneath the bed, and, over a chair, a tan-linen suit inserted with strips of large-holed embroidery that had been dyed in coffee by Katy Stutz. It had originally been designed as a traveling suit for a honeymoon trip to Excelsior Springs until that project had been decided against in favor of immediate possession of the little house.

"Put that extra money into your furniture," Mrs. Becker had advised, to which Albert had been highly amenable.

There was a large *pièce de résistance* of a hat, too floppy of brim and borne down at one spot by an enormous flat satin rose. Lily had rebelled against its cart-wheel proportions; but, in the end, her mother's selection prevailed.

She dressed hurriedly, emerging from her bath with her hair wet at the edges but combing back easily into its smoothness.

Her nervousness conveyed itself to her mostly through her breathing. It was short and very fast, but she was as cool of the flesh as the fresh linen she donned. That was part of the clean young wonder of her. Her vitality flowed and showered back upon itself like the ornamental waters of a fountain.

She ran in her movements, closing drawers and doors after her to keep down her rising sense of confusion, pinning where fingers could not wait to fit hook to eye. There were twenty-eight dollars in her little brown-leather purse and a check for seven hundred and fifty dollars payable to "self" in a little chamois bag round her neck.

The pretty solitaire engagement ring, a little aquamarine breastpin, gift of the groom, a gold band bracelet, and, after some hesitation, her wedding-ring she placed in an envelop in the now empty top dresser drawer, scribbling across it, "Valuable." She pried it open again after sealing, to drop in a tiny gold chain with pearl-and-turquoise drop, still another gift, suggested by her mother to the bridegroom. Finally, there were the little trinkets of more remote days which she dropped into her purse. A rolled gold-link bracelet dangling a row of friendship hearts. Her class-pin. A tiny reproduc-

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tion on porcelain, like the one burned into the china plate in her parlor, of her parents, cheek to cheek. Regarding it, her throat tightened, and she sat down suddenly.

"O God," she said half audibly, "what am I doing?" But on the second she cocked her head to a passer-by and finally leaned out to hail in a neighborhood man of all work, paying him a dollar and car-fare to carry her bags down to the Union Station and check them. Seeing them lugged out of the house was another moment when it seemed to her that she must faint of the crowding round her heart.

Lena she despatched to the grocer's on the homely errand of beeswax for ironing, and, trembling to take advantage of the interval of her absence, hurried into her jacket and hat, her face deeply within the wide brim. Opposite, her mother was scrubbing an upper window-sill, the brush grating against the silence. She waited behind the Swiss curtains for the figure to withdraw.

The wide peaceful morning filled with order and sunshine! The pleasant greeny light cast by awnings into her bedroom! What devil-dance was in her blood? What prickly rash lay under her being? Her mother at that ordered scrubbing of the window-sill! Her eyes swung the smaller orbit of the room. The rumpled bed. That discarded collar on the dresser, the two stretched buttonholes like two tiny mouths. That collar—

She caught up her purse and ran downstairs. Her telephone-bell was ringing violently as she hurried toward the Page Avenue car.

On the ride down there occurred one of those incidents that sometimes leap out like a long arm of coincidence pointing the way. A classmate with whom she had once sung in the girls' high-school glee club and whom she had long lost sight of sat down beside her.

"Why, it's Lily Becker!"

"Vera Wohlgemuth!"

"Of all people! The same pretty and stylish Lily!"

Remembering Vera's readiness with the platitude, Lily smiled down upon her.

"And you, too, Vera—you look natural." But the words almost petered out on her lips. Much of Vera's slender prettiness was gone. She had gone hippy, as the saying is.

"What are you doing, Vera? Have you kept up your music?"

"Oh, no; I'm married." There was a little click to the finish of that speech that seemed automatically to lock against the intrusion of old dreams. "A ten-weeks-old daughter furnishes me all the music I have time for. Didn't I read where you got married, Lily?"

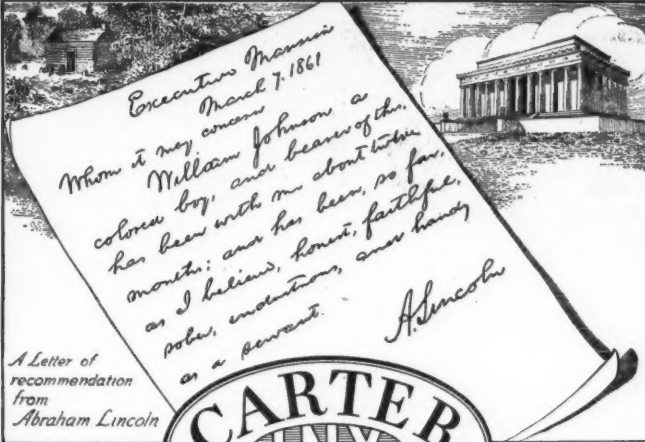
"Yes. You had such a pretty touch on the piano, Vera."

"Why, I don't believe I've opened the piano in six months. Marriage knocks it out of you pretty quick, don't it? And say, wait until the babies begin to come. I said to him last night, 'Ed, why is marriage like quicksands?' He's no good at conundrums. 'Because it sucks you down,' I said, and he didn't even see the point. But it's a fact, isn't it? Mine is city salesman for the Mound City Shoe Company. What's yours?"

"With Slocum-Hines."

"Well, well; it does seem funny! Lily Becker married and settled down like the

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS—No. 1




*Executive Mansion
March 7, 1861*

*Whom it may concern,
William Johnson a
colored boy, and bearer of this,
has been with me about twelve
months; and has been, so far,
as I believe, honest, faithful,
sober, industrious, and handy
as a servant.*

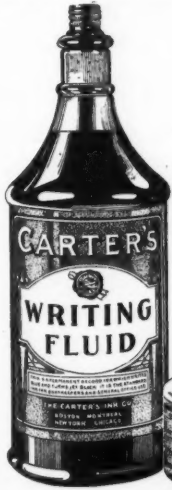
A. Lincoln

*A Letter of
recommendation
from
Abraham Lincoln*



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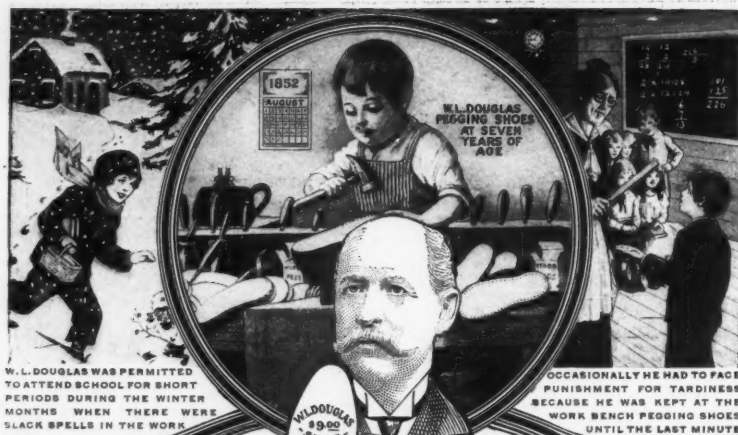
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rest of us, and we had you down in the class prophecy for a famous opera singer. Well, well!"

At Eighteenth Street, Lily left the car, transferring for the Union Station. A sudden exultation was racing through her. She sat well forward on her seat as if that could quicken transit.

Union Station, one of the first of those dividend-built and dividend-building terminals that were to spring up quickly and palatially the country over, rose with a peculiarly American trick out of one of the most squalid sections of the city. Fifteen railroads threaded into it, a gaseous shed of *luxe*, picking up St. Louis like a gigantic bead upon the necklace of commerce.

The coughing of steam up against a glass roof threw off little repetitions of self. The boom of a train-announcer's voice rang out, the echoes fitting smaller and smaller into each other, like a collapsible drinking-cup. A hither and thither. A bustle that caught Lily up into it. She was immediately drunk with the moment and train-smoke. Life was a gigantic drum, beating.

The clerk at the Terminal Hotel, Mrs. Kemble's brother-in-law, in fact, cashed her check for her without question but a sort of unspoken askance, sending it across the street with his additional endorsement to a bank. There were six one-hundred-dollar bills, two fifties, and five tens. She folded their considerable bulk into the bag round her neck.

True to direction, the checks for her bags had been left at the information-desk in an addressed envelop. A porter scurried for them.

Backed by the precedent of the trip to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Chicago, she bought her ticket, and then, rather reluctantly and against her sense of thrift, a berth, which already necessitated a foray into the little chamois bag.

Last, she dropped an already stamped-and-addressed envelop into the station mail-box, her heart seeming to swoon to her feet as she did so. It contained a half-hundredth version of a week-old letter finally reduced to:

MY DEAREST PARENTS:

When you receive this, I will be on my way. I won't try to explain my action except that now I see plainly my entire life has been directed toward this moment.

Had I found this courage two months ago, a great deal of suffering might have been spared one person at least. I cannot say enough for Albert's patient struggle to make possible the impossible, or for you, my dear parents, for whom my love is as great as my rebellion.

I am not leaving an address. That would be useless. My decision is unalterable. It is futile to come after or try to find me. In a large city I will immediately become a needle in a haystack, and that is what I want and need for my work. Do not worry. You know very well I can take excellent care of myself, and, in case of unforeseen accident, I will always be identified by your name and address in my purse. So, by my very silence, you are to know I am well and happy. Some day, when success has justified this seemingly rash step, who knows what happy reunion may be in store for us?

Take Albert into your home. He will be a better son to you than I have been a daughter. God bless you all!

At ten-five, the B. & O. limited for New York pulled out. In a Pullman, her bags

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on the seat opposite and her hands locked so that her finger nails bit in, sat Lily, gazing out over the moving landscape of dirty, uneven fringe of city. Crossing Eads Bridge, the higher and lighter rumble of the train, induced by steel over water, was like thin soprano laughter with ice in it. She was suddenly terrifyingly conscious of an impulse to join in that laughter—to laugh and to laugh.

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Bill the Boob

(Concluded from page 35)

Hilda Nish's nervous system gave way, and she had to be soothed and petted like a terrified child. Bill the Boob took her many times into his arms, patting her shoulder, squeezing encouragement into her, and even laying his cheek against hers.

About three o'clock in the morning, the New York experiment in Bolshevism ended. It had been found wanting. The ships stopped firing. Bombs no longer dropped from the skies.

A little after daylight, there came down to Hilda Nish a sound of feet marching in order. After a cautious reconnaissance, Bill reported that a company of marines had landed and was patrolling the waterfront.

"And so you're safe and all," he said. "I'll just step out and tell 'em to come and get you. I'm sorry if you've had a bad time, but it might have been worse, and I tried to make up to you for—wantin' to harm and insult you. I—"

"Oh, forget it, Bill!" she exclaimed.

She began to cry and laugh at the same time. She became very emotional and hysterical. She clung to him and kissed him with all her might. He was very gentle with her, and very considerate. He attributed her attack of nerves to relief after fear.

All of a sudden, her arms dropped to her sides, and a queer, dry look came into her eyes. Her lips tightened. And a slow blush crept upward over her face.

Bewildered by this new development, Bill the Boob hurried out of the cellar. As he stepped into the light of day, he held his hands above his head, and muttered to himself,

"Gee, but she's bughouse!"

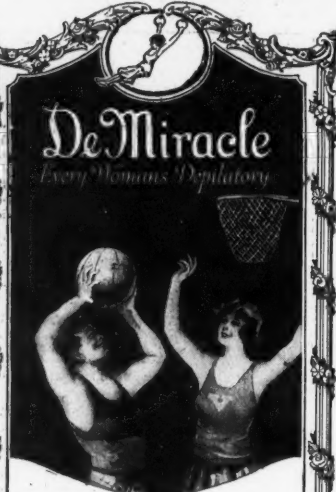
He returned with a lieutenant of marines.

"Is what this man tells me true?" he asked her. "Have you any complaints to make of him?"

"Complaints?" she said, in an emotionless voice. "No, indeed! He has been like a knight of old. He couldn't have treated me with greater respect if I had been his grandmother."

To Bill the Boob, she held out her hand. "I will never forget you, Bill," she said. She never did. And she never forgave him, either.

A new short story by **Gouverneur Morris** will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.



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In Chancery

(Continued from page 24)

"Well, I'll go round. Have you said anything in Park Lane?"

"I've told Emily," returned Winifred, who retained that *chic* way of describing her mother. "Father would have a fit."

Indeed, anything untoward was now sedulously kept from James. With another look round the furniture, as if to gage his sister's exact position, Soames went out toward Piccadilly. The evening was drawing in—a touch of chill in the October haze. He walked quickly, with his close and concentrated air. He must get through, for he wished to dine in Soho.

On hearing from the hall porter at the Iseum that Mr. Dartie had not been in to-day, he looked at the trusty fellow and decided only to ask if Mr. George Forsythe was in the club. He was. Soames, who always looked askance at his cousin George, as one inclined to jest at his expense, followed the page-boy, slightly reassured by the thought that George had just lost his father. He must have come in for about thirty thousand, besides what he had under that settlement of Roger's, which had avoided death-duty. He found George in a bow window, staring out across a half-eaten plate of muffins. His black-clothed figure loomed almost threatening, though preserving still the supernatural neatness of the racing man. With a faint grin on his fleshy face, he said:

"H'llo, Soames! Have a muffin?"

"No, thanks," murmured Soames, and, nursing his hat, with the desire to say something suitable and sympathetic, added, "How's your mother?"

"Thanks," said George; "so-so. Haven't seen you for ages. You never go racing. How's the City?"

Soames, scenting the approach of a jest, closed up and answered:

"I wanted to ask you about Dartie. I hear he's—"

"Flitted; made a bolt to Buenos Aires with the fair Lola. Good for Winifred and the little Darties! He's a treat."

Soames nodded. Naturally inimical as these cousins were, Dartie made them kin.

"Uncle James'll sleep in his bed now," resumed George; "I suppose he's had a lot off you, too." Soames smiled. "Ah! You saw him further," said George amicably. "He's a real rouser. Young Val will want a bit of looking after. I'm sorry for Winifred. She's a plucky woman."

Again Soames nodded.

"I must be getting back to her," he said; "she just wanted to know for certain. We may have to take steps. I suppose there's no mistake."

"It's quite O. K.," said George—it was he who invented so many of those quaint sayings which have been assigned to other sources. "He was drunk as a lord last night, but he went off all right this morning. His ship's the Tuscarora," and, fishing out a card, he read mockingly: "Mr. Montagu Dartie. Poste Restante, Buenos Aires." I should hurry up with the steps if I were you. He fairly fed me up last night."

"Yes," said Soames; "but it's not always easy." Then, conscious from George's eyes that he had roused reminiscence of his own affair, he got up and held out his hand. George rose, too.



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"Remember me to Winifred. You'll enter her for the Divorce Stakes straight off if you ask me."

Soames took a sidelong look back at him from the doorway. George had seated himself again and was staring before him; he looked big and lonely in those black clothes. Soames had never known him so subdued. "I suppose he feels it 'n a way," he thought. "They must have about fifty thousand each, all told. They ought to keep the estate together. If there's a war, house property will go down. Uncle Roger was a good judge, though." And the face of Annette rose before him in the darkening street—her light-brown hair and her blue eyes with dark lashes, her fresh lips and cheeks, dewy and blooming in spite of London, her perfect French figure. "Take steps!" he thought.

Reentering Winifred's house, he encountered Val, and they went in together. An idea had occurred to Soames. If his cousin Jolyon was Irene's trustee, the first step would be to go down and see him at Robin Hill. Robin Hill! The odd—the very odd feeling those words brought back! Robin Hill—the house Bosinney had built for him and Irene there—the house they had never lived in—the fatal house! And Jolyon lived there now. Hm. And, suddenly, he thought: "They say he's got a boy at Oxford. Why not take young Val down and introduce them? It's an excuse! Less bald—very much less bald!" And, as they went up-stairs, he said to Val:

"You've got a cousin at Oxford; you've never met him. I should like to take you down with me to-morrow to where he lives and introduce you. You'll find it useful."

Val receiving the idea with but moderate transports, Soames clinched it.

"I'll call for you after lunch. It's in the country—not far—you'll enjoy it."

On the threshold of the drawing-room, he recalled with an effort that the steps he contemplated concerned, at the moment, not himself but his sister.

Winifred was still sitting at her buhl bureau.

"It's quite true," said Soames; "he's gone to Buenos Aires—started this morning—we'd better have him shadowed when he lands. I'll cable at once. Otherwise, we may have a lot of expense. The sooner these things are done the better. I'm always regretting that I didn't—" He stopped and looked sidelong at the silent Winifred. "By the way," he went on, "can you prove cruelty?"

Winifred said, in a dull voice:

"I don't know. What is cruelty?"

"Well, has he used a hair-brush, or struck you, or anything?"

Winifred shook herself, and her jaw grew square.

"He twisted my arm. Or would pointing a pistol count? Or being too drunk to undress himself, or—no—I can't bring in the children."

"No," said Soames; "no. I wonder! Of course there's legal separation—we can get that. But legal separation. Hm."

"What does it mean?" asked Winifred desolately.

"Means that he can't touch you—you're both of you married and unmarried."

And he grunted again. His own position, in fact, legalized! No; he would not put her into that!

"It must be divorce," he said decisively; "failing cruelty, there's desertion. There's

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Effecto Auto Enamel is the original and genuine auto enamel—easy-working, self-leveling and quick-drying. Not a paint, wax or polish, but a durable, long-lasting enamel finish that wears longer than the finish on most new cars. Made in nine attractive and usable enamel colors: Black, Blue, Green, Red, Brown, Yellow, Gray, Cream and White; also clear Finishing varnish, and Top & Seat Dressing for renewing and waterproofing all kinds of tops, seats and upholstery.

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is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

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Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

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See That You Get Them

Cosmopolitan for April, 1920

a way of shortening the two years now. We ask the court for restitution of conjugal rights. If he doesn't obey, we can bring a suit for divorce in six months' time. Of course you don't want him back. But they won't know that. Still, there's a risk he might come. I'd rather try cruelty."

Winifred shook her head.

"It's so beastly."

"Well," Soames murmured, "perhaps there isn't much risk so long as he's infatuated and got money. Don't say anything to anybody, and don't pay any of his debts."

Winifred sighed. In spite of all she had been through, the sense of loss was heavy on her. And this idea of not paying his debts any more brought it home to her as nothing else yet had. Some richness seemed to have gone out of life. Without her husband, without her pearls, without that intimate sense that she made a brave show above the domestic whirlpool, she would now have to face the world. She felt bereaved indeed.

And into the chilly kiss he placed on her forehead, Soames put more than his usual warmth.

"I have to go down to Robin Hill tomorrow," he said, "to see young Jolyon on business. He's got a boy at Oxford. I'd like to take Val with me and introduce him. Come down to Mapledurham for the week-end and bring the children. Oh, by the way, no—that won't do; I've got some other people coming." So saying, he left her and turned toward Soho.

IV

SOHO

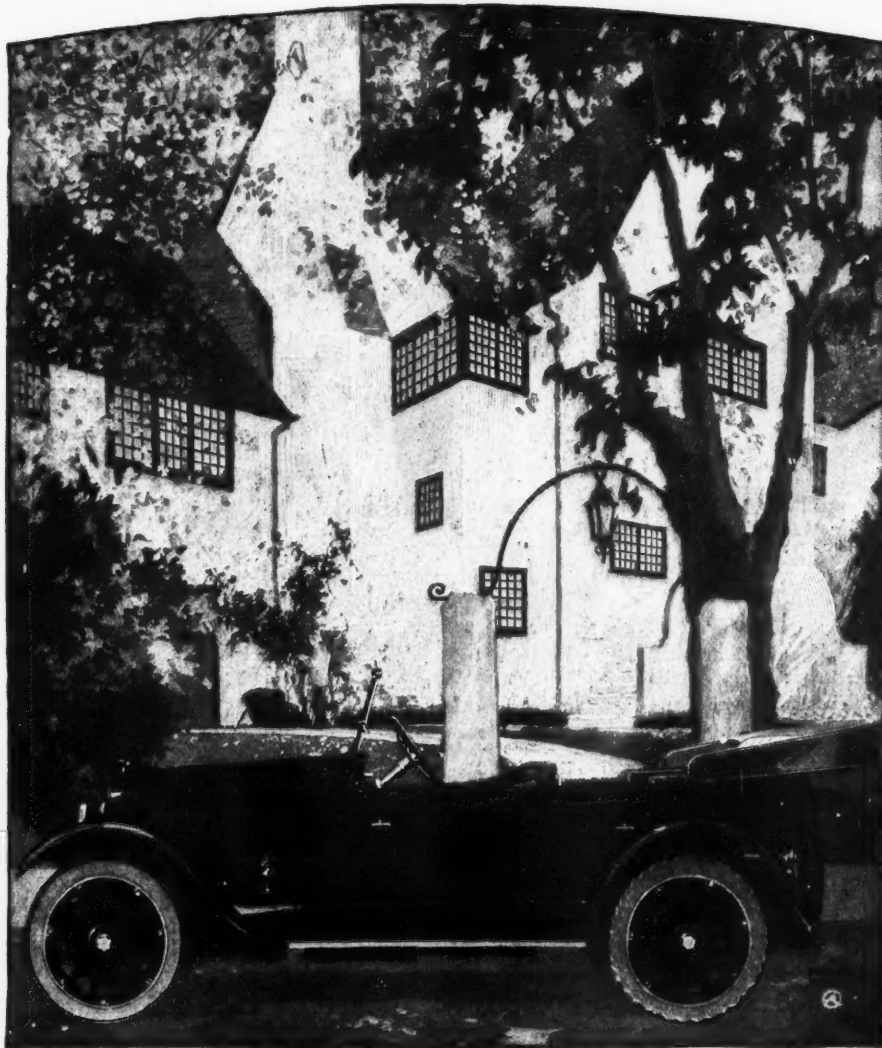
Of all quarters in the queer adventurous amalgam called London, Soho is perhaps the least suited to the Forsyte spirit. "Soho, my wild one!" George would have said if he had seen his cousin going there. Untidy, full of Greeks, Ishmaelites, cats, Italians, tomatoes, restaurants, organs, colored stuffs, queer names, people looking out of upper windows, it dwells remote from the British body politic. Yet has it haphazard proprietary instincts of its own, and a certain possessive prosperity which keeps its rent up when those of other quarters go down. For long years, Soames' acquaintanceship with Soho had been confined to its western bastion, Wardour Street. Many bargains had he picked up there. Even during those seven years at Brighton, after Bosinney's death and Irene's flight, he had bought treasures there sometimes, though he had no place to put them; for when the conviction that his wife had gone for good at last became firm within him, he had caused a board to be put up in Montpelier Square:

FOR SALE

The lease of this desirable residence. Enquire of Messrs. Lesson & Tukes, Court Street, Belgravia.

It had sold within a week—that desirable residence, in the shadow of whose perfection a man and a woman had eaten their hearts out.

Of a misty January evening, just as the board was coming down, he had gone there once more, and stood against the square-railings, looking at its unlighted windows, chewing the cud of possessive memories which had turned so bitter in the mouth.



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Wives of Doctors Don't Have Corns

Doctors all know B ue-jay.

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives, when a corn appears, apply a Blue-jay plaster. The pain stops instantly. The corn is forgotten.

In two days they remove the plaster, and the corn is gone for good. Hardly one corn in ten needs a second application.

Millions of others do likewise.

People who know the facts don't pare corns now, or pad them, or use old, harsh, mussy treatments.

They don't use methods, long discredited, made by unscientific men.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn how instantly the pain stops. Watch the corn disappear.

Try it tonight, and from that moment you will simply laugh at corns.

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The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly

Ends Corns Completely

Sold by Druggists

BAUER & BLACK

Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Why had she never loved him? Why? She had been given all she had wanted, and, in return, had given him, for three long years, all he had wanted—except, indeed, her heart. He had uttered a little involuntary groan, and a passing policeman looked suspiciously at him who no longer possessed the right to enter that green door with the carved brass knocker beneath the board: "For Sale." A choking sensation had attacked his throat, and he had hurried away into the mist. That evening, he had gone to Brighton to live.

Approaching Malta Street, Soho, and the Restaurant Bretagne, where Annette would be drooping her pretty shoulders over her accounts, Soames brooded. After buying a bit of Wedgwood, one evening in April, he had dropped into Malta Street to look at a house of his father's which had been turned into a restaurant—a risky proceeding, and one not quite in accordance with the terms of the lease. He had stared for a little at the outside, painted a good cream-color, with two peacock-blue tubs containing little bay trees in a recessed doorway, and at the words: "Restaurant Bretagne" above them in gold letters—rather favorably impressed. Entering, he had noticed that several people were already seated at little round green tables with little pots of fresh flowers on them and Brittany-ware plates, and had asked of a trim waitress to see the proprietor. They had shown him into a back room where a girl was sitting at a simple bureau covered with papers and a small round table was laid for three. The impression of cleanliness, order, and good taste was confirmed when the girl got up, saying,

"You wish to see *maman, monsieur?*" in a broken accent.

"Yes," Soames had answered; "I represent your landlord; in fact, I'm his son."

"Won't you sit down, *monsieur*, please? Tell *maman* to come to this gentleman."

He was pleased that the girl seemed impressed, because it showed business instinct; and suddenly he noticed that she was remarkably pretty—so remarkably pretty that his eyes found a difficulty in leaving her face. When she moved to put a chair for him, she swayed in a curious, subtle way, as if she had been put together by some one with a special secret skill, and her face and neck, which was a little bared, looked as fresh as if they had been sprayed with dew. Probably at this moment Soames decided that the lease had not been violated; though to himself and his father he based the decision on the efficiency of those illicit adaptations in the building, on the signs of prosperity, and the obvious business capacity of Madame Lamotte. He did not, however, neglect to leave certain matters to future consideration, which had necessitated further visits, so that the little back room had become quite accustomed to his spare, not unsolid, but unobtrusive figure, and his pale face with clipped mustache and dark hair not yet grizzling at the sides.

"*Un monsieur très distingué*," Madame Lamotte found him, and, presently, "*très amical; très gentil*"—watching his eyes upon her daughter.

She was one of those generously built, fine-faced, dark-haired Frenchwomen, whose every action and tone of voice inspire perfect confidence in the thoroughness of their domestic tastes, their knowl-

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After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in Whitening Cream until every bit has been absorbed. You will soon notice a marked improvement—the skin will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. Send 2c stamp for sample.

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Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

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Tissue Cream for a rough, dry skin.
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MARINELLO

A Beauty Aid for Every Need

At
Drug and
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Stores

edge of cooking, and the careful increase of their bank-balances.

After those visits to the Restaurant Bretagne had begun, the visits to somewhere else ceased, without any definite decision—for Soames, like all Forsytes, and the great majority of their countrymen—was a born empiricist. It was this change in his mode of life which gradually made him so definitely conscious that he desired to alter his condition from that of the unmarried married man to that of the unmarried man remarried.

Turning into Malta Street on this evening of early October, 1899, he bought a paper to see if there were any after-development of the Dreyfus case—a question which he had always found useful in making closer acquaintanceship with Madame Lamotte and her daughter, Catholic and anti-Dreyfusard.

Scanning those columns, Soames found nothing French, but noticed a general fall on the stock exchange and an ominous leader about the Transvaal. He entered, thinking: "War's a certainty. I shall sell my consols." Not that he had many personally—the rate of interest was too wretched—but he should advise his companies—consols would certainly go down.

A look, as he passed the doorways of the restaurant, assured him that business was good as ever, and this, which in April would have pleased him, now gave him a certain uneasiness. If the steps which he had to take ended in his marrying Annette, he would rather see her mother safely back in France—a move to which the prosperity of the Restaurant Bretagne might become an obstacle. He would have to buy them out, of course, for French people only came to England to make money, and it would mean a higher price. And then that peculiar, sweet sensation at the back of his throat, and a slight thumping about the heart which he always experienced at the door of the little room prevented his thinking how much it would cost.

Going in, he was conscious of an abundant black skirt vanishing through the door into the restaurant, and of Annette with her hands up to her hair. It was the attitude in which, of all others, he admired her—so beautifully straight and rounded and supple. And he said:

"I just came in to talk to your mother about pulling down that partition. No; don't call her."

"Monsieur will have supper with us? It will be ready in ten minutes."

Soames, who still held her hand, was overcome by an impulse which surprised him.

"You look so pretty to-night," he said; "so very pretty. Do you know how pretty you look, Annette?"

Annette withdrew her hand, and blushed.

"Monsieur is very good."

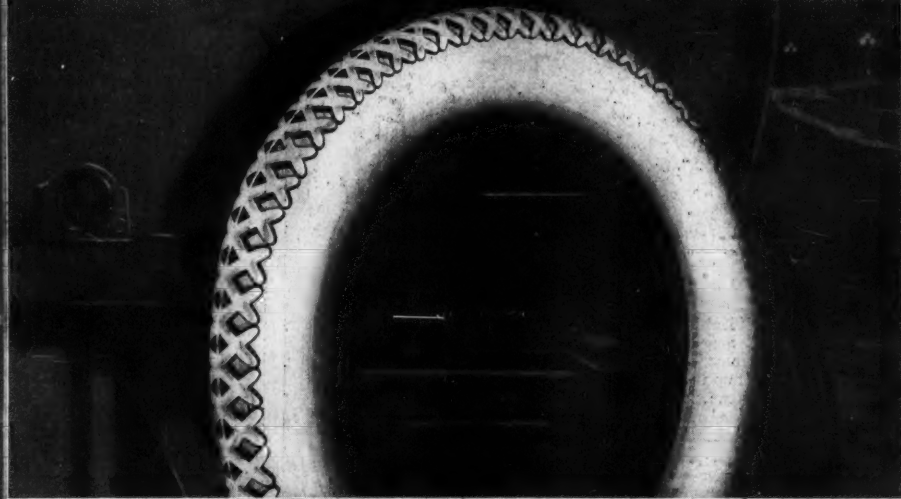
"Not a bit good," said Soames, and sat down gloomily.

Annette made a little expressive gesture with her hands; a smile was crinkling her red lips untouched by salve.

And, looking at those lips, Soames said, "Are you happy over here, or do you want to go back to France?"

"Oh, I like London! Paris, of course. But London is better than Rennes, and the English country is so beautiful. I have been to Richmond last Sunday."

Soames went through a moment of calculating struggle. His river house at



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is also astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. Herbert Roystone, Dept. N., 16 East 18th St., New York. Save this notice.

Mapledurham! Dared he? Dared he go so far as that—to ask them down—and show her what there was to look forward to? Still—down there, one could say things. In this room, it was impossible.

"I want you and your mother," he said suddenly, "to come for the afternoon next Sunday. My house is on the river; it's not too late in this weather, and I can show you some good pictures. What do you say?"

Annette clasped her hands.

"It will be lovely! The river is so beautiful."

"That's understood, then. I'll ask madame."

He need say no more to her this evening and risk giving himself away. But had he not already said too much? Did one ask restaurant proprietors with pretty daughters down to one's country house without design? Madame Lamotte would see, if Annette didn't. Well; there was not much that madame did not see. Besides, this was the second time he had stayed to supper with them; he owed them hospitality—

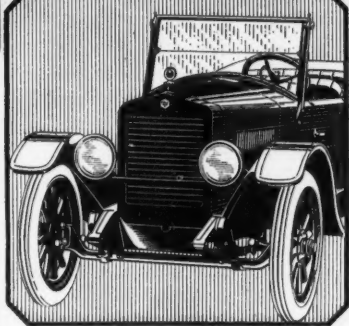
Walking home toward Park Lane, for he was staying at his father's, with the impression of Annette's soft, clever hand within his own, his thoughts were pleasant, slightly sensual, rather puzzled. Take steps! What steps? How? Dirty linen washed in public? Pah! With his reputation for sagacity, for far-sightedness and the clever extrication of others, he, who stood for proprietary interests, to become the plaything of that law of which he was a pillar! There was something revolting in the thought. Winifred's affair was bad enough. To have a double dose of publicity in the family! Would not a *liaison* be better than that—a *liaison*, and a son he could adopt? But dark, solid, watchful Madame Lamotte blocked the avenue of that vision. No; that would not work. It was not as if Annette could have a real passion for him; one could not expect that at his age. If her mother wished, if the worldly advantage were manifestly great—perhaps. If not, refusal would be certain. Besides, he thought: "I'm not a villain. I don't want to hurt her, and I don't want anything underhand. But I do want her, and I want a son. There's nothing for it but divorce—somehow—anyhow—divorce!"

Under the shadow of the plane trees in the lamplight, he passed slowly along the railings of the Green Park. Mist clung there among the bluish tree-shapes beyond range of the lamps. How many hundred times he had walked past those trees, from his father's house in Park Lane, when he was quite a young man, or from his own house in Montpelier Square in those four years of married life! And to-night, making up his mind to free himself, if he could, of that long, useless marriage tie, he took a fancy to walk on, in at Hyde Park Corner, out at Knightsbridge Gate, just as he used to when going home to Irene in the old days. What could she be like now—how had she passed the years since he last saw her, twelve years in all—eight already since uncle Jolyon left her that money? Was she still beautiful? Would he know her if he saw her? "I've not changed much," he thought; "I expect she has. She made me suffer."

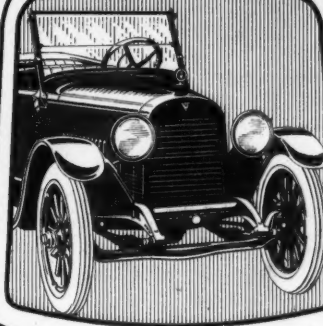
He remembered, suddenly, one night, the first on which he went out to dinner alone—



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The Essex, of course, does not cost as much as the Hudson, and though it is admittedly the runner-up in performance, it can never be all the Super-Six is.

In speed—in acceleration—in hill-climbing—in endurance—no stock car ever matched Hudson's famous records.

In every community you will find the two cars most noted for performance are the Hudson Super-Six and Essex.

Demand for both is so large that only by placing your order ahead can you insure delivery when you want it.

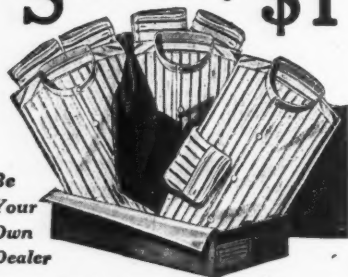
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an old Malburian dinner—the first year of their marriage. With what eagerness he had hurried back and, entering softly as a cat, had heard her playing! Opening the drawing-room door noiselessly, he had stood watching the expression on her face, different from any he knew, so much more open, so confiding, as though to her music she was giving a heart he had never seen. And he remembered how she stopped and looked round, how her face changed back to that which he did know, and what an icy shiver had gone through him for all that the next moment he was fondling her shoulders. Yes; she had made him suffer. Divorce! It seemed ridiculous, after all these years of utter separation. But it would have to be. No other way! "The question," he thought, with sudden realism, "is—which of us? She or I? She deserted me. She ought to pay for it. There'll be some one, I suppose." Involuntarily, he uttered a little snarling sound, and, turning, made his way back to Park Lane.

V

JAMES SEES VISIONS

THE butler himself opened the door and, closing it softly, detained Soames on the inner mat.

"The master's poorly, sir," he murmured. "He wouldn't go to bed till you came in. He's still in the dining-room."

Soames responded in the hushed tone to which the house was now accustomed.

"What's the matter with him, Warmson?"

"Nervous, sir, I think. Might be the funeral—might be Mrs. Dartie's coming round, this afternoon, sir. I think he overheard something. I've took him in a negus. The mistress has just gone up."

Soames hung up his hat on a mahogany stag's horn.

"All right, Warmson; you can go to bed. I'll take him up myself." And he passed into the dining-room.

James was sitting before the fire in a big armchair, with a camel's-hair shawl, very light and warm, over his frock-coated shoulders, on to which his long white whiskers drooped. His white hair, still fairly thick, glistened in the lamplight; a little moisture from his fixed light-gray eyes stained the cheeks still fairly well colored, and the long, deep furrows running to the corners of the clean-shaven lips, which moved as if mumbling thoughts. His long legs, thin as a crow's, in shepherd's-plaid trousers, were bent at less than a right angle, and on the knee a spindly hand moved continually, with fingers wide apart and glistening tapered nails.

Beside him, on a low stool, stood a half-finished glass of negus bedewed with beads of heat. There he had been sitting, with intervals for meals, all day. At eighty-eight, he was still organically sound, but suffering terribly from the thought that no one ever told him anything. It is, indeed, doubtful how he had become aware that Roger was being buried that day, for Emily had kept it from him. She was always keeping things from him. Emily was only seventy!

James had a grudge against his wife's youth. He felt, sometimes, that he would never have married her if he had known that she would have so many years before



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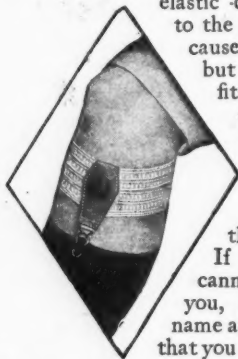
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her when he had so few. It was not natural. She would live fifteen or twenty years after he was gone, and might spend a lot of money; she had always had extravagant tastes. For all he knew, she might want to buy one of these motor-cars. Cicely and Rachel and Imogen and all the young people—they all rode those bicycles now, and went off goodness knew where.

And now Roger was gone. He didn't know—couldn't tell! The family was breaking up. Soames would know how much his uncle had left. Curiously, he thought of Roger as Soames' uncle, not as his own brother. Soames! It was more and more the one solid spot in a vanishing world. Soames was careful; he was a warm man, but he had no one to leave his money to. There it was! He didn't know.

Where was Soames? He had gone to the funeral, of course, which they had tried to keep from him. He knew that perfectly well; he had seen his son's trousers. Roger! Roger in his coffin! He remembered how, when they came up from school together from the west, on the box seat of the old Lowflyer in 1824, Roger had got into the "boot" and gone to sleep. James uttered a thin cackle. A funny fellow—Roger—an original! He didn't know! Younger than himself, and in his coffin! The family was breaking up. There was Val going to the university; he never came to see him now. He would cost a pretty penny up there. It was an extravagant age. And all the pretty pennies that his four grandchildren would cost him danced before James' eyes. He did not grudge them the money, but he grudged terribly the risk which the spending of that money might bring on them; he grudged the diminution of security. Nobody thought of anything but spending money in these days, and racing about, and having what they called "a good time." A motor-car went past the window. Ugly, great lumbering thing, making all that racket! But there it was, the country rattling to the dogs! People in such a hurry that they couldn't even care for style—a neat turnout like his barouche and bays was worth all those new-fangled things. And consols at a hundred and sixteen! There must be a lot of money in the country.

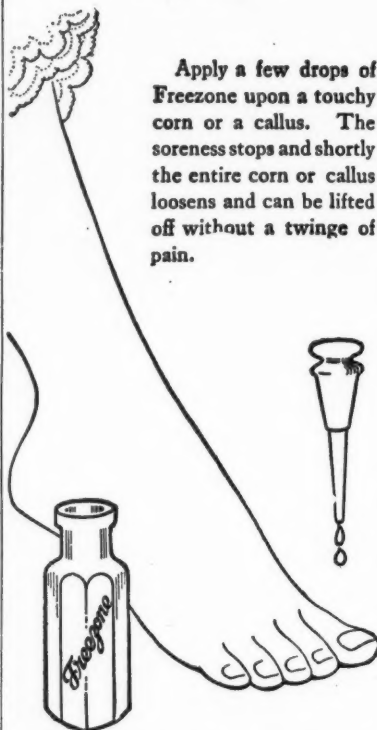
And now there was this old Kruger! They had tried to keep old Kruger from him. But he knew better; there would be a pretty kettle of 'sh out there! He shouldn't wonder if the empire split up and went to pot. And this vision of the empire going to pot filled a full quarter of an hour with qualms of the most serious character. He had eaten a poor lunch because of them.

But it was after lunch that the real disaster to his nerves occurred. He had been dozing when he became aware of voices—low voices. Ah, they never told him anything! Winifred's and her mother's. "Monty!" Ah, that fellow Dartie—always that fellow Dartie! The voices had receded, and James had been left alone, with his ears standing up like a hare's, and fear creeping about his inwards. Why did they leave him alone? Why didn't they come and tell him? And an awful thought, which through long years had haunted him, concreted again swiftly in his brain. Dartie had gone bankrupt—fraudulently bankrupt, and to save Winifred and the children, he, James, would have to pay! Could he—could Soames turn him into

Cosmopolitan for April, 1920

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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

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a limited company? No; he couldn't. There it was! With every minute before Emily came back, the specter fierced. Why, it might be forgery! With eyes fixed on the doubted Turner in the center of the wall, James suffered tortures. He saw Dartie in the dock, his grandchildren in the gutter, and himself in bed. He saw the doubted Turner being sold at Jobson's, and all the majestic edifice of property in rags. He saw, in fancy, Winifred unfashionably dressed, and heard, in fancy, Emily's voice saying, "Now, don't fuss, James." She was always saying, "Don't fuss." She had no nerves; he ought never to have married her—a woman eighteen years younger than himself. Then Emily's real voice said,

"Have you had a nice nap, James?"

Nap! He was in torment, and she asked him that!

"What's this about Dartie?" he said, and his eyes glared at her.

Emily's self-possession never deserted her.

"What have you been hearing?" she asked blandly.

"What's this about Dartie?" repeated James. "He's gone bankrupt."

"Fiddle!"

James made a great effort and rose to the full height of his storklike figure.

"You never tell me anything," he said; "he's gone bankrupt."

The destruction of that fixed idea seemed to Emily all that mattered at the moment.

"He has not," she answered firmly. "He's gone to Buenos Aires."

If she had said, "He's gone to Mars," she could not have dealt James a more stunning blow; his imagination, invested entirely in British securities, could as little grasp one place as the other.

"What's he gone there for?" he said. "He's got no money. What did he take?"

Agitated within by Winifred's news, and goaded by reiteration, Emily said calmly,

"He took Winifred's pearls and a dancer."

"What!" said James, and sat down.

His sudden collapse alarmed her, and, smoothing his forehead, she said,

"Now, don't fuss, James."

A dusky red had spread over James' cheeks and forehead.

"I paid for them," he said tremblingly; "he's a thief—I—I knew how it would be. He'll be the death of me; he—" Words failed him, and he sat quite still. Emily, who thought she knew him so well, was alarmed, and went toward the sideboard where she kept some sal volatile.

She could not see the tenacious Forsyte spirit working in that thin, tremulous shape against the extravagance of the emotion called up by this outrage on Forsyte principles—the Forsyte spirit deep in there, saying: "You mustn't get into a fantom—it'll never do. You won't digest your lunch. You'll have a fit." All unseen by her, it was doing better work in James than sal volatile.

"Drink this," she said.

James waved it aside.

"What was Winifred about," he said, "to let him take her pearls?"

Emily perceived the crisis past.

"She can have mine," she said comfortably. "I never wear them. She'd better have a divorce."



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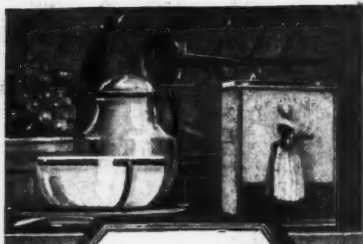
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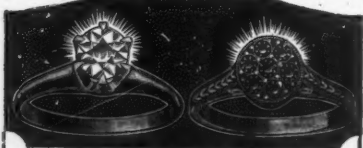
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"There you go!" said James. "'Divorce!' We've never had a divorce in the family. Where's Soames?"

"He'll be in directly."

"No, he won't," said James almost fiercely; "he's at the funeral. You think I know nothing."

"Well," said Emily, with calm, "you shouldn't get into such fusses when we tell you things."

And, plumping up his cushions and putting the sal volatile beside him, she left the room.

But James sat there seeing visions—of Winifred in the divorce court, and the family name in the papers, of the earth falling on Roger's coffin, of Val taking after his father, of the pearls he had paid for and would never see again, of money back at four per cent, and the country going to the dogs; and as the afternoon wore into evening, and tea-time passed and dinner-time, those visions became more and more mixed and menacing—of being told nothing—till he had nothing left of all his wealth, and they told him nothing of it. Where was Soames? Why didn't he come in?

His hand grasped the glass of negus; he raised it to drink and saw his son standing there looking at him. A little sigh of relief escaped his lips, and, putting the glass down, he said:

"There you are! Dartie's gone to Buenos Aires."

Soames nodded.

"That's all right," he said; "good riddance."

A wave of assuagement passed over James' brain. Soames knew. Soames was the only one of them all who had sense. Why couldn't he come and live at home? He had no son of his own. And he said plaintively:

"At my age, I get nervous. I wish you were more at home, my boy."

Again Soames nodded; the mask of his countenance betrayed no understanding, but he went closer and, as if by accident, touched his father's shoulder.

"They sent their love to you at Timothy's," he said. "It went off all right. I've been to see Winifred. I'm going to take steps." And he thought, "Yes; and you mustn't hear of them."

James looked up. His long white whiskers quivered; between them his thin throat between the points of his collar looked very gristly and naked.

"I've been very poorly all day," he said; "they never tell me anything."

Soames's heart twitched.

"Well, it's all right. There's nothing to worry about. Will you come up now?" And he put his hand under his father's arm.

James obediently and tremulously raised himself, and together they went slowly across the room, which had a rich look in the firelight, and out to the stairs. Very slowly they ascended.

"Good-night, my boy," said James, at his bedroom door.

"Good-night, father," answered Soames. His hand stroked down the sleeve beneath the shawl; it seemed to have almost nothing in it, so thin was the arm. And, turning away from the light in the opening doorway, he went up the extra flight to his own bedroom.

"I want a son," he thought, sitting on the edge of his bed; "I want a son."

TREES take little account of time, and the old oak on the upper lawn at Robin Hill looked no day older than when Bosinney sprawled under it and said to Soames, "Forsyte, I've found the very place for your house." Since then, Swinham had dreamed and old Jolyon died beneath its branches. And now, close to the swing, no-longer-young Jolyon often painted there. Of all spots in the world, it was, perhaps, the most sacred to him, for he had loved his father.

These last eleven years at Robin Hill had formed in Jolyon's life as a painter the important period of success. He was now in the very van of water-color art, hanging on the line everywhere. His drawings fetched high prices. Specializing in that one medium with the tenacity of his breed, he had "arrived," rather late, but not too late for a member of the family which made a point of living forever. His art had really deepened and improved; and though, in conformity with his position, he had grown a short fair beard which was just beginning to grizzle, his brown face had lost the warped expression of his ostracized period and looked if anything younger. The loss of his wife, in 1894, had been one of those domestic tragedies which turn out in the end for the good of all.

After her death, Jolyon had fallen, year by year, into a more and more detached and brotherly attitude toward his own son and daughters, treating them with a sort of whimsical equality. When he went down to Harrow to see Jolly, he never quite knew which of them was the elder, and would sit eating cherries with him out of one paper bag, with an affectionate and ironical smile twisting up an eyebrow and curling his lips a little. And he was always careful to have money in his pocket, and to be modish in his dress, so that his son need not blush for him. They were perfect friends, but never seemed to have occasion for verbal confidences, both having the competitive self-consciousness of Forsytes. They knew they would stand by each other in scrapes, but there was no need to talk about it. Jolyon had a perfect horror—partly original sin, but partly the result of his early immorality—of the moral attitude. The most he could ever have said to his son would have been: "Look here, old man: Don't forget you're a gentleman," and then have wondered whimsically whether that was not a snobish sentiment.

The great cricket match was perhaps the most searching and awkward time they annually went through together, for Jolyon had been at Eton. They would be particularly careful during that match, continually saying: "Hooray! Oh, hard luck, old man!" or "Hooray! Oh, bad luck, dad!" to each other, when some disaster at which their hearts bounded happened to the opposing school. And Jolyon would wear a gray top-hat instead of his usual soft one, to save his son's feelings, for a black top-hat he could not stomach.

When Jolly went up to Oxford, Jolyon went up with him, amused, humble, and a little anxious not to discredit his boy among all these youths who seemed so much more assured and old than himself. He often thought: "Glad I'm a painter"—

he had long dropped underwriting at Lloyds—"it's so innocuous. You can't look down on a painter—you can't take him seriously enough." For Jolly, who had a sort of natural lordliness, had passed at once into a very small set who secretly amused his father. The boy had fair hair which curled a little, and his grandfather's deep-set iron-gray eyes. He was well-built and very upright, and always pleased Jolyon's esthetic sense; so that he was a tiny bit afraid of him, as artists ever are of those of their own sex whom they admire physically. On that occasion, he actually did screw up his courage to give his son advice, and this was it:

"Look here, old man: You're bound to get into debt; mind you come to me at once. Of course I'll always pay them. But you might remember that one respects oneself more afterward if one pays one's own way. And don't ever borrow except from me, will you?"

And Jolly had said,
"All right, dad; I won't." (And he never had.)

"And there's just one other thing: I don't know much about morality and that; but there is this: It's always worth while, before you do anything, to consider whether it's going to hurt another person more than is absolutely necessary."

Jolly had looked thoughtful and nodded, and presently had squeezed his father's hand. And Jolyon had thought, "I wonder if I had the right to say that." He always had a sort of dread of losing the dumb confidence they had in each other, remembering how, for long years, he had lost his own father's, so that there had been nothing between them but love at a great distance.

As to Holly, soft and quiet, shy and affectionate, with a playful imp in her somewhere, he watched this younger daughter of his through the duckling stage with extraordinary interest. Would she come out a swan? With her fallow, oval face and her gray, wistful eyes, and those long, dark lashes, she might or she might not. Only this last year had he been able to guess. Yes; she would be a swan—rather a dark one, always a shy one, but an authentic swan. Portraiture was not Jolyon's forte, but he had already drawn his younger daughter three times, and was drawing her a fourth, on the afternoon of October, 4 1890, when a card was brought to him which caused his eyebrows to go up:

MR. SOAMES FORSYTE
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"Soames!" he thought. "What does he want? It must be something about his wife."

His wife! Irene—a fascinating woman, whom, though he was her trustee, he had only seen once since his father died leaving her that little income of four hundred and thirty pounds, the checks for which he signed. And he said to the maid—for he could not abide butlers,

"Show him into the study, please, and say I'll be there in a minute."

Standing by the French window in the study, looking out across the terrace at the oak tree, were two figures, middle-aged and young, and Jolyon thought, as he went in: "Who's that boy? Surely they never had a child."



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The elder figure turned. The meeting of those two Forsytes of the second generation, so much more sophisticated than the first, in the house built for the one and owned and occupied by the other, was marked by a subtle defensiveness beneath a distinct attempt at cordiality. "Yes; he's come about his wife." Jolyon was thinking—and Soames, "How shall I begin?" while Val, brought to break the ice, stood negligently scrutinizing this "bearded pard" from under his eyelashes. "This is Val Dartie," said Soames, "my sister's son. He's just going up to Oxford. I thought I'd like him to know your boy." "Ah! I'm sorry Jolly's away. What college?"

"BNC," replied Val.
"Jolly's at the 'House,' but he'll be delighted to look you up."

"Thanks, awfully!"

"Holly's in—if you could put up with a female relation, she'd show you round. You'll find her in the hall behind the curtains. I was just painting her."

With another "Thanksaw, fully!" Val vanished, leaving the two cousins with the ice unbroken.

"I see you've some drawings at the 'Water-Colours,'" said Soames.

Jolyon winced. He had been out of touch with the Forsyte family at large for twenty-six years, but they were connected in his mind with Frith's "Derby-Day" and Landseer prints. He had heard from June that Soames was a connoisseur—which made it worse. He had become aware, too, of a curious sensation of repugnance.

"I haven't seen you for a long time," he said.

"No," answered Soames between close lips; "not since—as a matter of fact, it's about that I've come. You're my wife's trustee, I'm told." Jolyon nodded. "Twelve years is a long time," said Soames rapidly. "I—I'm tired of this."

Jolyon found no more appropriate answer than:

"Won't you smoke?"

"No, thanks."

Jolyon himself lit a cigarette; he waited to see clearly.

"I wish to be free," said Soames abruptly.

"I don't see her," murmured Jolyon through the fume of his cigarette.

"But you know where she lives, I suppose?"

Jolyon nodded. He did not mean to give her address without permission. Soames seemed to divine his thought.

"I don't want her address," he said; "I know it."

"What exactly do you want?"

"She deserted me. I want a divorce."

"Rather late in the day, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Soames. And there was a silence.

"I don't know much about these things; at least, I've forgotten," said Jolyon, with a wry smile. He himself had had to wait for death to grant him a divorce from the first Mrs. Jolyon. "Do you wish me to see her about it?"

Soames raised his eyes to his cousin's face.

"I suppose there's some one," he said. A shrug moved Jolyon's shoulders.

"I don't know at all. I imagine you may have both lived as if the other were dead. It's usual in these cases."



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Soames turned to the window. A few early-fallen oak leaves strewed the terrace already and were rolling round in the wind. Jolyon saw the figures of Holly and Val Dartie moving across the lawn toward the stables. "I'm not going to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," he thought. "I must act for her. The dad would have wished that." And, for a swift moment, he seemed to see his father's figure in the old armchair, just beyond Soames, sitting with knees crossed, the *Times* in his hand. It vanished.

"My father was fond of her," he said quietly.

"Why he should have been, I don't know," Soames answered, without looking round. "She brought trouble to your daughter June; she brought trouble to everyone. I gave her all she wanted. I would have given her even—forgiveness—but she chose to leave me."

In Jolyon, compassion was checked by the tone of that close voice. What was there in the fellow that made it so difficult to be sorry for him?

"I can go and see her if you like," he said. "I suppose she might be glad of a divorce, but I know nothing."

Soames nodded.

"Yes; please go. As I say, I know her address, but I've no wish to see her." His tongue was busy with his lips, as if they were very dry.

"You'll have some tea?" said Jolyon, stifling the words: "And see the house." And he led the way into the hall. When he had rung the bell and ordered tea, he went to his easel to turn his drawing to the wall. He could not bear, somehow, that his work should be seen by Soames, who was standing there in the middle of the great room, which had been designed expressly to afford wall-space for his own pictures. In his cousin's face, with its unseizable family likeness to himself, and its chinny, narrow, concentrated look, Jolyon saw that which moved him to the thought: "That chap could never forget anything—nor ever give himself away—he's pathetic, really!"

VII

THE COLT AND THE FILLY

WHEN young Val left the presence of the last generation, he was thinking: "This is jolly dull! Uncle Soames does take the bun. I wonder what this filly's like?" He anticipated no pleasure from her society—and suddenly he saw her standing there looking at him. Why, she was pretty! What luck!

"I'm afraid you don't know me," he said. "My name's Val Dartie; I'm once-removed second cousin—something like that, you know. My mother's name was Forsyte."

Holly, whose slim brown hand remained in his because she was too shy to withdraw it, said:

"I don't know any of my relations. Are there many?"

"Tons! They're awful—most of them. At least, I don't know—some of them. One's relations always are, aren't they?"

"I expect they think one awful, too," said Holly.

"I don't know why they should. No one could think you awful, of course."

Holly looked at him—the wistful candor

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in those gray eyes gave young Val a sudden feeling that he must protect her.

"I mean there are people and people," he added astutely. "Your dad looks awfully decent, for instance."

"Oh, yes," said Holly fervently; "he is."

A flush mounted in Val's cheeks—that scene in the Pandemonium promenade, the dark man with the pink carnation developing into his own father!

"But you know what Forsytes are," he said almost viciously. "Oh; I forgot; you don't."

"What are they?"

"Oh—fearfully careful; not sportsmen a bit. Look at uncle Soames!"

"I'd like to," said Holly slyly.

Val resisted a desire to run his arm through hers.

"Oh, no," he said; "let's go out. You'll see him quite soon enough. What's your brother like?"

Holly led the way onto the terrace and down to the lawn without answering. How describe Jolly, who, ever since she remembered anything, had been her lord, master, and ideal?

"Does he sit on you?" said Val shrewdly. "I shall be knowing him at Oxford. Have you got any horses?"

Holly nodded.

"Would you like to see the stables?"

"Rather!"

They passed under the oak tree, through a thin shrubbery, into the stable-yard. There, under a clock-tower, lay a fluffy brown-and-white dog, so old that he did not get up but faintly waved the tail curled over his back.

"That's Balthasar," said Holly; "he's so old—awfully old—nearly as old as I am. Poor old boy! He's devoted to dad."

"Balthasar! That's a rum name. He isn't pure-bred, you know."

"No; but he's a darling." And she bent down to stroke the dog.

Gentle and supple, with dark, uncovered head and slim browned neck and hands, she seemed to Val strange and sweet, like a thing slipped between him and all previous knowledge.

"When grandfather died," she said, "he wouldn't eat for two days. He saw him die, you know."

"Was that old uncle Jolyon? Mother always says he was a topper."

"He was," said Holly simply, and opened the stable door.

In a loose box stood a silver roan of about fifteen hands, with a long black tail and mane.

"This is mine—Fairy."

"Ah," said Val, "she's a jolly palfrey! But you ought to bang her tail. She'd look much smarter." Then, catching her wondering look, he thought suddenly, "I don't know—anything she likes!" And he took a long sniff of the stable air. "Horses are ripping, aren't they? My dad—" He stopped.

"Yes?" said Holly.

An impulse to unbosom himself almost overcame him, but not quite.

"Oh; I don't know—he's often gone a mucker over them. I'm jolly keen on them, too—riding and hunting. I like racing awfully as well; I should like to be a gentleman rider." And oblivious of the fact that he had but one more day in town, with three engagements, he plumped out, "I say, if I hire a gee to-morrow, will you come for a ride in Richmond Park?"



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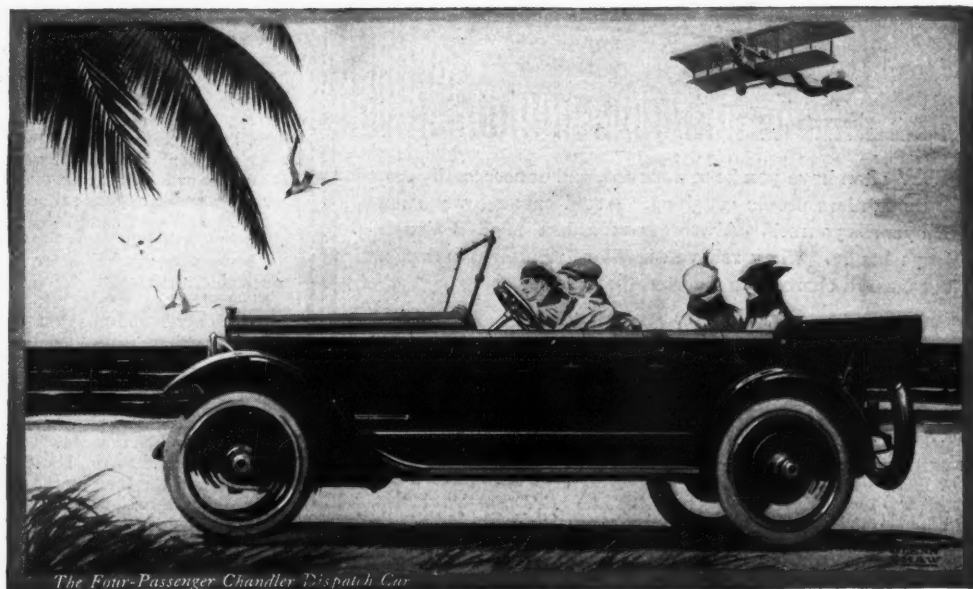
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The Most Profitable Evening I Ever Spent

—The Evening in Which I Acquired David M. Roth's Secret of an Infallible Memory

By VICTOR JONES

PEOPLE say my memory is uncanny—that it must have taken years of patient effort on my part to have trained my mind to retain and recall all the faces, figures and facts I have stored away. But nothing could be further from the truth. It seems almost incredible, yet I learned the secret of an infallible memory in a single evening—and it was the most profitable evening I ever spent.

Before I discovered my perfectly good memory, hundreds of important facts and figures used to slip away from me. I was a slave to the memo pad and other artificial aids to memory. My inability to remember names and faces was embarrassing—and costly. I had to apologize almost every time I met someone I had met before. I couldn't remember what I had read in letters or books. My mind was like a sieve. Yet today my memory is absolutely under my control. I can meet fifty people within ten minutes and call them by name an hour later or at any time, anywhere. I can recall long lists of bank clearings, telephone numbers, facts, names, rates, in fact anything I care to remember. I can repeat entire passages out of a letter or a book after reading it once. My mind is like a well ordered filing cabinet—I just reach into it and draw forth whatever I have stored away.



The Amazing Memory Feats of David M. Roth

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer said:

"Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday, not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not."

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and instructed a member at a blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares and gave the entire list without a mistake."

"After finishing with this Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

Instead of being a handicap, as it was formerly, my memory is now my greatest asset. The cold fact is that after my memory began to improve I got a new grip on my business, and in six short months I increased my sales by

\$100,000, and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a war "bride."

But my reader is doubtless anxious to know how I improved my memory in one evening. It all came about through meeting David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York, where he gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle Post-Intelligencer's account of a similar exhibition.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine."

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted; "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

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His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need most in business transactions.

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Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business perspective. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

So confident are the publishers, the Independent Corporation, of the remarkable value of the Roth Memory Course to every reader of this magazine that they want you to test out this remarkable system in your own house before you decide to buy. The Course must sell itself to you by actually increasing your memory before you oblige yourself to spend a penny.

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Good judgment is largely a matter of memory. It is easy to make the right decisions if you have all the related facts outlined in your mind—clearly and exactly.

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A man's experience in business is only as old as his memory. The measure of his ability is largely his power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count.

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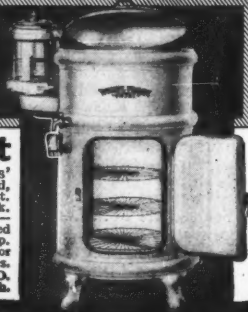


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than talking, Soames with his air of despising the tea-cake as it disappeared, Jolyon of finding himself slightly amusing. To the casual eye, neither would have seemed greedy, but both were getting through a good deal of sustenance. The two young ones having been supplied with food, the process went on, silent and absorbent, till, with the advent of cigarettes, Jolyon said to Soames,

"And how's uncle James?"

"Thanks; very shaky."

"We're a wonderful family. The other day I was calculating the average age of the ten old Forsytes from my father's family Bible. I make it eighty-four already, and five still living. They ought to beat the record." And, looking whimsically at Soames, he added, "We aren't the men they were, you know."

Soames smiled. "Do you really think I shall admit that I'm not their equal," he seemed to be saying, "or that I've got to give up anything, especially life?"

"We may live to their age, perhaps," pursued Jolyon, "but self-consciousness is a handicap, you know, and that's the difference between us. We've lost conviction. How and when self-consciousness was born, I never can make out. My father had a little, but I don't believe any other of the old Forsytes ever had a scrap. Never to see yourself as others see you—it's a wonderful preservative. The whole history of the last century is in the difference between us. And between us and you," he added, gazing through a ring of smoke at Val and Holly, uncomfortable under his whimsical regard, "there'll be—another difference—I wonder what."

Soames took out his watch.

"We must go," he said, "if we're to catch our train."

"Uncle Soames never misses a train," muttered Val, with his mouth full.

At the front door, he gave Holly's slim brown hand a long and surreptitious squeeze.

"Look out for me to-morrow," he whispered; "three o'clock. I'll wait for you in the road; it'll save time. We'll have a ripping ride."

He gazed back at her from the lodge gate, and, but for the principles of a man about town, would have waved his hand. He felt in no mood to tolerate his uncle's conversation.

But he was not in danger. Soames preserved a perfect muteness, busy with far-away thoughts.

The yellow leaves came down about those two walking the mile and a half which Soames had traversed so often in those long-ago days when he came down to watch with secret pride the building of the house—that house which was to have been the home of him and her from whom he now was going to seek release. He looked back once, up that endless vista of autumn lane between the yellowing hedges. What an age ago! What would she be like now? He had said to Jolyon, "I don't want to see her." Was that true? "I may have to," he thought, and he shivered, seized by one of those queer shudders that they say mean footsteps on one's grave. A chilly world! A queer world! And, glancing sidelong at his nephew, he thought: "Hm. Wish I were his age! Forty-five I am! And Irene? Thirty-six! Yes! Thirty-six!"

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VIII

JOLYON PROSECUTES TRUSTEESHIP

WHEN those two were gone, Jolyon went back to the study and sat down in his father's old brown chair.

What would his father be advising now, in this sudden recrudescence of an old tragedy; what would he say to this menace against her to whom he had taken such a fancy in the last weeks of his life? "I must do my best for her," thought Jolyon; "he left her to me in his will. But what is the best? What's her life been? What is it now? Beastly to take up things at this time of day! I dislike Soames; I dislike him to the very roots of me. And that's lucky; it'll make it easier for me to back his wife."

Late that evening, he wrote to the Chelsea flat, asking if Irene would see him; and next day he went up.

At the little block of flats which stood back some fifty yards from the Embankment, he told the cabman to wait, and mounted to the first floor.

Yes; Mrs. Heron was at home. She still called herself by her maiden name, then!

The effect of a settled if very modest income was at once apparent to Jolyon, who remembered the threadbare refinement in that tiny flat eight years ago, when he announced her good fortune. Everything was now fresh, dainty, and smelled of flowers. The general effect was silvery, with touches of black, hydrangea-color, and gold. "A woman of great taste," he thought. Time had dealt gently with Jolyon, for he was a Forsyte. But, with this woman, time had hardly seemed to deal at all—or such was his impression. She appeared to him no day older standing there in mole-colored velvet corduroy, with soft dark eyes and dark-gold hair, with outstretched hand and a little smile. "Won't you sit down?"

He had probably never occupied a chair with a fuller sense of embarrassment.

"You look absolutely unchanged," he said.

"And you look younger, cousin Jolyon."

Jolyon ran his hand through his hair, whose thickness was still a comfort to him.

"I'm ancient, but I don't feel it. That's one thing about painting—it keeps you young. Titian lived to ninety-nine, and had to have the plague to kill him off. Do you know, the first time I ever saw you, I thought of a picture by him?"

"When did you see me for the first time?"

"In the Botanical Gardens."

"How did you know me, if you'd never seen me before?"

"By some one who came up to you." He was looking at her hardily, but her face did not change; and she said quietly,

"Yes; many lives ago."

"What is your recipe for youth, Irene?"

"People who don't live are wonderfully preserved."

What a bitter little saying! "People who don't live!" It was an opening, and he took it.

"You remember my cousin Soames?" He saw her color faintly and smile faintly at that whimsicality, and at once went on: "He came to see me the day before yesterday! He wants a divorce. Do you?"

"I?" The word came, startled. "After

Cosmopolitan for April, 1920

twelve years? It's rather late, isn't it? Won't it be difficult?"

Jolyon looked hard into her face.

"Unless—" he said.

"Unless I have a lover now. But I have never had one since."

What did he feel at the simplicity and candor of those words? Relief, surprise, pity? Venus for twelve years without a lover!

"And yet," he said, "I suppose you would give a good deal to be free, too."

"I don't know. What does it matter now?"

"But if you were to love again?"

"I should love." In that simple answer, she seemed to be summing up the whole philosophy of one on whom the world had turned its back.

"Well—is there anything you would like me to say to him?"

"Only that I'm sorry he's not free. He had his chance once. I don't know why he didn't take it."

"Because he was a Forsyte; we never part with things, you know, unless we want something in their place—and not always then."

Irene smiled.

"Don't you, cousin Jolyon? I think you do."

"Of course I'm a bit of a mongrel—not quite pure Forsyte," said Jolyon uneasily.

"Well, what does Soames want in place of me now?"

"I don't know—perhaps children."

She was silent for a little, looking at him.

"Yes," she murmured; "it's hard. I would help him to be free if I could."

Jolyon gazed into his hat; his embarrassment was increasing fast. So were his admiration, his wonder—and his pity. She was so lovely—and so lonely. And altogether it was such a coil!

"Well," he said, "I shall have to see Soames. If there's anything I can do for you, I'm always at your service. You must think of me as a wretched substitute for my father. At all events, I'll let you know what happens when I speak to Soames. He may supply the material himself."

She shook her head.

"You see, he has a lot to lose, and I have nothing. I should like him to be free; but I don't see what I can do."

"Nor I at the moment," said Jolyon, and soon after took his leave. He went down to his hansom. Half-past three! Soames would be at his office still.

"To the Poultry," he called through the trap. In front of the Houses of Parliament and Whitehall, the news-venders were calling, "Grave situation in the Transvaal!" but the cries hardly roused him, absorbed in recollection of that very beautiful figure, of her soft, dark glance, and the words: "I have never had one since." What on earth did such a woman do with her life, backwatered like this? Solitary, unprotected, with every man's hand against her, or rather reaching out to grasp her at the least sign. And year after year she went on like that!

The word "Poultry" above the passing citizens brought him back to reality.

"Forsyte, Bustard, & Forsyte." In black letters on a ground the color of pea-soup, spurred him to a sort of vigor, and he went up the stone stairs muttering: "Fusty, musty ownerships! Well, we couldn't do without them!"

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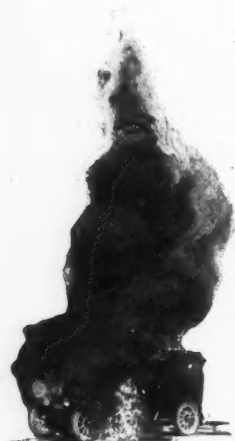
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"I want Mr. Soames Forsyte," he said to the boy who opened the door.

"What name?"

"Mr. Jolyon Forsyte."

The youth looked at him curiously, never having seen a Forsyte with a beard, and vanished.

The offices of Forsyte, Bustard, & Forsyte had absorbed the offices of Tooting & Bowles, and occupied the whole of the first floor. The firm consisted now of nothing but Soames and a number of managing and artied clerks.

When Jolyon entered, his cousin was drawing out a list of holdings in consols, which, in view of the rumors of war, he was going to advise his companies to put on the market at once, before other companies did the same. He looked round, sidelong, and said:

"How are you? Just one minute. Sit down, won't you?" And having entered three amounts, and set a ruler to keep his place, he turned toward Jolyon, biting the side of his flat forefinger. "Yes?" he said.

"I have seen her."

Soames frowned.

"Well?"

"She has remained faithful to memory."

Having said that, Jolyon was ashamed. His cousin had flushed a dusky yellowish red. What had made him tease the poor brute? "I was to tell you she is sorry you are not free. Twelve years is a long time. You know your law better than I do, and what chance it gives you."

Soames uttered a curious little grunt, and the two remained a full minute without speaking. "Like wax!" thought Jolyon, watching that close face, where the flush was fast subsiding. "He'll never give me a sign of what he's thinking, or going to do. Like wax!" And he transferred his gaze to a plan of that flourishing town, By-Street on Sea, the future existence of which lay exposed on the wall to the possessive instincts of the firm's clients. A whimsical thought flashed through him: "I wonder if I shall get a bill of cost for this. To attending Mr. Jolyon Forsyte in the matter of my divorce, to receiving his accounts of his visit to my wife, and advising him to go and see again, sixteen and eightpence."

Suddenly Soames said:

"I can't go on like this. I tell you I can't go on like this." His eyes were shifting from side to side, like an animal's when it looks for way of escape.

"He really suffers," thought Jolyon; "I've no business to forget that, just because I don't like him."

"Surely," he said gently, "it lies with yourself. A man can always put these things through if he'll take it on himself."

Soames turned square to him, with a sound which seemed to come from somewhere very deep.

"Why should I suffer more than I've suffered already? Why should I?" Jolyon could only shrug his shoulders. His reason agreed; his instinct rebelled—he could not have said why. "Your father," went on Soames, "took an interest in her—why, goodness knows. And I suppose you do, too." He gave Jolyon a sharp look. "It seems to me that one only has to do another person a wrong to get all the sympathy. I don't know in what way I was to blame; I've never known. I always treated her well. I gave her everything she could wish for. I wanted her."

Again Jolyon's reason nodded; again

his instinct shook its head. "What is it?" he thought. "There must be something wrong in me. Yet, if there is, I'd rather be wrong than right."

"After all," said Soames, with a sort of glum fierceness, "she was my wife."

In a flash, the thought went through his listener: "There it is! Ownership! Well, we all own things. But—human beings! Pah!"

"You have to look at facts," he said dryly, "or, rather, the want of them."

Soames gave him another quick, suspicious look.

"The want of them?" he said. "Yes; but I am not so sure."

"I beg your pardon," replied Jolyon. "I've told you what she said. It was explicit."

"My experience has not been one to promote blind confidence in her word. We shall see."

Jolyon got up.

"Good-by," he said curtly.

"Good-by," returned Soames, and Jolyon went out trying to understand the look, half startled, half snarling, on his cousin's face. He sought Waterloo Station in a disturbed frame of mind, as though the skin of his moral being had been scraped, and all the way down in the train, he thought of Irene in her lonely flat, and of Soames in his lonely office, and of the strange paralysis of life that lay on them both. "In chancery!" he thought. "Both their necks in chancery—and hers so pretty!"

Jolyon Forsyte has told himself that he must do his best for Irene. But what is best, especially after this interview with Soames? The progress of this absorbing family entanglement is related in the next instalment of *In Chancery*, in *May Cosmopolitan*.

The Other Man

(Continued from page 80)

as well as physical, seep through his whole being. He took the tropic lassitude as a sort of anodyne.

Their last night in Manila, he and Olive dined on the Osceola; he was to sail with the cruiser next day—Olive to take the next steamer back to San Francisco.

He had been restless at dinner. He would have preferred being alone with Olive this last evening; they had, somehow, not gotten very close together these past weeks. But Olive had seemed eager to go.

She was looking her prettiest, in brilliantly gay mood, exchanging banter with the tableful of officers. But was it fancy that the corner of her eye frequently, covertly sought Bide?

The dinner dragged for Hammil, and, after coffee, he took his cigar on deck. Soon he heard the phonograph going in the ward-room—evidently those ensigns were carrying out their threat to get a final dance with a white girl. In this sultriness! What youngsters they were! He hoped Olive wouldn't overdo. His practised eye told him that, despite her veneer of radiance, laid there by excitement, underneath she was fagged—horribly fagged. It was this damnable temperature. A blessing she was going home! Going home! Hammil sighed. What a farce that word could be—"home!" What was it that had gone wrong with them?

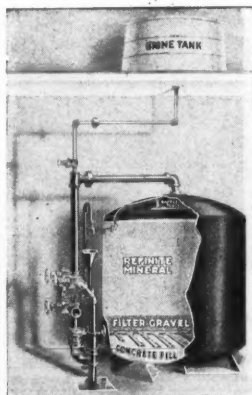


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He came to a pause in his restless pacing and leaned with folded arms against the rail. A full moon sent a dazzling flood of light over the immeasurable ocean; everything was so quiet that the slurring swish of water against the ship's side, that tireless phonograph, and the sound of distant laughter seemed to fill the whole world.

After a while, he flung his cigar overboard, turned, and found a deck-chair in the shadow. How long he had been sitting there motionless he didn't know, when the ghost of an alien sound caused him to lift his head.

Down on the forward part of the deck, in the blur of a friendly stretch of shadow, two glimmering white figures, a man and a woman, showed near the rail. They didn't seem to be talking, just standing there, as if looking out to sea. How long, he wondered, had they been standing like that? Suddenly he roused himself, with a queer, half-strangled oath, and thrust his shoulders forward. For, as he watched, the two white figures had melted into one, the taller head had gone down to meet the other.

Olive and Bide! The woman he loved, honored—and the man for whom his heart was softest! The whole earth was reeling. He grasped the arms of his chair, as if clutching for equilibrium. When he let go, his palms were white from the force of his grip. As he rose unsteadily, he was saying to himself, "I must take this thing calmly—I must keep hold of myself." And, as he lurched down the steady deck, he was saying to himself, "I must take it calmly—must keep myself in hand."

As he came upon them, they moved apart, turned; they stood side by side, watching him advance.

Hammil didn't know what he was going to say; he didn't have time to think, so concentrated was he on "keeping himself in hand." What did he say was:

"I saw."

Bide was the first to speak. His voice sounded husky and strained.

"I'm sorry, John. We never meant—"

"No; so I gather."

Bide made himself go on:

"We truly meant you should never know, We're both so fond of you—"

Fond of him! Hammil let out what he supposed was a laugh.

At the sound, Olive started forward. She put out one fluttering, beseeching hand, let it stop just short of his arm.

"We didn't want you to suffer, John—oh, I can't bear to see you suffer!"

He withdrew his arm sharply. She shrank back against the rail, and a little moan escaped her.

Hammil, clenching his fists and relaxing them, spoke again, still hardly conscious of the words he uttered.

"I knew, of course, that you both are fond of—flirting. But I made the mistake of crediting you both with—a sense of honor."

Bide suddenly lifted his head.

"You've no right to talk that way, John. We were honorable—"

"I just saw you proving that," cut in Hammil, "by kissing another man's wife."

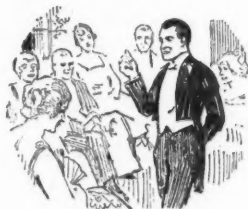
He stared at the other with a look no man gives a friend. Bide tried to meet it squarely.

"We love each other. We can't help that. It just slipped up on us—caught us. But we were ready to fight it—for your sake—"

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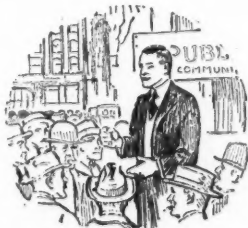
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"Thanks," Hammil cut in again.

"Yes; for your sake," Bide persisted resolutely. "We said you must never suspect. We fought it. But to-night—to-night was farewell for us. And you happened to see."

"Yes, I saw. Well, what then?"

"Well, since you do know, I don't suppose you'll—hold Olive."

Hammil strode up to the shrinking woman and gripped her shoulders.

"He says you love him. Do you?"

She looked up at him.

"I didn't mean to love him, John—I didn't—"

In the dim light, her face looked small and pinched, but her eyes were only the larger—miserably pleading eyes, as if begging him to understand, not to be hurt.

Abruptly Hammil loosed her and turned to stare across the darkly glittering waters. Then, suddenly, he faced about.

"By God! I won't do it! What I have—or have had—no one else shall! Do you understand? Now go and get your wraps, and let's get off this ship."

She tried to pull herself together and moved across the deck. Hammil, without a glance at the other man, walked heavily after her.

IV

The paternal department, in its orders, blandly takes no cognizance of personal friendships or enmities. Thus, two men, once close friends, now bitter enemies, sailed together next morning, to share for days the confines of an isolated ship as best they might.

But they managed fairly well to keep out of each other's way. Their likeliest point of contact was at mess, and Hammil formed the habit of coming late to meals. Then, because he was late and eating alone, he bolted his food; and, though the very thought of eating sickened him, he indomitably forced himself to consume more than would have satiated a really hungry man. Once, when a fellow officer, noting his haggard appearance, asked him if he were not feeling well, Hammil admitted he had a "touch of indigestion."

However, it is of course no professional discredit to Hammil that he did not, at that stage, suspect the true nature of his malady—even had he thought of his physical discomfort as a "malady," which he didn't; his thoughts were engrossed with another and very definite malady which was not physical. Yet, had he been in a mood to diagnose his "indigestion," it cannot be held against him if he adjudged it inconsequential.

And then one morning, the Osceola steamed into Midi Island harbor. The most conspicuous object on the islet was the black structure which marked it a coaling station—indeed, there was little else, save the sand and bushes and birds, all set in the immeasurable sea.

And it was here, at this infinitesimal dot in the ocean, the jumping-off place of the Pacific, a thousand miles from nowhere—or, at any rate, a many days' trip from white sanitary hospitals and white-capped nurses and white-robed surgeons with their kindly-cruel steel instruments, that the true nature of Hammil's "indigestion" manifested itself. It was here that the sleeping dog, appendicitis, leaped, and that Hammil knew suddenly, that short



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of an operation within twelve hours, he was already a dead man.

It was when the officers' mess was at breakfast that Hammil's Filipino boy, thoroughly scared, burst in, crying that the doctor was shaking like he'd fall apart and sweating like you'd poured a bucket of water on him and all doubled up and—

In the doctor's room, the commanding officer, a stolid man who boasted he had no nerves, laid a timorous hand upon Hammil's writhing shoulder.

"What is it, old man?"

"Appendicitis—acute," gasped the tortured man on the bed.

"Tell us what we can do?"

"Nothing can be done—except an operation."

"Oh, come now," said the commander soothingly. The word "appendicitis" had relieved him somewhat. "Lots of people have appendicitis. You were all right yesterday. You'll get over it." He put his hand on Hammil's forehead. "Why, you haven't even got a fever!"

"Better if I had," said the sick man weakly. "Temperature's subnormal—dropped suddenly. While my pulse—" He extended his wrist. "Feel—it was a hundred and fifteen a few minutes ago."

"And what does that mean?"

"Calamity," muttered Hammil. The ring of men round him looked at one another. Hammil went on: "Operation's only chance—inside twelve hours, or I'm a goner. I know what I'm talking about." He gazed up at them. Then added, "Well, who among you will do the job?"

No one answered.

"It's got to be done. I'll tell you what to do—in detail. Got all the tools. Do it myself—but too done up."

The commander turned to the hospital orderly, a fellow named Dobbs. But at the mere glance, Dobbs shrank back. He turned almost green.

"I've—I've never seen this operation, sir," he stammered. "I couldn't—"

"No; Dobbs hasn't the nerve," Hammil corroborated. "He can help with the things—but the job itself will take nerve."

The commander swallowed loudly.

"An inexperienced man, trying to do—a thing like that!" he protested.

"I'll take the chance—it's my chance—the only one."

"I don't believe it."

"Wireless Manila!" thundered Hammil, in a desperate gathering and eruption of energy. "Get Turner—ask what he advises!"

"That's a good idea," nodded the commander. "I'll go right up and tell—"

"Remember minutes count."

The men filed out of the room after their commander. The last was, in truth, glad to carry out the wireless suggestion; it lightened his responsibility.

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Again a group of white-faced men gathered together.

"My God! I can't do it!"

It was the commander speaking—the man who had no nerves. And no one else of those shaken, shaking men volunteered.

Bide, who had not been of that original group in Hammil's stateroom, left this second, more stricken assemblage and, walking to the rail, stood staring with unseeing eyes at the desolation of the island.

When, at last, he left the rail, he went straight to the commander.

"I'll try it, sir," he said.

"By God, but you're a man!" And the other wrung his hand.

But when the commander accompanied the volunteer to the patient's room, he was considerably mystified at what took place there. He had expected Hammil to be touched, deeply moved: by this stupendous proof of his friend's devotion. But Hammil, after he heard, just lay there silent a full minute, an odd expression in his eyes, which were fixed on Bide.

"So," he said, at last, "you are the willing altruist!"

The men stared at each other for a full minute longer. This time, it was Bide who broke the silence.

"It's just as you say. I'm ready to try."

Hammil gave a queer, scoffing laugh.

"What's the odds? I'm caught. Due to die, anyway—one way serves as well as another, I guess."

Bide still held his gaze—now it was he who was the steadier of the two.

"I'm here to do what I can," he said quietly. "Will you tell me what to do?"

Whereupon, the sick man seemed suddenly to pull himself together.

"Dobbs'll help. He's green—but he knows forceps and artery-clamps. Better get paper and pencil—"

Then, quite calmly, he dictated instructions. To laymen, these sounded appalling enough, even in the technical, unhumanized terminology which Hammil had to pause and translate.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Bide.

"Just what is the 'right iliae fossa'?"

"A spot two inches internal to the anterior superior spine of the ilium—or, to put it more simply, a line drawn from the bony point known as 'McBurney's point' to the umbilicus—get that?"

To put it more simply! The commander and the orderly looked at Bide with mingled anxiety and commiseration. But Bide, intensely concentrated, wrote steadily ahead, patiently asking questions in the face of the sick man's growing impatience.

Finally, after Hammil had explained the various instruments, and when he had grown terribly weak and white under the strain of effort, Bide said he thought he had got it all—the three outstanding stages of the job—preparation, anesthesia, and operation. The first two, though tedious and ghastly enough to a layman as against the third, seemed comparatively simple. The commander had agreed to hold the gas-bag and administer the ether, watching the patient's pulse meanwhile. The orderly was to help with the instruments.

The three men prepared a table—prepared everything.

Silently Bide went through the process of sterilization, and silently Hammil watched

him. Neither spoke till, drawing on his rubber gloves and carefully avoiding a glance at that outlaid glitter of waiting steel, Bide turned to the man on the table.

"Just see if I have it straight. The incision first—right here." He touched a spot where Hammil's flesh showed through an opening slit in the covering sheet. "Then cut through the different layers of tissue till I come to the peritoneal cavity. I find the big intestine—white, with hanging ear-drops. Then the small intestine—it has three white lines. I follow these lines—trail them to the appendix." Hammil nodded. "Then I snip it—" And Bide recited the rest of his gruesome lesson.

"Well, sir," he said to the commander, "I guess we're ready."

White as that shrouding sheet, the man seated at the head of the table placed the black bag over Hammil's face and let start the asphyxiating flow. The orderly was painting the exposed flesh with iodine. Mute, rigid as a statue, Bide watched.

Already Hammil was far away—his only sign of life a gasping sound of labored breathing.

Himself breathing heavily, Bide picked up the knife, set the blade against the skin. Then of a sudden he reeled, caught himself, and brought up inertly against the wall.

The orderly began to tremble even more violently, and the commander, from the head of the table, turned glassy eyes out of a livid face:

"Shall I shut off the gas?"

Bide managed to make his head go from side to side in a feeble effort of negation. Then, stiffening with a desperate rigidity, he moved to the table, took up the knife again, carefully placed it, and drove it through the skin.

At the outspurring of blood, the man at the head of the table swiftly turned his head. All he could do to hold to the lax wrist whose pulse it was his business to watch. But Bide could not look away. Again he put down the knife. Then, with clumsy but resolute fingers, he picked up a pair of scissors. Snip—clamp. Snip—clamp. Those clumsy, indomitable hands in the rubber gloves worked on and on.

He inserted his rubber-clad fingers, groping. Ah—the three white lines! He ferreted on. Ah—there it was!

Snip! There! It was out!

The orderly took the sponges.

Now to close the wound, drawing together crimson edges, sewing in and out. Who would have thought human skin so tough? Not until the last knot of thread was tied and the orderly had started the bandaging did Bide lose his apparent composure. Inert and shuddering, he fell back in a chair.

"How long did I take?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sixteen minutes," said the commander. "I've killed him!"

"No—his pulse is going. He's still alive."

Whereupon Bide fainted.

John Hammil lived. It was impossible. I have heard surgeons, eminent authorities, say so. It was impossible—and yet he lives to-day—thanks to the untrained hands of Bayard Gaines.

Later that day, Bide sat at vigil beside the bed of the sick man. Hammil was sleeping heavily, for they had given mor-

A new short story by *Dana Gatlin* will appear in an early issue.

phine to supplement the ether. Bide sat watching the figure so white and helpless in its utter prostration, the face so white and helpless in its unconsciousness. Once he had been Hammil's friend and had loved him. Then he had become his enemy and had hated him.

When, at last, Hammil opened his eyes, the other was still sitting there. They looked at each other silently. Then Bide reached for Hammil's hand, clung to it for a moment.

"You're going to be all right," he said. "Now try to go to sleep."

Hammil nodded weakly, and slept.

The only definite talk between them came a few days later, when Hammil was apparently out of danger. It was very, very brief.

"One can't say, 'Thank you,' for a thing like this," said Hammil. "I'm much obliged to you, of course." He looked straight into Bide's eyes.

Bide turned his head.

"Oh, that's all right, old man," he said. Then swiftly he looked back. "I just want you to know there are things"—he sought for words—"there seem to be things worth more to one than any woman in the world."

Hammil extended a thin white hand along the coverlet.

Bide took it, pressed it, averted his face, made a queer sound in his throat, then quickly left the room.

He had spoken a truth. He had just found it out to be a truth. He had loved Olive Hammil, and when her husband, discovering his love, had turned on him savagely, he had wanted her the more and had hated John Hammil. John Hammil was his hated enemy. But those moments he had held John Hammil's life in his grasp, when his own hands were snatching that life back from death, there had welled up in him an emotion, so tender and protective, so fundamental and transcendent, that it pushed all else into a background of shadows.

Many days later, an east-bound vessel, which had passed the Osceola at sea, steamed into San Francisco harbor. It carried as a passenger John Hammil, who was being sent to a proper hospital to convalesce and who had been granted a sick-leave long enough to enable him to go "home" later, if he desired.

A woman with a white, impassive face was waiting on the dock. She remained impassive through the first greetings, through the trip in an ambulance to the hospital, through the tedious waiting while properly white-clad doctors and nurses got him into bed.

Then, for a moment, they were left alone. She moved swiftly toward the bed, knelt at his head, buried her face in his pillow.

"I want you to know one thing," she said. "As soon as that wireless came—then I knew. And I thought it was too late—too late ever to tell you." Suddenly she shook with sobs. "Oh, John—I've been foolish, wicked, undeserving—but I love you! If you'll only give me another chance—oh, John!"

Speaking, she had looked away, as if fearing to meet his eyes. But when she forced her own to meet his, to read the worst, what she saw through her blur of tears brought her head down swiftly toward that other head upon the pillow.



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Reading Your Dreams

(Continued from page 84)

instinctive animal mind—and the instincts, as we have seen, have startling-signals that we call "symbols"—it is natural that the dream-pictures should so often prove to be symbols that are as old as art.

The orthodox Freudian has done an enormous work of research in identifying these symbols. He has, as it were, taken the words of your dream-dictionary one by one and traced them back to their roots and original meanings. But he has too often made the mistake of studying the words apart from their context, and he has made an erudite mystery out of sentences whose simple meaning is clear enough. Doctor X's method seems more sensible. He concerns himself more with the emotional content of the dream than with the cryptic words in which the emotion expresses itself. He finds that the emotion is always evident and undisguised, because it is the purpose of the dream to release that emotion from repression.

"The real part of the dream," he says, "is the emotion. In interpreting a dream, the initial question to ask yourself is what were the emotions felt in the dream. The details of the dream may at first be disregarded. This is difficult for the dreamer himself to do when he is attempting self-analysis. He will discover that he is always interested in the details of the dream and gives little heed to the emotions."

In our Puritan civilization, the commonest of all repressed emotions are the sex-emotions. Repressions become involved with repressions in the subconscious mind, and the orthodox Freudian, being on the lookout for sex-symbols, finds them in many a dream whose main theme is by no means sexual. For instance, all the four dreams which I have given above contain sex-symbols that imply some suppression of sex-emotions, but to interpret those dreams wholly in terms of sex would be to miss their point. The Freudian interpretation of dreams is often dangerously wrong for that reason.

"A dream is always egoistic," says Doctor X. "It is always concerned with the dreamer as its central figure." But it has a confusing trick of splitting up the personality of the dreamer into his known qualities, which are shown as separate actors in the dream. If you have a violent temper, like your friend B, B himself is likely to appear in your dream as your "angry self." A feminine dreamer who reproaches herself with having strong masculine characteristics will figure in her own dreams as a boy. Animals will often, in dreams, play the part of that self of the dreamer which he considers brutal or animal-like.

One of Doctor X's patients, a young man, dreamed frequently of a neglected dog whose pathetic condition moved him to excessive pity. He woke from these dreams in a state of depression that lasted throughout the day. He had a rather Spartan ideal of conduct, and he was impatient of these moods in himself. He took life stoically, and he was suffering no unhappiness of which he would complain.

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By association, Doctor X discovered that when this boy's mother died, she left a little dog that was inconsolable. It would sit outside the door of her empty room for hours, watching for her, or waiting on the stairs as if it expected to hear her step. The son went to endless trouble to make this grieving pet comfortable. He had been known to leave a week-end party and hurry home to make sure that the servants were not neglecting it. He found it dead, one morning, at the door of his mother's empty bedroom, and this incident moved him extremely.

Further association recalled a picture of himself as a very small boy sitting on the stairs outside his mother's room, with his shoes on the step beside him, waiting for her forgiveness for some childish misbehavior before he could go out to play. It became apparent that, after his mother's death, he had drained off his own grief and self-pity by his devoted care of her pet. The dog now figured in his dreams as his neglected self. He was repressing an excessive self-pity. He confessed that he was in love with a young woman who often wounded him by her neglect. Examination showed that her neglect was largely imaginary—a fiction of his own unconscious desire to seek occasion for self-pity. "The analysis of his dream," says Doctor X, "led to an adjustment that paved the way to a happy marriage."

That, of course, is, to the layman, the chief value of dream-analysis as Doctor X practises it—he uncovers the secret springs of ill health and unhappiness in his patients and indicates the way in which they may be cured. As the cure proceeds, it is possible to watch the patient's dreams and follow his progress. His subconscious mind, unknown to him, reports its objections in his dreams or indicates its acquiescence, and the doctor can check up his prescriptions by means of these reports. In cases of mental disorder, the dreams infallibly indicate the approach of insanity, but that is not a matter to be handled in such an article as this. And there are many other professional aspects of dream-analysis which would be out of place here. Let me conclude with some typical dreams that are significant as indicating unconscious trends common to great numbers of modern Americans and little understood by them.

A famous surgeon and his sister, New Englanders of culture and intelligence, both had the same recurring dream. They imagined that they were taking a college examination. When the examination-papers were handed out, they found that the subject was one they had neglected to study. They were faced by the certainty of complete failure. It was too late to study the subject, and it was impossible to fake answers to the questions. They were baffled. And they were enraged at their own neglect and lack of foresight. These feelings were overwhelmingly intense.

On hearing this dream, Doctor X said to the surgeon,

"Obviously, this means that you are faced by some problem that completely baffles you—a problem for which all your study and experience offers no solution—and you are trying not to think about it."

What was that problem?

The surgeon indicated it with reluctance. He had grown up in an atmosphere of the strictest Puritanism. In later years, he had lost all belief in the tenets of the Puritan

faith. He had accepted as his religion a sort of intellectual liberalism in which reason was supreme. It was not a thing that he ever discussed, but he was baffled by the problem of eternity.

"Nothing that I know," he said, "seems to give me the assurance of everlasting life that I crave." His sister was in the same case, confronted by the same mystery. Subconsciously, they both felt themselves unready for the great examination. Their suppressed anxiety showed in their common dream.

"Our fear of death," says Doctor X, "is really a fear of eternity. The subconscious mind has no fear of death, because it admits no cessation of its existence and cannot picture any. It shows, however, a very keen interest in the evil which may befall it after death. In this respect, it acts exactly like the instinctive mind of the most primitive people. And so many of us have lost faith in the religions which protected us from this fear that the dread of death is a frequent cause of our anxiety-dreams."

One of his patients is a lady happy in a second marriage and devoted to her ten-year-old son, named Norman. She had been for some time under treatment for heart-disease and had suffered much with palpitations of the heart. Doctor X found her heart organically sound, but he learned that she frequently woke at night with a very rapid heart-beat and a suffocating sense of imminent heart-failure. He asked her to recall some dream from which she had wakened in this condition. She recalled the following nightmare:

"I was crossing a little stream in the country. Norman and I were crossing it together on a rotten log that was suspended at each end by a rusted wire. Norman jumped up and down on the log, and it began to give way. I said: 'Norman, I have known this log since childhood, and it is rotten clean through. You must be careful.' Norman continued to rock the log. I felt it giving way. As we were about to fall into the dark water, I awoke, screaming with terror."

This dream was so typical that Doctor X said flatly,

"You are afraid of death and the hereafter."

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I'm not a bit afraid of death. It has no terrors whatever for me. I'm a good churchwoman."

But when he asked her what happening was suggested by the word "water," she replied:

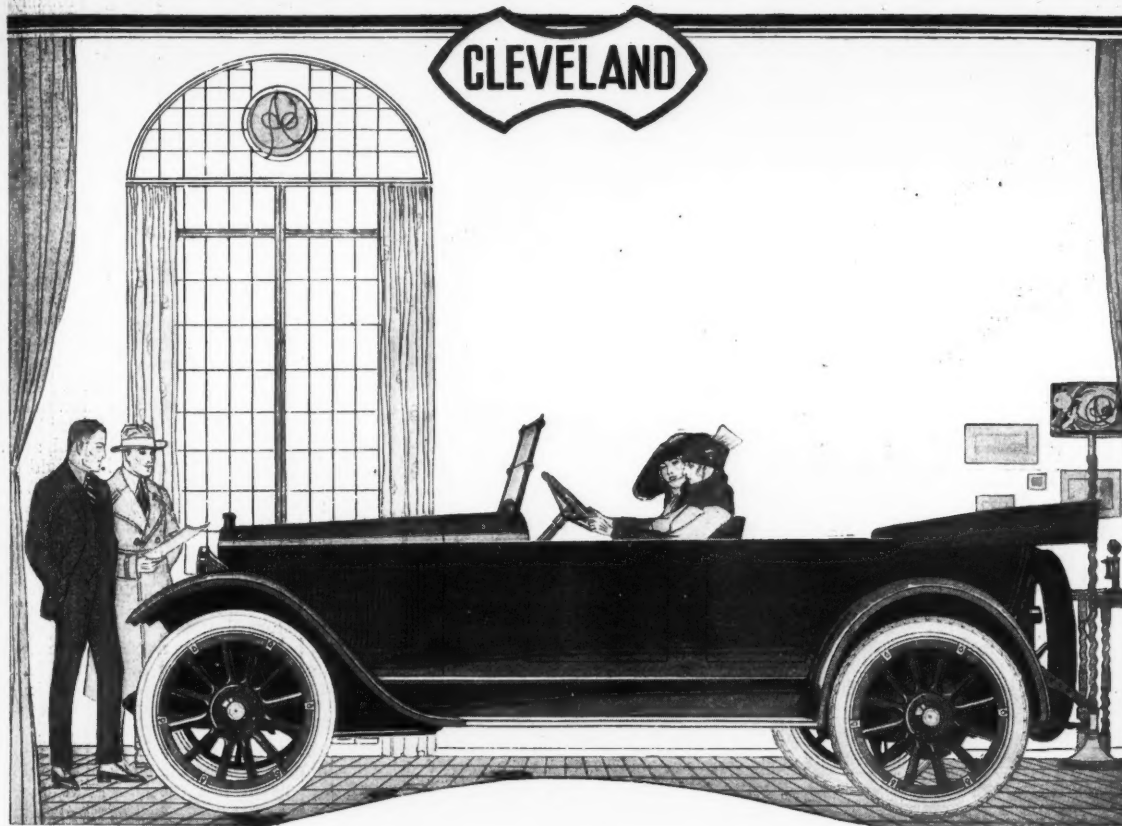
"I have always had a fear of water. The first fright I recall was due to falling out of a boat when I was about four years old. My father rescued me, but I thought I was going to drown."

And when he asked her what came to her with the thought of "a country stream," she answered:

"The stream near my home. I crossed it when I ran for father the day brother died. It was my first experience with death. I was only five. Brother was taken sick at ten o'clock, and at four he was dead. They laid him out in a white shroud. One day, some weeks later, at dusk, I saw him all in white. I ran screaming to mother. She said it was all nonsense, but I knew I had seen him. I was afraid to go out at night after that. The next spring, my father died. I would not go into the house until after the funeral."

The doctor said:

"The log which protects you in your



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dream from the fear of drowning is probably something that has served from childhood to protect you from the fear of eternity. The only protection against the fear of eternity is religion. What is yours?

"I was brought up a Catholic," she replied, "but I have left that church. I married at seventeen and my husband drew me away to his faith."

Her son Norman was about to be operated on, and she was afraid that he might die. He did not belong to any church.

Another common kind of dream is typified by the following specimen:

The dreamer stands beside a pool. Terraced steps descend to the basin below. The pool has a border of tropical plants, and the whole setting is Eastern and exotic. A moving object of some sort is dimly visible in the depths of the water. The dreamer picks up something to throw at it. His friends beg him not to do it. He persists. He throws at the creature in the pool, and at once he has the feeling that he has done wrong. Out of the water there springs a tigress, which leaps toward him. He flees in terror. The tigress gains on him. He turns to defend himself, and the tigress has become an infuriated woman. He awakens, still frightened and trembling.

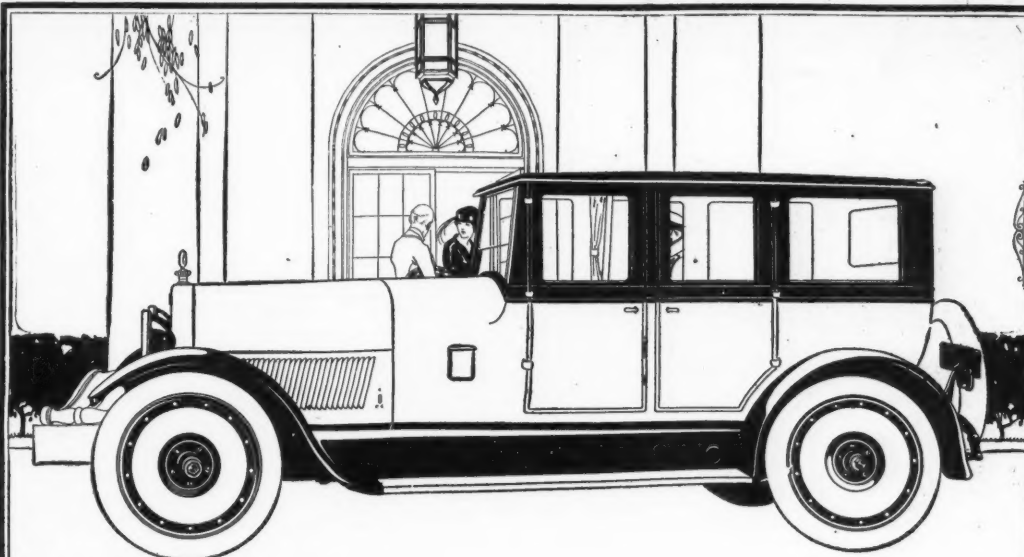
"The symbolism here is quite plain," says Doctor X, "and the subsequent 'association' merely verified it. We are dealing with fear of woman. Such a fear seems ridiculous as a factor in repression, but I find it a factor of great and unrecognized importance in our civilization. Most men scoff at it, as this patient did, because a man must scoff at it in order to keep up his fiction that he is the lord of creation. Like other fears which go back deep into our racial past, the fear of woman is so strongly repressed that its only expression is in subconscious thinking and motivation.

"Man's fear of woman is embodied in myth, legend, fairy-tale, and folk-lore. Infatuation for a woman places a man in a position of defenselessness. The stories of Adam and Eve, Samson and Delilah, and Antony and Cleopatra portray the danger. Man is afraid of an inner weakness by which he may be enslaved."

His fear shows itself in many odd unconscious ways. The film-vampires of the American movies have proved unpopular. The most popular woman stars are those who are most ingénué and sexless. Much of the popular opposition to woman suffrage is obviously inspired by fear of woman. The so-called "war between the sexes" is an expression of the same emotion. Repressing and refusing to acknowledge their fear, men give it the power by which it moves them to those acts of cruelty and injustice that come of fear.

Doctor X sums up all these problems in this way:

"Emotions must be regarded as healthful currents of natural force that should be used to furnish energy for individual expression and collective service. When emotions are so regarded, life assumes a new meaning and the individual develops new powers. As things are now, to be emotional is to be considered weak, sentimental, or sinful. Pauline self-repression is the ideal on the one hand, and hypocrisy and license the result on the other. Both roads lead to a selfishness that defeats the collective ideal of nature and impairs the success of our civilization, which is itself the expression of the collective ideal."



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Until To-morrow

(Continued from page 48)



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If she had only been thinking of herself, she would have stayed, but I guessed that she had suddenly remembered that I was presumably waiting for help back there with the car.

Even I was beginning to feel the delicious languor that comes with blizzard-burn and leaden feet. The dry, stinging flakes cut my eyes and cheeks, and it would have been a relief to burrow in the soft down at my feet and just relax for a few minutes. If I, who was an old blizzard-fighter, felt that way, I can imagine that Gretchen must have been struggling with every ounce of her will-power against the inclination to give up.

Finally, she did. I don't think her spirit weakened, but her body collapsed. I saw her fall, and the light disappeared—buried itself in the snow. I waited for her to get up, but there was no sign. Then I drew warily nearer.

There was no indication of movement, and finally I stood over her. She was already covered with a fine dusting of snow that had drifted in.

Carefully engineering my movements so as not to touch her broken arm, I picked her up with all tenderness.

What a featherweight she was! How tiny a body to house so much spirit!

And she was sleeping as if drugged. One shoe was gone, and her silk-shod foot dangled loose in the wind, but I could do nothing to protect it without disarranging my hold.

So I started home, stepping carefully so as not to stumble. With a sigh, she shifted her head to a more comfortable spot on my shoulder, her lips, by the grace of God, only a few inches from my cheek.

It was only half a mile farther, and I made it on the wings of prayer in less time than she could have traveled an equal distance on her own feet. My arms sagged with fatigue and then stiffened numb, but I never relaxed my grip, and when I stumbled up the steps, she never knew. Some one heard me and opened the door. It was my sister—bless her heart!—who was sitting up for us.

"Don't say anything," I whispered, "but follow me into the bedroom."

It was thus that Gretchen made her entrance into the house that had known her spirit always.

I let the snow-covered cloak fall away and placed her on the bed. Sister got off some of her clothes somehow and put all the hot-water bottles in the house at her feet. She only stirred once, and murmured, without opening her eyes,

"Where's 'at cat?"

Augustus Thomas was right there, underfoot, as usual, and I put him in the hollow of her arm, where he curled up and purred.

She smiled—in her sleep, I guess.

What did I do when I knew that she was all right for the night, booked with a round-trip ticket to slumberland?

Well, being the kind of a practical, unromantic fool that I am, I walked back those two miles along the road and backed through the drifts with the car until I had it safe and sound in my own garage.

I wasn't going to have Homer Whitman kidding me all the rest of his life, as he would have done if he had ever heard that

my automobile was found derelict in a snow-drift the next morning.

I slept fairly late myself the next day, but Gretchen was still at it when I got up, and continued until afternoon. I gloated over every minute that was added to the treasure of rest that she was storing up. My plan of having her walk through the blizzard, brutal though it seemed, had been the one thing to break down the nerve-barrier between her and sleep.

Sister Bertha is one of the most tactful women God ever fashioned. I explained a little what it was all about, and she asked no further questions of me.

Gretchen, when she finally got up, was absurdly grateful, and spent the balance of the day sitting before the rousing wood blaze in the living-room fireplace. Her arm pained her a good deal, but she hardly mentioned it, and she did her level best to be interested in the crocheting which sister Bertha was doing and in the few housewifely topics that were broached.

After supper, I made a third in the fire-side group and played the piano to her a bit—with my feet, which are more musical than my hands—all old songs that once she had sung to me. I don't know whether she noticed my selection of compositions, but it saved her from conversation.

Once, in a pause, she said,

"I wonder what Geoff is doing?"

"I don't think that need concern you."

I suggested.

"But it does. He'll find me. Remember he gave me 'until to-morrow,' and it's to-morrow now."

It seemed absurd, but she said it with so much conviction that it gave me a curious feeling of apprehension that I could not shake off. As soon as I could, without attracting attention, I went the rounds of the house, bolting all the doors and fastening the catches on all the windows. No one was going to come in without first announcing his intentions.

And then, although I kicked myself for doing it, I got down my best shotgun and pretended to clean it. But I only spent my time polishing the outside of the barrel, and I had two shells in the breach.

Conversation languished. Sister Bertha had gone to bed, but Gretchen had begged to sit before the fire a little longer. Gus Thomas was curled up in her lap. The fire crackled occasionally, and the clock ticked with noisy precision. The wind under the eaves hummed a mournful counter-melody.

There was a thud on the porch outside. Gretchen sat erect.

"There he is," she announced quietly.

Gus Thomas, hair bristling, jumped from her lap and ran under the sofa as if some one were chasing him. Even I felt a shiver do a Marathon up and down my spine, and I carelessly covered the locked front door with the shotgun which lay across my knees. We were both looking at that door as if we expected a summons to be pounded out on it.

But the next sound came from the adjacent side of the room. The entire pane of glass in the lower sash of one of the windows crashed in upon the floor.

"Hands up, Wainwright!" said a voice coolly. "Quick!"

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FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

I obliged. Geoffrey Treefair stepped through the window and crossed the room swiftly, stopping to pick up my shotgun as he passed me.

"I didn't have a weapon," he told me, "and I don't want one now; but you won't mind if I take the shells out of this, will you?" That being done, he laid down the shotgun. "I don't quite trust myself with—a thing like that."

We both watched him, fascinated. What was he going to do?

But he did not look particularly threatening. He did not look much like the man I knew; more nearly was he the pale wraith of a human being. I have never seen a face so bloodless or a body that somehow seemed only the shell for a soul. He had on a business suit with no overcoat, low shoes, and a light cap. No man was ever less prepared for the rigors of a winter night.

The clock checked off a three-minute eternity before he spoke.

"I wanted to see you once before I go, once when I am quite in my right mind," he was saying to Gretchen, holding her to him with those burning eyes of his. "I'm absolutely myself now. I've fought all day to keep this way—I'm fighting now. I wanted to be sure that you were quite all right—that you were safe from every harm—including me. Guard her well, Wainwright. Good-by, Gretchen. I won't come any nearer to you, because—oh, because—but I'll leave this for you." He placed a square white envelop on the table, turned, and stepped to the window. "I'm sorry I had to break the glass, but I knew you would not let me in through the door. Good-by."

He stepped through the broken window into the velvet blackness of the shrouded winter night.

Gretchen, after a moment, rose and went to pick up the letter.

"Don't!" I suggested authoritatively.

"Why not?"

"It may be an infernal machine."

She shook her head and smiled.

"There's nothing more dangerous inside than written words."

"Which are perhaps the most dangerous weapons in the hands of man," I appended.

But she was not listening. She had opened the envelop and was reading the enclosure. Twice she read it before she tucked it in the bosom of her dress.

"I think," she yawned; "I think, Ken, that now I can go to sleep—again."

The next day and the day following that were gifts to me from fairy-land.

Gretchen slept, ate, and lived like a youngster. I could almost see the shadows disappearing from under her eyes and the vanished color returning to her cheeks. And she accompanied me all over the place, her arm in a sling, but active as a boy none the less.

I was proud, nearly to the bursting-point, over the good health that had come to her. For, of course, I considered that I was responsible for it.

She was absurdly grateful for everything that was done for her.

"Why, Gretchen," I started to tell her once, "you know that everything I have is yours, and if—"

She stopped me somehow—with a look, I guess. Anyway, I did not say what was on my mind. It could wait.

My Secret that makes Selling easy

*How I Learned It In a Few Hours
and Became a Super-Salesman*

By James Folsom



"In the last nine weeks my sales have topped the list."

YOUNG fellows who take to office work are not usually interested in salesmanship. I was no different from the rest; my natural bent, my future, seemed to be on the "inside".

As jobs go, I had a fair one. I had the good fortune to be thrown in contact with two unusually high-grade business men. From them I had the chance to learn an interesting business and the opportunity to pile up to my credit a daily record of work well done.

My viewpoint was that of the loyal subordinate who works faithfully, but without a fixed purpose. Like many other young men, I had plenty of hope, which I mistook for ambition.

Purchasing was a vital factor of our business and I had much to do with the routine end of this work. I naturally became interested in the kind of men who could or could not sell to our firm. The daily contests between buyer and seller were absorbingly interesting to me. Watching the successes and failures, I often wondered why one man could sell his product where another would be turned away. Why were some salesmen inefficient? What were the qualities and characteristics which made a successful salesman?

Occasionally, I would ask myself, "Could I be a salesman of any kind—good, fair or poor?" But that was as far as I got. The possibility of actually becoming a super-salesman no more struck me than the possibility of becoming a beautiful butterfly.

That is, until the night of what I call the Great Revelation, when—. But I am getting ahead of my story.

My employers were not easy people to sell. Besides being accomplished buyers they were human beings with likes and dislikes, prejudices and whims. Mr. Pond was rather overbearing and could be very tyrannical. Mr. Booth was a scholar—quiet and refined. Anything crude or noisy grated upon him.

I soon found out that all the salesmen who called upon us could be classified into three types: First, and in the large majority, were the incompetents. They generally went away,

empty-handed. Occasionally, out of pity, Mr. Pond would give one of them a little order. But all men of this type ever got from Mr. Booth was a quick application of the high-bred freezing process. He had nothing but contempt for inefficiency.

The second class consisted of the medium-grade salesmen. The men who occasionally brought off a good sale, but who were turned down more often than they got orders. And I noticed this—that those who could sell to Mr. Pond were often unable to get anywhere with Mr. Booth and vice versa.

The third class was small, it included about five men. But these five men nearly always made a sale. They seldom went away empty-handed. Nor did they talk much nor seem to work at all hard. They were—the Master Salesmen.

How did they do it? At the time, I did not know. But now I know that consciously or unconsciously they had found and used The One Great Secret of Successful Selling. Even though these five men expressed themselves differently and were entirely different types of men, they all used The Secret. And the men who failed to sell to us did not use this rule.

But let me tell you how I found this out. One day I ran across something in print on salesmanship. I had never taken printed matter on salesmanship at all seriously, but for some reason or other this gripped my attention. There was nothing theoretical or vague about it. It was good, ordinary common sense. It came down to brass tacks and staid there. It put salesmanship in a new light. It gave me a startling new view point which I had never before held. The whole idea struck me like a flash of lightning. I was well nigh paralyzed by the amazing revelation. I possessed the one all-embracing Rule that has made me, bashful clerk that I was, a Super-Salesman.

ARTHUR NEWCOMB

In his course, Super-Salesmanship, Mr. Newcomb has broken away from all the old traditional theories of salesmanship and persuasion. To be sure some of these theories made a wide appeal and were used to good effect, because they were partly true, and of value in the special cases to which they applied. But they did not go far enough. Mr. Newcomb, after years of study, found the great fundamental Secret from which these theories came. He has based his work upon human nature as it is and upon the world's greatest commanders, leaders and salesmen. Mr. Newcomb has been a salesman and salesmanager. He has employed and trained hundreds of salesmen and knows exactly the problems salesmen must solve and how to solve them. In all his experience Mr. Newcomb has found but one great rule for selling goods of any description.

Though I may live to be one hundred years old, that One Great Fundamental Secret of good salesmanship will always be my greatest weapon. It is the permanent Rule for big sales.

To make my story short, I "sold" my firm on the idea of sending me on the road. Right from the

start I sold goods in substantial quantities. In the last nine weeks my sales have topped the list of our entire selling force. You can well imagine my joy. I had actually out-distanced "old timers" and had become the firm's super-salesman.

Before I found the Great Revelation, I knew nothing whatever about selling. I have had only a grade school education and am a most ordinary young man. I am not, by any means, an intellectual genius. I say these things frankly. I have no desire to pin roses on myself. This is the point.—If I, with these handicaps, could so quickly become a top-notch salesman, others can, too. The thing that so quickly made me a Master Salesman was a knowledge of The One Great Secret in Selling and Its Hundred Devices, told by Arthur Newcomb in his astounding 7-Lesson Course in Super-Salesmanship.

Every work of this great course is written out of practical achievement in selling. Arthur Newcomb, the author, has drawn on the practical experience of years. As a salesman, as a salesmanager, as a careful student of the science of selling, Mr. Newcomb has found but one great permanent rule for the basis of successful selling. It is this simple practical rule that he teaches you.

It gets down to brass tacks, at once. You have something to sell. You must make the other man buy. There is one way to do it. Arthur Newcomb shows you the way. You sell your product.

No preaching, no teaching, no theorizing, no tricks, no stunts. But the one hundred clean-cut, easily-understood devices that will speedily get you under, over, around and through the obstacles to triumphant selling achievement. You need not take anyone else's word for what The One Great Rule of Selling will do for you. You can be the judge yourself. Send no money. Mail the coupon. This will bring the complete Course to you on five days' approval. Examine it thoroughly: test it out in actual experience. Put into actual practice and notice the results it brings you. Then if you feel that you can get along without it, send it back and you will owe nothing. But if you want to make it yours, as you surely will, remit only seven dollars in full payment.

As this special free-trial offer may be withdrawn at any time, it is suggested that you take prompt action and mail the coupon now.

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- ☐ How to Read Character at Sight
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Then, on the third day, I got a wire from my attorney in Milwaukee saying that a case I was interested in required my presence for a day or so, and I reluctantly answered the summons.

Sunday intervened before I got back.

I entered my front door, ready to eat up the first person who came to greet me.

It was Augustus Thomas, switching his tail and rolling over on the floor to be petted.

But there was no one else in the house save the Swedish maid, who was clattering dishes in the kitchen. I tried to tell myself that sister Bertha and Gretchen had gone out walking, but I was apprehensive. What had happened? Had Geoff returned in my absence and wreaked a delayed vengeance. My heart accused me of wilful negligence in leaving home just when I was needed most.

I started out toward the kitchen to ask the maid about it, but half-way there I saw on the table of the living-room a large, square white envelop—the one Geoff had left that night he had broken the window.

I picked it up. It was unsealed. On the outside had been inscribed my own name. Within were two enclosures marked "I" and "II." The first was in Geoffrey's handwriting.

I

"I dreamed last night that I went before God for judgment. I was alone, and I was asked what had become of the one who was entrusted to my care. I could not answer, and I was sent back.

"This morning, of course I found out that you had gone—with Kenneth Wainwright. My first impulse was to follow and kill you both. You, who know me best, can easily imagine the fury that burned itself out in me. I smashed the furniture in our room and burned your things in the fireplace.

"Later, in an equally spectacular fit of remorse, I tried to undo some of the damage I had done. I realized that you had no reason to stick to the man who had treated you as I have, and that any woman in your place would be perfectly justified in going away with a better man. (You can imagine with what bitterness I admit that he is a better man. I have known it all along. That is why I have constantly reviled him to you.)

"Knowing, at last, that your happiness lies with him, and casting about in my mind how to further that happiness which I have never given you, I first hit upon the idea of killing myself.

"But, for some reason or other, it has been given to me to think clearly to-day, and I realized in time that such a course would be the greatest unhappiness I could lay upon you, would actually prevent a flawless future for you.

"I shall disappear from your life, but not that way. What I shall do actually is to start out on a fresh trail, with a new, clean name, and make my feverish, half-crazed body live up to it. I can do it, I think—I mean, I am sure, because, in my new scheme, I don't admit the possibility of failure. That will make you content, will it not? I shall be absurdly jealous sometimes, but I will conquer that, too. You will still be the other half of me—I am quite sure that no separation can

take away from either of us a poignant sense of oneness. That I shall treasure.

"I'll find you and deliver this note into your hands, so that you will know that all is well, that the track is clear. The home in Chicago is yours. Sell it. You can live on the proceeds for some time if you have to. The bank will pay a small income to you. It's all I have left.

"As for myself, I shall go north, into the woods, I think, to fight it out by myself. When I win, I shall let you know, so that you can cross me completely off your list of worries.

"This, as you see, is strictly a practical business letter. I have hardly let my heart dictate a single thing in it. Just in this last sentence, let me say that I put my soul in the palm of your tiny hand with this kiss and fold your fingers over it one by one, so that you may hold it there yet a little while before you let it go."

II

"DEAR KEN:

"He can't stay as good as this always. Every man's wife knows that it would not be possible. I am laughing a little at this letter all the while that I'm loving every drop of heart's ink that he put into it.

"But a man's wife doesn't go off and leave him just because he says she is entitled to her freedom—not especially if he is making a supreme effort to be different as Geoff seems to be.

"So I can't stay any longer at your adorable house that I know, Ken dear, you built for me. I know you did, because I just fit in it, and I feel drowsy and physically contented. I can't stay, because it wouldn't be fair to you when I came to go away. For I should go whenever I heard where Geoff was, especially if I thought he needed me—or especially if he didn't, I guess.

"You see, I'm taking for granted something you haven't told me for eight years—that you love me. That's why it wouldn't be right to let you get used to having me around when I really belong irrevocably to some one else. I chose between you two boys long ago. I knew then that I'd be more content with you, but Geoff awakened something in me then, as he does now, that has nothing to do with reason.

"I was a fool to marry him, just as I am, probably, a fool to go back to our house now, to be there when, on that day, perhaps six months or a year hence, he comes just to see who is living in our nest. He'll be terribly hurt at first to find a light burning in our bedroom window, for it will almost surely be after dark, and he'll wish for a moment he hadn't come back to look. But he'll make some excuse to ring the bell and find out who is there.

"And it will be me.

"You see, don't you, Ken?

"Please try, because—

GRETCHEN."

I'm trying to see. Maybe she is right. Perhaps she does belong more to Geoff than to me. There is something about him that—

Anyway, Augustus Thomas has a wife now. Her name is N. G.—short for Non Grata. Who am I to interfere in any one's affairs of the heart?

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